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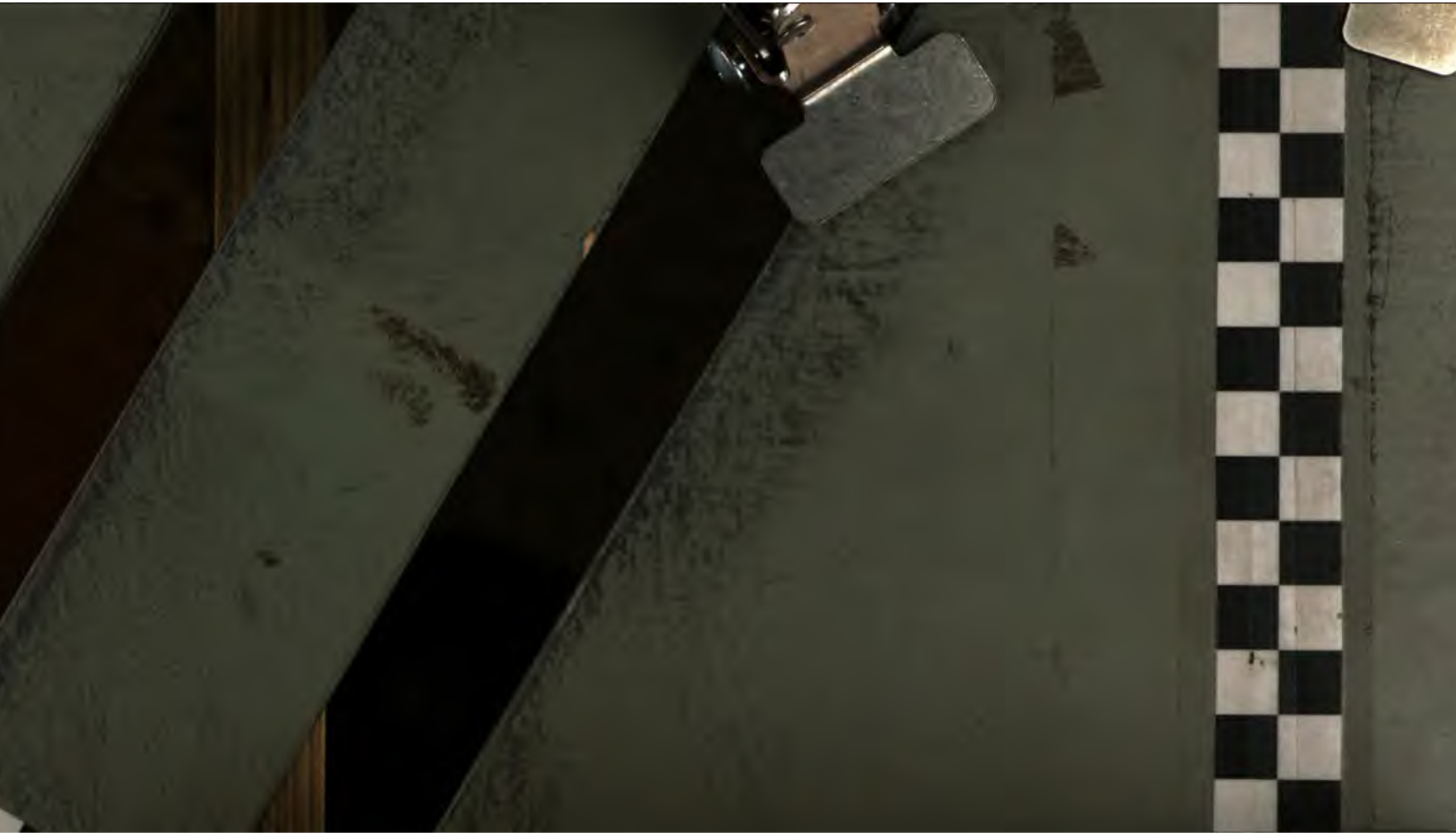

THE CAMBRIAN.

FOR 1907.

A WELSH-AMERICAN
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME TWENTY-SEVEN.

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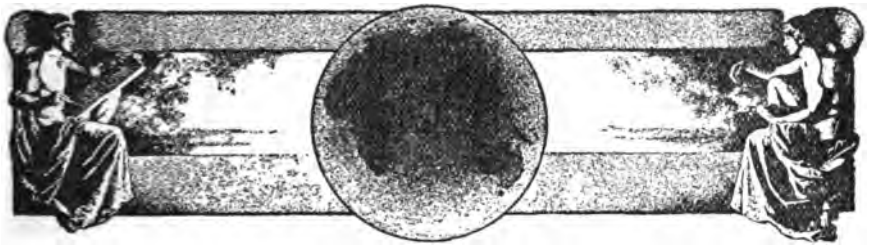
A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII JANUARY, 1907. No. 1



Thoughts of the Month.

About 60 years ago there was a reaction of art from what was known as Raphaelism, the style of pictorial art introduced by Raphael, who idealized his characters rather than represented them as they were. The style which is known as Pre-Raphaelism, was adopted by a new school of English painters whose doctrine and practice was to follow those artists who lived before Raphael, and who advocated a return to nature, a fidelity to the true forms of nature, to a painstaking copying of nature. But as Raphael idealized his art too far, so the new school went to the opposite extreme in following nature. Raphael painted Scriptural figures as if they were kings and emperors, even those characters who were mere fishermen and peasants and should be depicted as such. The new school on the other hand, loved to picture human forms even in a state of pre-Adamic nuditv. This new school was helped by Turner, and especially by Ruskin, the great advocate of pre-Raphaelism. It became a craze with young artists on both sides of the Atlantic, and fell into contempt, because they followed nature too literally. The truth in art stands between the two extremes of Raphaelism and pre-Raphaelism. Walter Crane, whose painting, "The Roll of Fate," is reproduced by "The Cambrian" in this number, belongs to the new school. He has been a wonderful worker, his productiveness has been enormous, and through untiring industry he has done an immense amount of pictorial and decorative work. He was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1845, and evinced a strong tendency to a life of art when quite young. The decorative work he has done is enormous. "The Roll of Fate," a subject from the Rubayat of Omar Khayyam, depicts a winged messenger who kneels at the feet of Fate and strives in vain to make that stern recorder cease his writing on

the scroll. Mr. Crane has been more successful as a decorative than a pictorial artist, the latter requiring more of relief and vividness and the manifestation of life than the former. Decoratively Mr. Crane's achievements are fine, imaginative, thorough and original.

A Godly Tongue. It is as easy to learn two languages as one, and two are much handier than one. A man has two hands, two legs, two eyes, two ears, and they are not too much, and two languages would make him a completer man, especially in Wales, where the people have to do with both Welsh and English. The Welshman believes in his heart that he can get nearer to God with the Welsh language than with the English. The English language is so used in business and earthly bargains of all kinds, high and low, that it is hardly fit to go to church and chapel on Sunday. In fact the Welsh language is more religious than Latin; and the Welshman who has been used to hear preaching and praying in the old British tongue, believes that God is quite as attached to the language of Wales as he was of yore to the language of Israel. The Welsh tongue is itself a qualification to approach God, and where a number of people would be praying, there is room to believe that the man who would pray in Welsh would get precedence. It is a pretty conceit. During the late revival in Wales, English people, and visitors from parts of Europe loved to hear the Welsh sing and pray, although they did not understand a word, but they guessed the tongue must be popular where God reigns.

Flow and Ebb. Until recently it has been the foolish boast of the American people that they were the very Job of the Western world. We had the greatest number of millionaires and the most splendid array and display of wealth the world had ever seen. But Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Charles E. Hughes, the Interstate Commerce Commission, &c., the Sabeans fell upon them, and the Chaldeans will finish up the business. Some of our great men have died from the shock, and others have been utterly disgraced. The immense fortunes which gave us such delight have turned into very boils on the body politic. Now, many have already opened their mouths, like Job, and cursed the day they thought of getting rich in the manner they did, now that they are hedged in by God. "They that plough iniquity and sow wickedness, reap the same."

Servants not Masters The sun of landlordism in Wales is almost set. The landlords there are Churchmen of some kind, and are always inclined to avenge the Church on the people. Some of them are Roman Catholics, and it is strange the little common sense they show in their dealings with their tenants who are generally Nonconformists and Protestants. Sir Pyers Mostyn is a

Roman Catholic landowner, and he was instrumental in converting the local school into a Catholic school. The proposal to erect a new Council School in the place of the Talacre Roman Catholic School was distasteful to the landlord, and to show his displeasure he gave notices to 13 of his old tenants, but it was too much of the day to play that old game in Wales. Landlordism of such kind would risk its very existence by such acts in Wales now-a-days while the people entertain such a hearty and wholesome hatred of every way that is lordly. Sir Pyers had sense enough to retrace his steps. It is quite pitiable that the British government does not pass a law to protect the hard-working culivators and check the villainy of coercion and eviction. The people of Wales need home rule of the kind that will thwart tyranny of the Gwespyr kind.

Enough Is a Feast Sin is greed and selfishness. Adam and Eve in paradise could live comfortably on little, but the serpent tempted them to enjoy everything within sight, which was greed, and they destroyed their happiness. That is our sin to-day in America. A spirit of insatiable greed is abroad; a spirit that desires to own everything, to enjoy too much and manage all. It has become the destructive pride of the country. Many an American soul takes upon itself burdens that crush it, as was the case of the late president Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He desired to eat of all the trees in the paradise of the P. R. R., and it killed him! He died of overmuch, like many more Americans. Man wants very little to live happy in this world. Love of overmuch is folly, and the pursuit of immense wealth is madness. Man is not a god or a demi-god either, and whenever he tries to be more than man, he destroys his life and his natural comforts. It is the highest wisdom to be ourselves.

Care for All the Cure Is our prosperity an unmixed blessing, or is it an ignis fatuus leading us into the bog of political and social misery? Statistics prove us to be abnormally prosperous in a financial way. Some are immensely rich; but underneath our cloak of delusive wealth there is an amount of selfishness and sinful waste which is truly appalling. The country is in the position of a glutton who thinks of nothing besides self-enjoyment, surfeited with luxuries and yet hungry for more. What will become of all those virtues which are the outgrowth of a simpler life? Can a people live and thrive on mere commercial and industrial prosperity? Is there, in fact, anything to feed the soul in this Vanity Fair in the midst of which we live, and move and have our being? Can the social stomach enjoy this long without an attack of acute moral indigestion? With fair distribution we are not too prosperous; therefor righteousness is the next thing we need; a juster sharing which will save the enormously rich by giving

them less and save the pitiably poor by giving them more. Parts of the body politic are starved while the other parts are gorged. While a large number live in idleness and vanity, millions of children are working in mines and mills and factories, and the number is constantly increasing. The producers are deprived of the necessaries of civilized life in order to furnish the well-to-do and the wealthy with superfluities. Make the good of the people the end of government, and our present evils will disappear.

An American Anarchist. We need a new definition of anarchism, one that will include Senator Tillman. The man who exclaims "To hell with the law," should be classified with Herr Most, and treated similarly. The fact that Tillman can go around the States preaching his gospel of blackguarding the negro proves that there is one law for Tillman and another for the black man. No negro would be allowed to visit the States with the gospel of "to hell with the law," commending the shotgun for the whites. Treat the white and the black alike, and it will be the simple justice which a country of America's professions should administer. Otherwise, where is our equality so often our boast?

A Reaction. The honor for the preservation of the Welsh language in its purity should belong to the bards. Nonconformity in Wales, in a religious way, deserves the next best share. The Church of England has done the least; in fact, it has done much in co-operation with our friends, the English, to murder the language. All the high places in the Church throughout Wales have been given to English clerics or English-speaking Welshmen, who have been dumb dogs as far as the people cared for them. The Church has favored the anglicization of Wales; it has befriended and bechampioned the landlords and the oppressors and detractors of the little Principality, but to-day Wales is still Wales and the people's tongue is triumphant. It is the strangest thing in the world! In Cardiff even we have the teaching of the vernacular compulsory, and we Welshmen are delighted to find that the English invaders nave to learn Welsh or take leave. The new Welsh law is, "If you wish to live among us, the ancient Britons, you are welcome, but you must learn to talk the language of the land which feeds you." That is a fair specimen of what is called in America "benevolent assimilation." This leaven is also working even in the Church; for a Welsh speaking Canon has just been appointed at Landaff, the first one for some time. The old tongue will be again heard in the Landaff Cathedral!

A Sea of Song Those who were present in the Eisteddfod at Utica New Year's day, heard the finest choral music of their life. The magnificent rendition of "Home-

ward Bound" by the Gwent Society of Edwardsdale and vicinity was well worth going a hundred miles to listen to. Dr. Dan Protheroe did not overdescribe things when he said that "the lovely quality of tone was charming." It is truly commendable that our people are delighted with such contests rather than horse-racing, prize-fighting and other low, degrading and brutalizing excitements which interest our American friends. We heartily believe that Americans might adopt this Welsh way of spending their leisure time with immense profit, and it would surely elevate their tastes and introduce them to a world which is a veritable paradise compared to the dirty politics, the wealth-piling and the many other worldly and carnal sins which are undermining the greatness of this beautiful land. The Welsh with their poetical, musical and religious ideals are certainly doing missionary work in America as well as in their own home in Britain; and the general adoption of these ideals would greatly help to beautify and beatify society.

The Reforming Blood. Very much is expected of our new Governor of New York State. We are interested to know how the Welsh blood in him will work. True Welsh blood is protestant in politics as well as religion; true Welsh blood is tyranny-hating; true Welsh blood is humane; true Welsh blood is revolutionary in the best sense. Governor Hughes' first message is conspicuously Welsh in directness and spirit. His recommendations make for righteousness all around. Not justice for his party, but justice for all. That shows his true Welsh missionary spirit. The Welsh spirit is man-loving. The Governor's message is the keynote of true civilization. In his message we see fairness for all and equal privilege to all. But above all we find "action." The Governor will act. The religion of professing and not doing is not his religion. Theories do not heal; work does.

Zaccheism. Zaccheus, whose brief biography we find in Luke 19, is the prototype of our American corporation and trust. He was rich; he was not popular among his fellows (no plutocrat should be popular among justice-loving people); he needed salvation badly (so do our corporations); Jesus saw him (although he tried to keep out of sight) and told him to haste for he desired to have a heart-to-heart talk with him. Jesus never was much of a preacher in the modern or oratorical sense. Preaching is a mere pyrotechnic demonstration of the art of "chopping words" as the Welshman has it. Jesus was more near and personal. He never wasted his words. He went home with Zaccheus, the great despoiler of the people; and although the talk was never reported in the daily papers, he went straight for the little plutocrat, and the little cheat felt sorry that he was rich! Zaccheus said, "Lord, if I

have taken anything from any man falsely, I restore him fourfold." And Jesus answered, "This day is salvation come to this house." Great riches do not bring salvation to any rich man's house, but reparation does. One of the great commandments of Jesus is "Restore what you have taken from your fellowman!" The religion of Jesus means justice, then mercy. It's the best religion imaginable for the human family.

Popular Talks on Law.

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CONTRACTS.

6. Contracts by Mail, Telegraph, Telephone.

A person making an offer may require that the acceptance shall be made in a particular manner; in such a case an acceptance in any other manner will not constitute a contract.

Example: A in Detroit wires B in New York, that he will sell him five hundred dozen eggs at eight cents a dozen, and adds, "Wire acceptance." On receipt of the offer B writes and mails a letter of acceptance. On the following morning, before the letter of acceptance is received by A, A sells the eggs to another customer. B is without recourse. An acceptance wired, however, in case the offerer had said, "mail acceptance," would probably be sufficient.

A person making an offer may require that the acceptance be communicated to him, and in such case an acceptance not communicated although actually sent, will not fulfill the requirements of a contract.

In Massachusetts the law is contrary to the generally accepted law as laid down in this article. There, it appears, the receipt of the acceptance is always deemed necessary to the completion of the contract.

A person may not make an offer and stipulate "If I do not hear from you I will consider this offer as accepted," and bind the person to whom he has made the offer by that person's mere silence. Mere silence in the law is not consent, generally speaking, though there are instances where this common saw, "silence gives consent," is true in the law.

An answer giving the price of an article in response to an inquiry as to its price is not necessarily a proposal or an offer to sell it to the particular person inquiring the price.

Example: B in New York writes A in Detroit asking the price of five hundred dozen eggs. A writes, "eight cents a dozen." B responds, "I will take them." A contract is not thereby completed. A's statement of price does not necessarily mean that he will sell them to the person inquiring.

Most, if not all the rules relating

to contracts by letters are equally applicable to contracts made by use of telegraph.

Where one party makes an offer by telegram which is accepted by the other party by telegram, the contract is as valid as though it had been made by letters through the mails, or even directly by the parties in person. The contract is completed by telegraph when the acceptance is written and handed to the telegraph company, or its agent, for transmission.

If the offer is communicated by mail and the acceptance is communicated by telegraph, when is the contract complete? The doctrine of agency, to which we have referred, and by which the offerer makes the post his agent, and by reason of which the delivery of the acceptance to the post is the affirming of a contract, would not seem to apply here, as the making of the offer by mail cannot make the telegraph company an agent of the offerer. If the offer is made by post and the acceptance is made by telegraph, the telegraph company is really the agent or the acceptor, and therefor the notice of acceptance in the case of a telegraphic message in reply to a letter must be delivered to the offerer or to his duly authorized agent, before the contract is complete and binding.

Where an offer is made by telegraph it is best to accept it by telegraph, as the handing of the message of acceptance to the telegraph company for transmission completes the contract, the telegraph being the implied agent of the offerer. By mailing a letter accepting an offer made by telegraph one is liable to be defeated in his acceptance by receiving a retraction of the offer before the acceptance reaches the offerer. The postoffice in that case cannot be considered as the agent of the offerer, he having chosen the telegraph as the means of communication.

Persons using the telegraph as a mode of communication are not responsible for, nor bound by the errors of the operators in transmitting messages.

Example: B in New York telegraphed A in Detroit asking on what terms he would sell him one hundred dozen eggs. A answered stating his terms. B telegraphed, "Send one hundred dozen." The operator sent it "Send five hundred dozen." A sent five hundred dozen eggs. B refused to accept more than one hundred dozen, on the ground that his telegram as he had written it specfied one hundred. B could be compelled to take but one hundred dozen eggs.

Inasmuch as communications by telephone are personal, although the parties are out of sight of each other, the ordinary rules of personal communication apply. The only question that arises is the question of fact as to whether the person to whom or by whom the offer was communicated was the principal, or the principal's duly authorized agent. This of course is difficult to prove ofttimes, but where the contract is in dispute it is necessary to do so.

Conversation through the telephone are admissible in evidence.

No decisions have yet been made as to contracts made through the phonograph. It will have to be decided hereafter as to the status of the parties in the case of a message talked into a phonograph and afterwards delivered by sending the cylinder to the person to whom the offer is made.

The parties may by express agreement provide that the contract will not be binding until the acceptance has been received by the offerer, and business men will do well in making offers by mail or telegraph to provide that the offer shall not be binding until the acceptance is received.

The Temperance Cause in Britain.

By Rev. R. G. Roberts, Cefn Mawr, N. Wales.

The position of the temperance cause was never more favorable than it is to-day. Within a few months our prospects have been completely changed; the old things have passed away, and every temperance worker looks forward to a new and better world. The chief cause of this sudden and thorough change is the political revolution which occurred at the beginning of the year. Before this, the temperance and every other uplifting movement were brushed aside, while the war spirit and imperial grab preyed on the highest ideals of our nation. The iron rod of a reactionary Government had well nigh broken the heart of everyone interested in reform; the "Pretty-fanny" attitude of the ex-Prime Minister had damped all enthusiasm and inspired a spirit of despair as regards all high ideals and questions of conscience.

The two principles which were most severely hit were those of religious equality and temperance. By means of the new Licensing Act of 1904, a deadly blow was aimed at the heart of temperance and social reform. The sky became so darkened that it required more than ordinary faith to behold the day-star. But at the beginning of the year the windows of heaven were opened, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the great stumbling-block of progress was swept away before a flood of convictions—the convictions of working men and Nonconformists chiefly.

To-day, the spirit of temperance and other reforms breathes freely in a new world. The Prime Minister and the Government are in thorough sympathy with our efforts. We are not surprised at this, because they see the returns of the Board of Trade improve as the nation's drink bill decreases. And we are glad it is not a sympathy which goes no further than soothing terms in order to

evade our demands. It is the intention of the Government, according to the Prime Minister's definite promise, to deal effectively with this question during the next session. It is a healthy and significant change to have a Government with enough courage to face this problem. Was it not a sign of the new times to find a member of the cabinet pressing the claims of temperance in a religious meeting at Penrhyndeudraeth the other days? But I consider the surest promise of a brighter future to temperance reforms is the united support of the whole party in the House of Commons.

We recognize with pride the part taken by the Welsh members in the Conference at Cardiff; and, as Denbighshire men, we are glad that our member, Mr. Hemmerde, is sound on the temperance problem, and that he has given great satisfaction by complying with our demands on the question of "bri efs." May the day soon come when no representative of the democracy in Parliament will lend himself to help the brewer and his ruinous trade. But the prospects of temperance outside Parliament are even better than inside. One of the promising steps is the serious attention given to this problem by thinkers and social reformers. The battle between sobriety and drunkenness was for long looked upon as a subject for jokes and amusing stories. The question was considered to be the hobby of a few hot-headed cranks. There was a tendency to tell the temperance reformer to mind his own business. Now all that has gone for ever. It is now admitted that the temperance reformer is a social benefactor. The land and the temperance question have come to be treated together as at the root of all our social troubles. To deal with the problem of poverty and the unemployed, without taking temperance into consideration, is now impossible.

The scientific investigations of Charles Booth and Rowntree and Sherwell have made the temperance problem the study of all earnest students of our social condition. We find one striking proof of the place which temperance has gained as a social question in the fact that the great City Councils of London, Liverpool and Birmingham have published and distributed striking posters on the evils of the drinking habit. And I believe no one could read the agenda of this Conference without realizing that we are not whiling away our time on playthings, but dealing earnestly with the most important questions which concern our national welfare. If the teetotaler of 1832 was a laughing stock, the temperance worker of 1906 will be respected as a savior of his people. We notice also that the sky keeps clearing in another direction. The decided attitude of the medical profession towards alcoholic liquors is a most significant change.

It is not long since Sir Frederick Treves expressed his convictions on this question. But now, when Sir Victor Horsley has made public the

views of the British medical profession towards alcohol in the Medical Congress at Toronto, we realize more definitely how the times are changed. He emphasized the decrease in the use of alcohol in our hospitals. Forty years ago, at the seven great London Hospitals, the expenditure on liquor was £8,000 as against £3,000 on milk; while in 1902, £8,000 was spent on milk and £3,000 on liquor. He further makes this important statement: "The profession at home has found out what the real value of alcohol is as a drug, and that is, in my opinion, at any rate, absolutely nil. When I was a student, alcohol was the traditional remedy in surgery for the post-operation treatment of blood-poisoning, for other operations, and for an infectious disease like pneumonia. Now alcohol is no longer used." In face of the testimony of this high authority, no temperance worker, however subject to despair, ought to hide in his cave; but rather come out and help to finish the fight. We must refer to another significant fact. Some months ago, Mr. Hall Caine, the eminent novelist, appeared amongst the prophets of temperance, We believe that his graphic, but heart-rending description of Miss Lucy Glousedale in the deadly grip of her uncontrollable craving will touch the conscience of thousands. His interesting treatment presses home the most important facts. Although he traces back the drunken fits of his heroine to her grandfather as a hereditary disease, he is careful to show in his appendix that drunkenness is a sin as well as a disease. "The root of the evil," he says, "lies always in the region of morals, and the only sure means of safeguarding humanity from the evils of intemperance is that of building up the moral nature."

I am sure that we all agree with Mr. Hall Caine in this. As religious men, we have never forgotten this. The drunkard's only hope of being saved from his insatiable craving and hideous sin lies in the spiritual world. Whatever can be done by means of "Homes," counter-attractions, and legislation to help him, his salvation will never come until a "still small voice" is heard, not from the direction of hypnotism, but from the lips of God himself. There are, in our country to-day, thousands who can bear testimony to the truth of this. We have been taught, as temperance workers, by the revival to recognize the true source of the drunkard's redemption. And the fact that we face the future with this conviction, is a most hopeful element in the prospect of our work.

In whatever direction we turn, I believe the horizon of the temperance movement never looked brighter. But we ought to remember this —our present prospect is the result of a long and patient struggle. The steps of the golden staircase to the paradise of the temperance reformer are made of conscientious effort and hard work. If the Government is to succeed with the temperance measure next session, no stone must

be left unturned. The brewers are already marshalling their forces. The arm of the Government will be strong, if backed up by the conscience of the churches. Mr. Lloyd George said the other day, "an alliance of the Christian Churches against drink and social injustice would dominate and direct the legislature. No influence, no monopoly, would stand against it. Is it too much to expect?

Lines on a Skeleton.

Identity of Their Author Not Yet Discovered.

A reward of $250, offered more than three-quarters of a century ago, for the discovery of the identity of the author of "Lines on a Skeleton," says the Scrap Book, was as unsuccessful in attaining its object as had been the search made by the literary world of Great Britain, and it now seems scarcely likely that the person who wrote this remarkable poem will ever be known as its author.

The story of the finding of the manuscript is to the effect that in the year 1820 an attendant in the Museum of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, in London, came upon a number of sheets of paper lying near a human skeleton. Glancing at the sheets, he saw that they contained verses. The ink with which they had been written was scarcely dry, and the idea occurred to the finder that they had been penned by some official of the institution. Accordingly he took the sheets to one of his superiors, and in the course of the next few days the manuscript passed through the hands of several well-known medical men who were wont to visit the college. One of these gentlemen copied the verses and sent them to the Morning Chronicle, which promptly printed them.

The poem made a marked impression on the public mind, and earnest but unavailing efforts were made by several prominent literary people to discover the identity of their author.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skuil
Once of the ethereal spirit full.

This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat,
What beauteous visions filled this spot
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here,
Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun ar sunk in night.
Within this sallow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,

And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!
Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame,
Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled
To seek Affliction's humble shed
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel-wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

Merlin, the Great Welsh Sage.

The Reputed Builder of Stonehenge.

By Mrs. E. O. Gordon.

The meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Society recently held at Carmarthen has drawn attention to one of the oldest settlements in Wales. For centuries Caer-Merddin (or Carmarthen) was the chief seat of government, where the exchequer and mint were retained until separate power was transferred to England. Moreover, from pre-Roman down to Tudor times this ancient city on the estuary of the Towy was the commercial capital of the Principality, famed for the quality and quantity of the fleeces it exported, as is Cardiff to-day for its coal. Here, about the middle of the fifth century, was born the Prophet Merlin, the guardian, teacher, and adviser of the youthful British here—King Arthur—one of the last of the Druid philosophers and wise men. Sage Merlin's name and fame survive to this day in the place-name of his native town and in the lofty height outside, called Merlin's Hill—where, upon the summit, under a fine barrow (a Hebrew word signifying a heaped-up pit of lamentation) the mortal remains of the great British statesman, according to tradition, repose. On the side of this hill a seat is cut in the rock, commanding a superb view of the valley of the Towy, known as Cader Merlin, or Merlin's Chair, where he is said to have sat while uttering his prophecies. In the meadow below an upright menhir, inscribed with ogham characters, is known as "Merlin's Stone." For some three score years Merlin's master-mind dominated the State—and most justly has this famous Welsh patriot been termed the "Bismarck of Britain."

According to the legend, a holy hermit called Bleys, Bleyse, or Blaise (who had protected Merlin's mother from the fiend, who was said to have been his father) had undertaken the boy's education from infancy. When Merddin, or Merlin, was discovered by Vortigern's messengers, and first brought into notice A. D. 483, he is supposed to have been about seventeen years of age. This would make him about 43 when Arthur died in A. D. 540. There are no records to prove that Merlin survived Arthur, but many British and Breton traditions describe him to have been virtually dead before the fatal battle of Camlot, or Camelford. Malory, in his Morte d'Arthu- tells us how, later on in his life, after Arthur's great battle against the Kings, Merlin took his leave of King Arthur, "for to forsee his master Blaise, and give Blaise an account of the fight. And so Blaise wrote the batteyle worde for worde as Merlin told him; how it began, and by whome, and in likewise how it was ended, and who had the worst. All the batteyles that were done in Arthur's days, Merlin caused Bleyse, his master, to write."

As a youth, the counsels of "Merddin Bardd Emrys, or Ambres" (Merlin the Bard of the Holy Appointed Stones) were sought and followed by the usurper Vortigern, and later by the three rightful monarchs who succeeded him (the heirs of the Emperor Constantine and his illustrious mother, Helena, Queen Empress of Britain), Aurelius and Uther, who, as Tennyson tells us in his "Idylls of the King," "failed to make the kingdom one." It was the organizing genius and strenuous rule of the Carmarthen Bard that enabled King Arthur to draw

"The Knighthood errant of this realm and all
The realms together, under me their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the Flower of Men;
To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time."

The title of Ambrosius or Emrys was bestowed upon Merlin for his skill in bringing from Kildare, in Ireland, the "Bluestones," known as the "Giant's Dance," which he set up at the bequest of King Aurelius within the sacred circle of the Ambresbiri (the holy appointed stones of the "Cor y Coetti," the circle of the Dominion) on Salisbury's Plain —the "Greenwich Osbervatory" of pre-historic times——conclusively proved by Sir Norman Lockyer to have been erected 1700 years B. C. King Aurelius caused Merlin to place these bluestones within the inner circle of Stonehenge as a monument to his kinsfolk, the British Princes so treacherously slain by the Saxons—a fact recorded in the "Stanzas of the Achievements" of Wales:—

"In 453 the British chieftains were killed by the Saxon in the treachery of Ambresbury Hill, called also the Hill of Caradwg, in the district of Caersallwg, where they were assembled under the refuge of God's peace and of national tranquility."

The Saxon invaders, in order to

defile the most scared national temple in Britain, removed the dead bodies of the slain from the British camp on the summit of Mount Ambrosius (from which the village of Ambresbury takes its name), and, bearing them by way of the avenue approach of the circle, hung the corpses from the centres of the thirty spaces, after the fashion of their own country, where criminals were executed on stone gallows—stan stone hengen gallows, a name which ever since has clung to the "Wonder of Wilts," while the ancient sacred avenue of approach is known to this day as "Gallows Hill."

The late Poet Laureate graphically describes the versatile genius of Merlin, who knew the range of all the arts, and built the king his havens, ships and halls; was also bard, and knew the starry heavens. The people called him wizzard. Drayton mentions Merlin's achievement of bringing over the stones from Ireland.

How Merlin, by his skill and magic's wondrous might,
From Ireland hither brought the Stonehenge in a night,
And for Carmarthen's sake would fain have brought to pass
About it to have built a wall of solid brass.

Spencer in his "Fairie Queen' enlarges still more in Merlin's powers as a magician and astrologist.

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both sunne and moone, and make them him obey,
The land to sea, and sea to mainland dry.
The darkest night he eke could turn to day!
Huge hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame
Whenso him list his enemies to fray.
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The fiendes do quake when any him to them does name.

Merlin's fame, however, as an historical character rests neither upon romance nor tradition, but in his "prognostications" and predictions, which were allowed to have had a great and decisive effect in sustaining the spirit of the Britons to oppose the Saxon invaders. His prophecies from Norman times to the Stuarts were consulted by his subjects on the accession of every new Sovereign to the English throne as naturally as we consult an almanack to know when there is a new moon, He predicted of Canute and Earl Godwin, and it was from the prophecies of Merlin that Henry I. was given the appellation of "The Lion of Justice" by his subjects.

Prince William's death by drowning he also foretold in the quaint words—

"The Lion's whelps their nature shall forsake,
And upon them the forms of fishes take."

Thomas a Becket's murder at Canterbury is referred to in the following lines:—

"The All-commanding Keys shall strive to wrest
And force the lock that opens to his rest,
But breaks their own wands."

By the "All-commanding Keys" is meant the power of the "Keys of Rome," says an old chronicler, "who, striving to force the lock opening to his rest, that is, his principality and prerogative, broke their own wands, which proved true in this Thomas

Becket, Primate and Metropolitan."

Green, the historian, refers to a prophecy of Merlin's that a Welsh Prince should ride through London crowned. Edward I., willing that the prediction should be verified, caused the heads of Llewelyn and his brother to be sent to the capital and paraded through the streets decorated in derision with diadems of willow and velvet. The rhyme of Merlin on which the Welsh built their futile hopes runs thus:—

"When English money becomes round,
At London will the Welsh Prince be crowned."

This was explained by the reformation effected by Richard I. respecting the clipping of the coins of the realm, which in the previous reign had been practised to a ruinous extent.

Stubbs in his "Constitutional History" quotes Merlin; but by far the most interesting of the great Welshman's prophecies was the prediction, literally fulfilled, concerning Edward III. and his family, as it was "Edward the Lion" who, in re-founding the British King Arthur's Order of St. George and the Round Table in the fourteenth century, revived an interest in Welsh traditions as no other Monarch had ever done before or since:—

"The spirits of many lions shall conspire,
To make one, by infusion so entire:
He by his mighty courage shall restore
What his sire lost and grandsires wonne before,
Neptune his navale triumphs shall advance,
He his coat he quarters with the Flower of France,
A numerous issue shall his Leonnesse bring,
Black shall the first be, and though never a King,
Yet shall he Kings captive make, but ere mature
Dye must this brave whelp of a colenture,
And then behind him shall he leave a kid
To undo all both sire and grandsire did."

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, are several very fine copies of Merlin's prophecies. We are told that the frontispiece of one of these represents Merlin writing in the room in Galisse (Gaul) of Maitre Tholomer, the scribe, who begged him to tell him "of what he was thinking so carefully about" (to follow the old French in which it is written). Merlin replied he was thinking of the different countries of the world—of future times, and of things that had already happened, of people who did not hold to the doctrines of their ancestors, and that tyrants should arise who would crush the peop le by the taxes they should impose, that clergy and ministers would not regard the good works of the saints, but follow the bad examples of tyrants, and that in these bad times discord would arise, and that a time would come when money would rule the day, and not the sense of right and wrong. Merlin goes on to say that in these bad times the clerks would change the gospel of "Monseigneur Saint Jean," who says nothing about the power of money or force. Maistre Tholomer is represented writing from the prophet's dictation in the ancient Druidical characters (now called Ogham) in use at that time, and of

which numerous examples may be found on the stone monuments scattered over South Wales, the tombstones of great leaders; the inscriptions on some of these written in Latin letters have furnished the clue to the Ogham characters inscribed on the edge. Merlin is said to have been indebted to the Book of Job for some of the passages in his writings. A copy of Merlin's prophecies was recently sold for £700 at Sotheby's. Throughout Wales it is a universally-accepted tradition that the great prophet's gift of second?sight enabled him to predict the use of carriages without horses—namely, railway trains and also motors.

When Montmorency Failed.

By Chas. J. Fuess, Utica, N. Y.

As the mammoth and grand ocean steamship Cedric steered out towards mid-ocean and left in the distance the fast-receding shore of America, the numerous passengers all settled themselves down to make the best of the seven days' trip that was before them ere they would arrive at Liverpool.

Jerry M. Dyburn, or as he was wont to term himself when his relations savored of the social, "J. Montmorency Deighborne," congratulated himself on his foresight and bright thought in taking passage on this steamer at such a propitious time. As he cast his eye over the most likely of the passengers composing the first-class coterie he readily picked out the girl who was destined to be the "belle de voyage," and with characteristic alertness he lost no time in seeking an introduction to her. He found her to be a young lady of unusual standing, and difficult of approach, but by persistency nearing obstinacy he finally managed to make her acquaintance.

Alice Lane was a girl in the full bloom of young womanhood, pretty only as an intelligent face bespoke a very extraordinary character. Born rich and accustomed to the society of only the most cultured, refined and best her home city afforded hers was a personality that must at once most favorably impress one.

Montmorency admired her. A pensive, far-away look in a pair of deep blue eyes only accentuated her attraction. Clearly she was absorbed in conversation. She replied pleasantly, smiled at his sallies and tolerated him.

The second day out Montmorency heard it mentioned that Miss Lane was heiress to a very comfortable fortune, and having become estranged from her sweet heart was now bent on a tour of the old countries to pacify her mind. His eyes opened widely, he whistled softly

several times, and said nothing. Then he redoubled his attention until his purpose became quite painfully apparent to everyone around, except perhaps Miss Lane, who semmingly remained as blissfully indifferent as ever. Her escort tried to warn her, but Alice laughingly scoffed at the ideas hinted. And Montmorency continued to pay his respects, and to receive favors that by their very nonchalance must have expressed even to him the most decided unconcern towards him on the part of Alice. But Montmorency remained apparently oblivious to all this.

No one had paid any heed to the sturdy, manly features of one of the steamer's crew as he gazed scornfully and vindictively at these overtures. Dressed though he was in the garb of a sailor and moving with the crew, yet a little closer scrutiny would disclose that he was no seaman. Those features, strong and rugged though they were, should have been on the bridge if they belonged to the sea at all, instead of among the mess.

As confining as his duties were, this man was unobservedly and most emphatically an admirer of Miss Lane's. He gazed at her intently whenever opportunity presented itself, but always from an obscure spot. Then as she would unconsciously turn in the direction of his strong gaze he would disappear from her vista, and she would turn round again with that half-troubled and far-away look ever in her eyes.

This was the only rival Montmorency had so far, and it being that he could not present himself, as far as indications were his was quite a hopeless case. But regarding Montmorency's efforts the sailor need not have feared the competition for Miss Lane plainly but tolerated the former, and would continue to do so indefinitely as long as he behaved himself and kept within the bounds of propriety that had already been set. Languidly, and charmingly so, she lounged the whole day long with Montmorency eternally at her side and her behest. She smiled pleasantly at him and chatted with him in a most friendly manner. And Montmorency chuckled serenely to himself at the most promising outlook of his "venture."

On the night before the vessel was to draw within sight of the other shore, and some of the passengers already had begun to make preparations for landing, Montmorency again sought the company of Miss Lane who sat on the promenade deck in the lee of the big smoke stack, and his manner was changed somewhat. He seemed not so cool as usual, and the edge was lost from his usually keen remarks. Miss Lane, languid and seemingly self-satisfied as usual, with that ever-present look in her eyes received him pleasantly, apparently not noting the change in his demeanor.

The moments passed until it was dark, and still the two did not retire from the deck as they usually did on the approach of night-time. Their voices grew lower and lower, and

apparently died away altogether. Then in the stillness of the night there arose an exclamation of astonishment a protestation and expostulation, and with angry voice and hurried footsteps someone hastened from the deck to the salon and passed into a stateroom vehemently slamming the door after. Shortly afterward someone else stealthily followed, and passed quietly into another stateroom. Then all was again still except the vibrations of the engines in the hold, the rushing of the water as the good old steamer plowed through the deep, and the pacing of the night watch.

Time passed on and grew into morning, and near to daylight. Suddenly in the stillness came a sudden shock and a rending of timbers and steel. The steamer had struck, was stove in and from the feeling of her was sinking. People rushed in terror and half clothed from their staterooms. The crew hastened to the life boats to prepare for a last resort. The captain who had retired without disrobing went below to ascertain the extent of damage.

Wakened from a troubled sleep Alice at once realized that something was up, and that she was in danger. Thinking of nothing but escape she hurriedly grasped a shawl that lay nearby, and ran out among the now panic-stricken passengers, and was immediately as frightened and terror-stricken as they. The first one she sighted that she could recognize was Montmorency.

"Save me," she gasped.

"Can't," he replied, his face livid with fear, his clothes disheveled, and his eyes fairly starting from their sockets in the extremity of his terror, "Must save myself." And with that he pushed her from him, and snatching a life preserver he started for the vessel's side with the evident purpose of jumping overboard. He was stopped, however, in his mad rush by a blow from a stout fist, and hurled to the deck, as our seaman friend, calm in the face of danger, came up in time to see the dastardly action.

Her nerves tried to their limit in the few moments just passed gave way, and Alice fainted to fall into the ready and protecting arms of the seaman. He, overcome by some emotion, held her close for a moment, then gazing at the set, pale features kissed tenderly the still, tense lips. Then wrapping her form safely in a stray blanket he carried her to a place of more safety.

A dash of water brought life back to the girl, and she slowly opened her eyes to gaze into those of the sailor who knelt near with earnest, tender and wistful look.

"Alice."

She looked at him a moment, a pained expression clouding her brow, then as she realized quickly the intensity of the moments just passed, and recognized the man, she joyfully held towards him her arms with one word, all expressive, all significant, all sufficient.

"Jack."

What suffering and future unhap-

piness that embrace wiped out, what promise of future happiness it conveyed I cannot tell. But the most eyes of the fairy young girl, and the happy features of the brave fellow were silent expressions of a love strong and tender that existed between them, broken possibly by some discord, but now reunited by fate into bonds that would seemingly require death to part.

"Alice, I was not guilty of the forgery as you thought. It was my brother. But I could not give him away. In two weeks I could have cleared his name. So I could not explain to you. When I saw you believed me guilty, and that it drove you away from home, why I couldn't help but follow, and await a chance to explain. When I saw the attentions this fellow was paying you I could scarcely refrain from throttling him, for I could see the craven thing he is. I didn't intend to disclose myself so soon, but when I saw him lay his filthy hands on you I just couldn't resist giving him one buffet."

"And to think," said Alice, "that the horrid creature," and she involuntarily shuddered at the thought "should have actually proposed marriage last night, and even tried to kiss me."

"Well —,' ejaculated Jack, and he started as though about to wreak more of his just wrath on the luckless Montmorency. But Alice restrained him.

"Jack, dear," she said, "we will let the poor creature alone. I think you have already punished him enough. We are brought together again in a happy understanding, and the incident was not without its value. See, the men have got the steamer afloat, and there's a tug coming to our relief, so we're safe. Sweetheart Jack, kiss, only once, though, you sly one, and go back to your quarters begore you are discovered and disciplined. I'll meet you on the dock to-morrow at landing time." And with a gentle sob of joy she tenderly motioned him away, dropped herself on the deck where she was and had a good womanly cry.

As two young lovers (not difficult to determine) met on the dock as the steamer Cedric landed, or more properly was towed into harbor, at Liverpool, there approached in their direction a sorry-looking individual, bedraggled and disheveled, and as the young man turned and looked threateningly at this personage, the latter turned rather quickly and slunk away among the passing throng, and disappeared.

The lovers resumed their pleasantries, and appeared to be supremely happy.

WILLIAM APMADOC.

In recent numbers of "The Cambrian" brief remarks were made concerning some noteworthy books upon musical subjects, such as Mr. Ffrangcon Davies' "The Singing of the Future," and Mr. W. J. Henderson's, "The Art of the Singer." It seems that these two successful books have stirred the very souls of some of the medical scientists with very desirable and excellent results. Science in voice-production we must have if art must be truly interpretative. The trilogy of superb books upon vocal science, and vocal art, is completed in the publication of Wesley Mills, M. A., M. D., F. R. S. C., of Montreal, Canada, viz., "Voice Production in Singing and Speaking," based on "Scientific Principles," and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London.

Dr. Mills is Professor of Physiology in McGill University, and lecturer on vocal physiology and hygiene in the McGill University Conservatorium of Music, Montreal. The book has nineteen chapters, and sixty-three illustrations. Dr. Mills, in his one-page preface says: "The present work is based on a life study of the voice, and has grown out of the conviction that all teaching and learning in voice-culture, whether for the purposes of singing or speaking, should as far as possible rest on a scientific foundation. * * * * The writer bespeaks an unprejudiced hearing, being convinced that in art as in all else there is but one ultimate court of appeal: to the scientific, the demonstrable—to what lies at the very foundations of human nature."

The sooner these ideas are accepted and carried out, the better it will be for art. Chapter I. on "Vocal Physiology," is the best reading on the subject we have ever had the pleasure of perusing.

We are told by some writers, that ancient Greece, in spite of what its philosophers accomplished in musical science, has left no music of any account to the ages that followed—not a single composition exists to prove the existence of a musical genius. But it is exceedingly interesting to read the following from the pen of a writer in a musical magazine:

"It is not generally known that several of our musical inventions we owe to Sappho, the beautiful Greek of ancient Lesbos. It was she who invented the plectrum, and another invention credited to her was that of a peculiar kind of scale, called the Mixolydian mode. According to historians it was doubtless Sappho who first discovered, in regard to stringed instruments, that if a bridge

were placed one-third of the way up the strings, dividing the latter into two unequal parts, these parts would be tuned in octaves to each other. And it is too much to suppose—as some profess to do—that the accounts given by ancient writers and historians of this remarkable musician are all legendary. One account comes from Socrates himself.

Sappho was said to be small and dark, though exceedingly beautiful, simple in her manner and dress. She was the sweetest of singers, her voice being a rich contralto. A teacher of singing, she had many pupils among the women who flocked about her. She was also a poetess, and it is refreshing in these days when art, literature, music and the drama have been so debased by the modern spirit of commercialism, to go back in thought 2500 years to the day in which this gifted musician lived, and to look out, as she must have looked out, upon the blue Aegean "alive with white-sailed ships, its isles bustling with the hum of traffic." Lesbos, her home, was one of the most prosperous of those rare Greek isles of which she loved to sing and, it is said, the most enterprising and advanced.

At one time Sappho established a sort of society or guild among her young women pupils—for so great was her fame that parents were eager to place their daughters with her to study music. The rule of this society was that members should live together and hold their property in common. The affection held by many of her girl students for Sappho was so deep and sincere that, according to historians, parents were at times much offended: an experience quite similar to that endured later by Socrates, of whom the parents of Athen complained "our youths follow this man about the streets and they heed not our demands, once he has spoken." Perchance, had parents been less jealous and compeers less apathetic, the musical legacy left by this gifted Greek would have reached us undiminished and full.

The tendencies which the present Emperor of Germany shows toward dramatic and musical as well as art criticism may have been inherited from his grandfather, if a story is true which has been brought over to this country by one of Mr. Conried's tenors.

This story goes that once, after hearing Madam Minnie Hauk, in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" at the Berlin Court Opera, old Wilhelm I. called her into his presence, and told her that she had sung "very nicely," but that her drumming (as the Daughter of the Regiment she had to play the drum) was poor.

Next morning a military visitor was annoounced to Mme. Hauk at her hotel. He was, he said, a drum major of the First Grenadier Regiment, and had come at the Emperor's orders to give her lessons. Naturally the diva was bound to accept the instruction, and at the end of perhaps a score of visits had learned to play well.

Not long after came another messenger from the Kaiser to inquire how she was getting on, and hearing that she felt she had made progress the old man commanded another performance of "The Daughter of the Regiment." At this Mme. Hauk acquitted herself so excellently in the scene where the drum played a part that she was warmly complimented by William—and next day there came to her apartment a real military drum, such as is used in the Imperial regiments, bearing a silver plate with an inscription.

Of all writers on Chopin and his music, probaly James G. Huneker, of New York, is the most capable. His book "Chopin" is nothing less than a great poem on the "Poet of the Pianoforte." The poetic temperament is necessary to such a task, and Mr. Huneker has that in abundance. He says:

"To play Chopin one must have acute sensibilities, a versatility of mood,a perfect keyboard mechanism, the heart of a woman, and the brain of a man. He is not all elegant languors and melancholy simperings. A capricious, even morbid temperament is demanded, and there must be the fire that kindles and the power that menaces ; a fluctuating, wavering rhythm, yet a rhythmic sense of excessive rectitude; a sensuous touch, yet a touch that contains an infinity of colorings; supreme musicianship —Chopin was a musician first, poet afterward; a big nature overflowing with milk and honey; and, last of all, you must have suffered the tribulations of life and love, until the nerves are whittled away to a thin, sensitive edge and the soul is aflame with the joy of death. Does this sound like mocking at the impossible? All this and much more that is subtle and indescribable are needed to interpret Chopin."

Military Japan has affected the army systems of all European nations. It is said that whatever scheme the Japanee favors, he will improve upon it. Japan is artistic in many ways. What will this new-born nation, or rather, this newly blossomed something do in the realm of music? "Art is long," and we can safely assert that it will take many generations to answer the above question.

One able writer in a magazine says that it is strangely suggestive to observe that what Japan has attained is essentially Japanese, a growth from within outwards, the product of her own resources, developed by her own skill. She has borrowed, but never slavishly; always has she re-created, adapted and fitted.

It is not to be expected, the same writer observes, that the music of a nation should fulfill its mission or arrive at its ultimate goal during the nation's pioneer stages, and, since this is true, it would seem that Japan's real musical life is yet to appear. Her musical history is a vague and inaccessible quantity to Westerners partly because patient investigators are few, but mainly because those who safeguard the real records of Japanese ancient life, are not yet

ready to give them to a world psychologized with the notion that "Oriental" means necessarily "the decadent."

From the standpoint of musical theory, Japanese music seems to have been largely adapted from the Chinese. It has for its general basis the five-toned or pentatonic scale, although the rule of that system of notation is disregarded in many of the folksongs and modes. Some of the Japanese music seems but a remnant of an art once highly developed and carefully nurtured. Preserved by the noble emperors of ancient "spirit dynasties," its real truths were finally lost by the less enlightened rulers of that once spiritually illuminated nation. It is not unlikely, however, that Japan has hidden somewhere within her heart-life musical knowledge that, when the time comes, will break forth to illuminate the musical life of the world as the sunrise illumines the sea.

Louise Meyers, of St. Louis, Mo., recalls interesting musical features of the Pike, during the Exposition, and writes of the "Drum"—Music's first step was the drum. As you wander through the displays made of the primitive musical instruments and savage races, those that only have one have the drum. Music began with thumps, on a calabash, likely enough, and later on, the skin of a wild animal was drawn over the mouth of the calabash. The bass drum of the Sousa band is not so far removed from the calabash drum that its cousinship can't be recognized. In the German East Africa exhibit are the drums of the blacks who inhabit the territory which Germany is now conquering. They are all temptingly labeled "Hands off." It requires great fortitude not to thump an African drum with the forefinger nail, and Chinese gongs are quite irresistible. With drums the sense of rhythm in the human mentality is first expressed. The Indian adds his "kiyi" and most savages accompany the drum with the voice. It must have been a long time before the first reed pipe was invented to increase the volume of the barbarian orchestra.

UNDER-THE-TABLE MANNERS.

It's very hard to be polite
If you're a cat.
When other folks are up at table
Eating all that they are able,
You are down upon the mat
If you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit
If you're a cat.
Not let them know you're there
By scratching at the chair,
Or a light, respectful pat
If you're a cat.

You are not to make a fuss
If you're a cat.
Tho' there's fish upon the plate
You're expected just to wait,
Wait politely on the mat
If you're a cat.

—Teachers' Magazine.

The Signals.

By Joseph Keating.

Glancynon was usually black with coal dust. But, now, as the morning sun shone upon its new white coat of snow, looked quite cheerful. The streets rose one above the other on the side of each mountain. The houses were jumbled together, with the line of roofs undulating where the buildings fell into a hollow or rose upon a hillock. Here and there a row of houses ran sheer up the mountain side as if trying to escape from the narrow prison of the valley. There was not the slightest attempt at regularity in the building arrangements. The little, shapeless town looked as if it had been built hurriedly during a dark night, or dropped carelessly from a passing planet and left as it fell. It lay in the trough of the valley and the mountains towered high and steep above, hardly a stone-throw apart, their snow-covering accentuated by black, leafless trees that stood out sharply here and there from the white hillsides. At the bases of the hills and through the centre of the town, flowed the river Cynon, which for millions of years had been forming the valley, and channelling its way into the earth, perpetually seeking, like philosophy, the solid rock of finality.

Over the roofs of the houses rose the smoke and dust of colliery works, and mingling with these black clouds came volumes of white steam from boilers and engines. In the town itself, the shopkeepers were taking down the shutters of their one-windowed establishments,a heavy cart or two rolled slowly and noiselessly over the snow along the principal street near the railway station, the puffing of steam engines was heard in the air, mingled with the shouting of children playing at snowballs on their way to school: and this activity indicated that all Glancynon had begun another day.

Mrs. Howell lived in one of the streets on the side of the hill called "Pit Terrace," and from her doorstep she could see the black upper works of the Mynydd colliery in which her son, Philip, worked. The ceasless clatter of the colliery in "full swing" made the crockery upon her kitchen dresser tremble dangerously. In town or village, the friendly and good-natured neighbor is marked by the number of people who come to interfere with her business. Mrs. Howell had been called to her door by Mrs. Jones, living a few houses lower down the street. Mrs. Jones now stood on Mrs. Howell's doorstep leaning on the red handle of a sweeping-brush. Mrs. Howell had been in the middle of her housework, but had stopped, as usual, out of good feeling for her neighbor.

The conversation was in the vernacular, which the two women used unctuously as if the Welsh words

were honey on their tongues.

The annual something which Glancynon had held on the preceding evening at the Drill Hall interested Mrs. Jones. She discussed it in all its social aspects which led to the more personal part of its meaning:

"And Jonah," said Mrs. Jones, who besides being fat and gossipy, was bare to the elbow, "he came home from the meeting nearly because of it. I know it was; because she would not give him a chance to speak to her. But he pretends he wants nothing to do with her. But Jonah is deep. He's been lodging with me now for five years, and I know Jonah. He wants to get hold of Miss Williams and her bit of money right enough."

Mrs. Howell laughed.

"And what do you think?" went on Mrs. Jones, stating a phenomenon: "he goes to chapel now!"

"To chapel!"

"Yes, indeed, there you!"

"Where, Mrs. Jones fach?"

"The same chapel as Miss Williams!"

"No!"

"Yes; the same chapel. He never used to get up on a Sunday before."

"The old rogue, Jonah!" exclaimed Mrs. Howell.

"But didn't you notice something strange last Sunday?"

"What?"

"She was at *your* chapel."

"Well, that was only once."

"Yes, but don't you know it's the talk of the place?"

"Well. I don't think it is right, myself, going to a chapel you don't hold with. But, *anwyl y byd!* I've seen people before now go to a Roman Catholic chapel—but only just to see how they carried on, look you!"

"I am the same as you, Mrs. Howell, nobody ought to be allowed to go to another chapel."

"Oh, I don't say that."

"They ought to be turned out of their own chapel for doing it."

"Oh, *anwyl,* no!"

"And there's that Miss Williams! She don't go to your chapel for religion."

"Oh, Mrs. Jones!"

Mrs. Jones was becoming heated. She brushed up her sleeves above the muscles, and partly exposing the upper part of her fat shoulders. A little more energy would roll the sleeves over her head.

"You can't see the same os other people. It's all the talk."

"What is all the talk?"

"Why she's gone to your chapel because of your Philip!"

Mrs. Howell's face lit up with pleasure and surprise.

"Go on!" she exclaimed, with an arch look.

"Yes—she's after him as much as Jonah is after her."

"Well, Philip is a good boy. He ought to watch his chance with her," Mrs. Howell commented. She was an old woman and an affectionate mother. But she had forgotten that Philip's father was to her in their courtship days a more tanglible and infinitely more valuable happiness

than the weightiest bundle of bank-notes.

"Ah, but," Mrs. Jones said, shaking her head, "There's somebody else to deal with."

"I don't suppose Philip will run off with her."

"But there's our minister to reckon with."

"What, Mr. Griffiths?"

"Yes, I've heard," Mrs. Jones whispered solemnly "that he's made an oath that he'll marry her!"

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Howell's face grew gloomy. Her son's welfare seemed to be heavily mortgaged.

"Indeed—so I've heard," added Mrs. Jones.

"Our minister was only introduced to her last Sunday."

"Never mind."

"*Dratto fe!*" cried Philip's mother, plaintively.

"And I've heard—mind you, don't say anything about it—I've heard he swore he'd marry her." Where or how Mrs. Jones could have obtained information of this secret vow of the minister is inexplicable. But the effect was to make Mrs. Howell extremely miserable on her son's behalf.

"Oh dear!" sighed she. "He'd have a better chance than your Jonah too. He's such a splendid preacher.

"Yes, indeed. He *is* a nice man."

Mrs. Howell was silent. Then Mrs. Jones, seeing her friend unhappy, took advantage—like a true neighbor—of the opportunity to throw salt into her wound, and she supplemented her favorable opinion of the minister: "He can preach beautifully. His voice is so nice. He brings the tears to my eyes. And to Miss Williams's too. Because I saw him. And you'd think he was preaching for her sake alone. And —speak of the angels—look who's coming up the row!" Mrs. Jones exclaimed with excitement, while she dropped the handle of the brush against the door-frame, rolled down the sleeves of her bodice to cover her arms, and pushed back the hair from her temples.

"Good morning, Mrs. Howell—how are you Mrs. Jones?" said Miss Williams. She affected not to speak the vernacular.

"Good mornin' for you Miss Williams," said both women simultaneously, in their best English intonation and syntax.

Miss Williams was muffled in a dark sealskin jacket with the collar turned up high about her ears and her thin red nose protruding from the dark background. All who had been to the meeting the night before and had the opportunity of remaining in bed after the event were still comfortably asleep—except Miss Williams. She seemed to have reached the stage of spinsterhood when sleep or rest is not needed: "I was out for a walk, and thought I'd call in," she explained.

"You arr very welcoame indeed, Miss Willyams," heartily responded Mrs. Howell, and she led the way into the house, placed near the fire her best chair which she dusted with her apron, and invited Miss Williams within.

Miss Williams entered and seated herself, while Mrs. Jones, arguing that if she went away it would look as if the newcomer had driven her off, and reflecting that Miss Williams was an object of keen interest, she decided that it would be particularly bad manners on her side if she departed. She, therefore, followed Miss Williams into the house, and Mrs. Howell was constrained to offer her a chair also, though she strongly wished to be alone with such a desirable match for her son. She sat between the two visitors in front of the fire.

Mrs. Howell was no diplomatist. She was too liable to show her hand. She had the interests of her son at heart, and thought it best to bring him on the tapis without delay.

"Philip is gone to worrk," she said. Practically, this implied that Miss Williams had no object in coming to her house, but to discuss Philip. But it must be apparent that the lady acted under a powerful incentive or she would not then be there. Love, it is admitted, has long been a curious element in existence, causing the most strange effects; sometimes glorious, sometimes grotesque. Venus and Adonis are the only two children Nature ever had. This elderly spinster bore outwardly no striking likeness to the goddess of love and beauty; but in modesty, at least, she was equal; also, her heart was capable of the same emotions; and the Adonis who set that heart afire was Philip Howell. Like the goddess, too, she had her choice of others; but her desire was fixed on the full-blooded young miner: and who is to blame Venus, even in the form of a wealthy if elderly spinster, if she believes that by persisting in all manner of ways, she will at last induce Adonis to marry her?

Mrs. Jones had pricked up her ears, at the remark that Phillip was at work, and waited for the response of the spinster.

"Philip is very industrious," Miss Williams said, and a wan smile broke the frigidity of her features—a smile as cheerless as a sun-ray, passing over a tomb-stone. "Philip is always industrious," she added.

Mrs. Howell was delighted.

"Yes—a good boy—a good son; he would make as good husban' as any!" she declared. "Woon't he Mississ Jones?"

"I don't say nothin' 'gainst him," Mrs. Jones cautiously answered.

Miss Williams did not speak. She looked steadily at Mrs. Jones, then at Mrs. Howell—asking the latter with her eyes to get rid of the former. But Mrs. Howell, though she heartily wished her neighbor were absent, had not enough harshness in her nature to hint at exodus to Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones understood the situation. She would hear nothing if she went home; nor, probably even if she remained. But by remaining she would prevent anything being said or done about Philip and Miss Williams; and that was a consolation; for she felt convinced that Miss Williams had come to take some definite

step with Mrs. Howell towards arranging the matter between herself and Philip, and she was not without interest in the claims of her lodger, Jonah.

A stillness came upon the three, and the sound of the pit signals—locally termed "knocking"—could be heard. The signals from the bottom of the shaft to the top were made by a "hitcher" who, when the carriage was ready to ascend, pulled at a lever conected with a wire that ran up the shaft and set in motion, at the pit-head another lever with a sledge-like iron head. Each time the hitcher at the bottom pulled his lever, the knocker at the top of the pit rose with a clatter against a loose plate of iron above it, then fell with a heavy thud upon its iron resting plate.

The silence seemed likely to last; because Mrs. Howell and her visitor would not speak to Mrs. Jones.

But Mrs. Jones came to her own rescue with the inexhaustible source of interest to women of all degrees —scandal.

"Everybody is sayin' about how Misterr Richards is carryin' on lately," she announced.

"Carryin' on what?" asked Mrs. Howell, drawn into the net. Miss Williams evidently also found the subject a congenial theme. She roused herself and looked towards Mrs. Jones:

"You mean about that young girl?"

"Iss, iss."

"I don't suppose there's any harm in it—do you?"

Mrs. Jones gave her head a short-side jerk, and followed this with an elevation of her fat, round shoulders. The combined movement expressed her doubts or inability to coincide with the opinion put forward.

"What it is about?" Mrs. Howell asked, not uninterested.

"Why they do say that Gwen Lloyd and him—but, there how people will talk, to be sure," Mrs. Jones exclaimed, reprovingly.

"I didn't think," said Miss Williams, "that they would show it so plainly. There can't be any harm I'm sure. But last night at the meeting he did behave in a way to make people talk. And she—! Well, some women, I'm sure, are a disgrace to us. And he presiding—"

"Oh, come, come!" cried Mrs. Howell, "Gwen Lloyd is a good little gel. I don't know what people talk like that for, I'm sure."

"Well it's all the talk, whatever," put in Mrs. Jones, throwing all the blame upon rumor.

"If you saw her and him last night, after she had sung so well Mrs. Howell," Miss Williams said, solemnly, "You wouldn't have such a good opinion of her."

"I don't care a rap!" declared Mrs. Howell sturdily, "Gwen Lloyd is a good gel, and always will be, too. And I don't think it's right for people to say such things about her, too!"

"But you must remember—she's only a collier's daughter—and he's the son of Sir Richard. What more do you want?"

"I don't believe anything of it."

"But, look you, Mrs. Howell—"

"No, Mrs. Jones. I have knowed little Gwen Lloyd since many years. Nobody in her family woon't do wrong!"

"If you saw the way she was carrying on with Mr. Richards and your son Philip—using him to make the other jealous, you'd say something, Mrs. Howell!"

"Carryin' on along with my Philip, Miss Williams?" she asked.

"With your Philip, Mrs. Howell."

"What you got to say to that?" Mrs. Jones asked triumphantly.

"And what do you say Mrs. Howell, about your Philip and Gwen being sweethearts this long time."

This was a set-back to Mrs. Howell's hopes of making the rich spinster her daughter-in-law.

"Well, never mind, I don't think no harm about her or anyone belonging to her, whatever; and that's the truth—there now!"

Miss Williams, however, had reasons for wishing to prejudice Gwen in the eyes of Mrs. Howell, whose influence over her son was well-known: "Ah, Mrs. Howell," she said shaking her head. "You don't know what that girl—"

"Four, five, six," interrupted Mrs. Jones, almost shrieking.

"Six knocks!" cried Mrs. Howell, in alarm.

"What has happened down the pit?" asked Miss Williams, wildly.

"Seven!" Mrs. Jones cried, still counting the heavy metallic signals that were heard coming from the top of the pit.

The pit signals were well understood by all who live close to the collieries. Whilst the number of knocks signalised from the bottom kept within the figure four, no notice was taken by the women and children within hearing. But beyond four, all ears were bent to listen. From five to seven knocks signified accidents to the pit or its machinery; ten slow knocks meant that a workman had met with a serious accident to body or limb, and that the carriage was coming up the shaft slowly with the wounded man in a tram sitting in the lap of a comrade, who held him in his arms to protect him as much as possible from the excessive pain caused by movement. But the dreaded number of knocks was—eleven.

Then the alarmed neighborhood knew that the burden being brought up from the pit was lying alone in the tram shrouded in rough canvas—the mutilated body of a dead miner: the burden that would bring despair to the wife and little ones who claimed him, or the old mother whose other support—her husband—had thus come home for the last time from the pit, years ago.

The gossip of the women had been of supreme interest to them, a moment before. Now, confronted with this horrid reality of pit-life, their tittle-tattle vanished like a little sunray in a dark cloud.

"Eight!" shrieked Mrs. Jones.

"Somebody's hurted!" cried Miss Williams, using the local term for an accident. Her face was white with terror.

"Hysht!" cried Mrs. Howell and Mrs. Jones, waiting and listening painfully for the last sound of the knocker. The signal might mean death to one dearest to them.

"Nine, ten!" Miss Williams called loudly, unably to resist counting the knocks that were slowly and solemnly sounded.

"Somebody's hurted!" cried Mrs. Howell in a whisper of awe.

They stared aghast at one another when the tenth knock was heard, scarcely breathing, waiting in agony for the sound that was worse than all.

Then slowly over the houses lumbered the dead, muffled thud of the fatal eleven.

There was a rush of women and children past the door, all calling t o one another in wild, frightened voices, as they ran towards the top of the pit.

"Somebody's killed! somebody's killed!" shrieked the women, in terrified chorus.

"Perhaps it's my Philip!" cried Mrs. Howell, hysterically, the tears flowing freely from her eyes.

"Perhaps it's my husband!" Mrs. Jones exclaimed beside herself.

Miss Williams was left alone, pale and trembling, in the house. Her companions fled with the shrieking, distracted throng of men, women and children that rushed to the pit-head. The terror-stricken crowd was joined by the heads of the works, who were within hearing of the signals—amongst them Sir Richard Richards. He had been at the colliery offices that morning. His son, he knew, was down the pit. All, high and low, rushed onward together, all with but one idea, one fear in their hearts: that one of their own blood was being slowly brought up the pit, dead!

And all the little hopes and wishes of gossips, the loves and hates of Glancynon, depended upon the meaning of the pit-signals.

MY SWEETHEART'S EYES.

I don't know your Queen,
But I do know my Queen—
A grander woman I've never seen.
With eyes of black,
That have a knack
Of saying: 'Let's fight life's battles. Jack."

I don't know your sweet,
But I do know my sweet—
The loveliest woman you'll ever meet.
With eyes of gray,
That have a way
Of saying: "I love you all the day."

I don't know your girl,
But I do know my girl—
A girl that will set your heart all awhirl
With eyes of brown,
And dainty gown,
The handsomest in all the town.

I don't know your love,
But I do know my love—
She's just like the angels that dwell up above.
With eyes of blue,
That look at you
And say: "I'd kiss if I were you."

—John De Witt.

FIELD OF LETTERS

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE ENEMY. By Rev. T. Newton Owen. *Minister* of the Congregational Church at Bristol, Rhode Island. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. The Treasury Press, 1907.

This is an interesting discussion from a new point of view, viz., the enemy. The little volume is divided into seven chapters, and every page will interest and strike the reader as original and edifying. The first chapter opens with the words of Simeon: "Behold, this child is set up for a sign which shall be spoken against," and furnishes the key to the whole book. Every chapter is rich in suggestive thoughts which set the mind a-going and a-thinking for itself. In every chapter there is material for half a dozen sermons. Every chapter is a poem, and especially the last, entitled "Enter God," "the dramatic moment," as the author calls it. This short chapter is rich in thought of an inspiring character. The studious will find in this volume much to interest him, instruct and inspire. We commend it to those who are after clean and graceful thinking without waste of words and time. Price, 75 cents.

Cymru (Double Number) for January 1907, is a treasury of miscellaneous reading, consisting of papers, articles, poems, tales, discussion of various subjects interesting to the Welsh reader. It opens with a chapter of Welsh history by the editor. Then follows songs of New Year's Eve; A Story by Gwyneth Vaughn; An Autobiography of Samuel Bowen; A Trip Through the Woods, the Songs of History; A Strange Visitor: Griffiths of Neath; The Travels of Robert Owen; Owen Edwards (De Bermo); The Old Printers of Aberystwyth; "The Big Doll," by Winnie Parry; David Jones of Trefriw; Our Periodical Literature; The Welsh Summer School; Religion in Llanberis; The Captivity; Strata Florida; Vyrnwy; Rhys Jones of Blainau; A Sermon of Innocence, etc. The illustrations are (frontispiece) Before Bala College; A Portrait of the Rev. Griffiths of Neath, a celebrated Welsh clergyman and preacher; Owen Edwards (De Bermo); Aber Conwy; The Summer School; Trederwen; Strata Florida etc. Also a large variety of excellent poems.

Y MEUSYDD CENADOL gan y Parch. T. Leyshon Rees, gynt Cenadwr yn Jamaica: Wrexham, Hughes & Son. 1906.

The history of missions is the history of the Kingdom of Christ on earth, and the aim of this work may be said to be the good of others. The true criterion of the Christian church is not its creeds and its theology, but its good work. Nothing has been so remarkable in the 19th century as the spread of the Kingdom of God over the earth; the success of Christian missions in the civilizing and the elevating of the people of the earth. Better than all our progress in railroading, in mining and all the other many inventions and improvements has been the Christianizing of peoples over the face of the earth. Mission is the highest and most important duty of all because civilization cannot last unless it be based on moral and spiritual principles. This volume by Mr. T. Lyshon Rees gives sketches of the missionary work in different parts of the world, in

India, China, Africa, in the South Sea Islands, Japan and other remote places. The story is brief, comprehensive and interesting, overcrowding of incidents and facts being avoided, which will make the book more serviceable to the ordinary reader. Price

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CHOICE GOSPEL SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND CHURCH, compiled and edited by R. H. Meredith: R. H. Meredith & Co., Chicago, Ill. Price 30 cents; $3.00 per doz.; $25 per 100.

This is a well bound, handy volume of 224 pages, containing a large number of popular Gospel Songs for Sunday School and Church, with responsive readings, especially compiled to meet the wants of the various departments of the church. It contains an unusually large number of the most well-known Hymns and Tunes, and even includes some of the celebrated Welsh tunes used in the recent revival in Wales with appropriate translations of the Welsh words. This collection will prove eminently serviceable in any church where it shall be used. The typography, editing and binding of the book is thorough and excellent.

The plot of E. Phillips Oppenheim's new novel, "The Malefactor," which Little, Brown & Co., Boston, will publish early in 1907, is one of the most original and surprising that this popular English author has yet devised. Imagine a man who has gone to jail to save a woman's good name. He has been sentenced unjustly, but he keeps silence. He goes to jail an impetuous warm-hearted boy. He comes out of it, years later, a man in whom every vestige of human kindness is apparently extinct. He is a wealthy man when he leaves the prison doors—and he is determined to devote all of his wealth and all his energies to secure revenge on the woman for whom he has suffered. Such a man is Sir Wingrave Seton, with whose delivery from prison "The Malefactor" opens. In his own words, he is a man "without the faintest trace of feeling for his fellow-men." In developing this character, Mr. Oppenheim tells a story that for sheer interest and fascination surpasses his previous work.

"Sea Power in Its Relation to the War of 1812," the latest work by Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N. (retired), was commended by President Roosevelt in his message to Congress. Although the President refrained from mentioning the title of the book, in speaking of the value of a navy as a guarantor of peace, he urged the study of our country's failures, adding: "For this purpose, nothing could be more instructive than a rational study of the War of 1812, as is told for instance by Capt. Mahan." It will be remembered that President Roosevelt's own history of the War of 1812 appears in its rewritten and definitive form in volume VII of Sir William Laird Clowes's history of "The Royal Navy." Capt. Mahan has been urged to undertake the task of writing an authentic history of the American navy.

The late Jeremiah Curtin was no ordinary translator—he was not merely an extraordinary linguist, but a man at home in any part of the world. Familiar not merely with the idiom of the Slavic tongue as written, but also with its various spoken dialects; his knowledge of the myths and folk-lore of many nations, his ethnological studies, equipped him peculiarly for the task of translator.

Mr. Curtin's last translation of Sienkiewicz's work was published last spring under the title of "On the Field of Glory," the only book written by this renowned author since the year 1900, when he completed "Knights of the Cross."

In addition to the works of Sienkiewicz, Mr. Curtin translated Alexander Glovatski's "The Pharaoh and the Priest," a romance of Ancient Egypt. Besides achieving fame as a translator (he was credited with knowing seventy languages), Mr. Curtin was the author of "Myths and Folk Tales of Ireland;" "Myths and Folk Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs and Magyars;" "Hero Tales of Ireland;" "Fairy Tales of Ireland;" "Creation Myths of Primitive America and Their Relation to the Religious and Mental History of Mankind." At the time of his death he was completing a history of the Mongols.

The news that recent floods in the Colorado River of Southern California have reopened the break in the bank so that the great torrent is again flowing into the Salton Sea lends a timely interest to George Wharton James' new work, "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert (Southern California). In these two volumes just published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mr. James not only describes the Colorado desert region, but after personal investigation, gives the history of the mysterious Salton Sea. If the winter rains continue pouring their volume into the Colorado river, the gap will soon be greater than it was before the Southern Pacific endeavored to fill it up. Should the gap so enlarge, and the Southern Pacific Company feel disinclined to renew the conflict, either the Government of Mexico and the United States will be compelled to step in and "heal the breach," or—fearful alternative—the whole Colorado Desert will speedily revert to its prehistoric condition and become once more a portion of the Gulf of California. Millions of property will be wiped out of existence—buried under the new inland sea, twelve to fifteen thousand people rendered penniless and homeless, scores of miles of canals swept out of existence, and a hundred miles of railways of a transcontinental line will have to be rebuilt above the water level.

These are by no means improbabilities. The whole region, however, has, most fortunately, just been described with a fullness of detail by Mr. James, while the artist and photographer who accompanied Mr. James on his trip before he wrote the book, have effectively presented the pictorial side of the desert.

MUSICAL AMERICA, published by the Musical America Co., 135 Fifth Ave., New York, Editor John C. Freund, is an independent musical newspaper, specially devoted to the musical interests of the United States and Canada. Subscription for one year $1.00; foreign, $3.00. Musical America has risen to chronicle the national endeavor, the national work in music, and to establish a principle, the principle of honesty and justice in musical journalism.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

At the Granville (N. Y.) Eisteddfod, a beautiful incident of the interesting proceedings of the day (Christmas) was the debut of Miss Eurgain Victoria Jones as conductress of a choir of children which took the prize of $20, with $2 to the leader. Miss Jones is not yet eight, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rich. W. Jones. The piece in competition was "The Soldiers of the Cross" (T. Price), and the adjudicator, Dr. Dan Protheroe, of Milwaukee, Wis., in

awarding the prize, said that the performance of the little choir under its child leader was triply worthy of the prize. There is no need saying that the Welsh are generally and peculiarly fond of music. In the mother country, Wales, there is a call for children's Eisteddfodau for the purpose of cultivating this natural love of music from young childhood. We have much pleasure in presenting Miss Jones as she appeared before her choir.

Robert O. Morris has been a resident of Utica for the last 25 years. He is a native of Ruthin, Denbighshire, N. W., which town is situate on the banks of the beautiful Valley of Clwyd, reckoned as one of the most picturesque valleys in the world. Ruthin has produced many characters of note among them

Dr. Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Westminster, connected with the first translation of the Welsh Bible, and Sir Thomas Exmewe, Lord Mayor of oLndon in the year 1517.

Mr. Morris' parents, Joseph and Mary Morris, with the family left the old home in December, 1881, and settled in Utica, when the subject of our sketch was eight years old. He attended the

public schools for a few years, but when 15 years old, he began to work and is now a tailor's cutter. Mr. Morris since he was a boy showed the musical instinct which he had inherited from the family, for all the sons love music.

He began his career as a singer 14 years ago and has served several churches in Utica, viz., Olivet, Park Baptist, Dutch Reformed, and is now baritone soloist at Grace Episcopal Church on Genesee street. He has occupied his last position for six years, and his singing is always highly satisfactory.

It was when a member of the Park Church Quartet that Mr. Morris began to draw particular attention to his excellent voice and style of singing. His voice was fast developing and his tones were becoming resonant and pleasant to hear. During those years Mr. Morris did also some singing. His voice grew and ripened like living nature, until it has bloomed forth into a valuable musical possession. He not only owns a rare voice, but also a rare and pleasant way of using it to effect. Wherever Mr. Morris sings he sings with such beautiful tone and spirit that he is always received with warmth and admiration.

For the last two years he has sung at the St. David celebration in Montreal, Can., with a party of singers from Utica, and the Montreal press had this to say of his singing: "Mr. Morris is certainly one of the best baritones heard in Karn Hall in some time. He fairly took the house by storm, his selection showing a well formed and splendid quality of voice, displaying an almost unlimited reserve of volume and range." He has been so well liked the last two occasions he has there sung, that he is already engaged for the future.

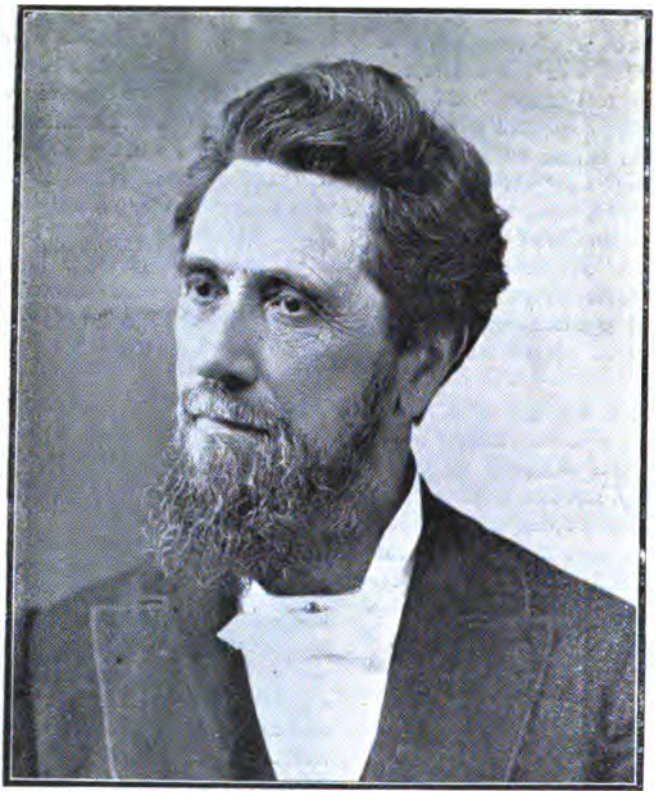
Not being a professional artist and not depending on music for a living, he but occasionally visits surrounding towns and villages for the benefit of some good cause and the delectation of his hearers, which he never fails to accomplish. Some time since he visited Norwich, N. Y., for the first time, when he made friends and admirers of all by his fine and inspiring singing and his splendid baritone voice. Last fall he also sang at a Church Fair at Prospect, N. Y., and the large crowd became quite demonstrative and noisy in their calls for encores. All hope to have the pleasure of listening to his voice again, which shows refinement and culture.

At our annual Eisteddfod in Utica, Mr. Morris has become an indispensable element and the program is incomplete without a number of spirited, patriotic and artistic songs by him. He is a thorough Welshman, instinct with the love and art of music and with a musical heart and a fine conception of the beautiful end of music, and to see and hear him sing is to be persuaded at once that he is (voice and style) a veritable product of nature. He is equally effective in English and Welsh, and although he touches and thrills the heart of every Kymro and Kymraes with his "Y wlad a garaf fi," he can also touch the heart of the universal man with his artistic and spirited singing.

Some years ago Mr. Morris was happily married to Miss Lizzie Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Lewis of Leah street, Utica, and are blessed with a family of fair children, who, if they cultivate the musical heritage of their parents, will be a valuable contribution to the musical circles of Utica.

Thursday evening, December 20, 1906, Rev. J. P. Williams, one of the best known ministers among the Welsh in this country, passed into the great beyond to his rest and reward, after a pilgrimage of 71 years.

Mr. Williams was born in Dwygyfylchi, Carnarvonshire, North Wales,



REV. J. P. WILLIAMS, GOMER, OHIO.

April 16, 1838. His parents were Benjamin and Jane Williams. When but a boy of 13 he was received into the church, and happily came in touch with that prince of preachers and musicians, Rev. E. Stephens, Tanymarian.

Mr. Williams while yet young, cultivated a taste for music, and being blessed with a deep, rich voice, was at once enlisted to aid in performing "The Storm of Tiberias," under the leadership of Rev. E. Stephens, the composer. Being a tailor by trade, he sometimes left home to work in other towns.

When 19 he visited Wrexham and soon found employment. Here he soon fell in love with the pastor, the eminent poet and preacher of his time, Rev. R. Williams (Hwfa Mon). It was not long before Hwfa found in his young friend the makings of a great preacher. So he arranged at once for his education at Bala College. After graduating at Bala, Mr. Williams accepted a call from the Congregational Church at Llanelwy, Flintshire. He was ordained in June, 1863. After a pastorate of three years, he took charge of the churches at Maentwrog and Utica, Merionethshire.

While at this place he was married to Miss Elizabeth Lloyd of Llanelwy. A son, William L., was born at this place, who at present lives in Chicago, and

holds an important position with the firm of Marshall Field Co. In June, 1870, the family came to America, Mr. Williams accepting a call extended him from the churches at Pomeroy and Minersville. September 24, 1870, while landing from a boat, the night being dark, Mrs. Williams fell into the river and was drowned. This was a dark day in the history of the little family. Mr. Williams bore this heavy blow with Christian fortitude and calmness of soul.

While at Pomeroy he married Mrs. Elizabeth Pryce of Gomer, O. At this place another son was born, Benjamin A., who at present is in charge of the City Mission at Cleveland, O. From Pomeroy the family moved to Gomer. A daughter was born here, Priscilla, who died when about 18 months old.

In 1876 Mr. Williams accepted a call from the Welsh church at Racine, Wis at which place he spent a happy and fruitful pastorate of 13 years. Leaving Racine, he took charge of the church at Youngstown, O., in which field he labored faithfully for six years.

The next five years was spent with the church at Columbus, O., at which place his health seemed to fail, till finally he was compelled to rest and be free from all pulpit work. After a visit to his son, the Rev. B. A. Williams, of Burton, O., the family moved to Gomer, where our brother spent the remainder of his days on earth.

Mr. Williams was known as a clear thinker, a lucid and forceful writer. In his time he wrote several essays and won prizes at large Eisteddfods in this country and Wales. He was a close observer of things and of men. He was honored with the highest chair in the Welsh conferences in several states.

Above all he was a man of God, a true Christian and loved by all who knew him. He was gifted with a deep knowledge of men. As a result of his work along this line, there are four men in the American pulpit declaring the power of the cross to save, who were persuaded to this step through the direct influence and noble Christian efforts of Mr. Williams.

He was a master of Welsh rhetoric, and his soul was in preaching. His sermons were characterized by the prominence which he gave to the doctrines of the cross. He was always calm and peaceful, looking at the bright side of life. To come into his presence was like coming out of a dark room into the sunlight. The Christian influences which he brought to bear upon those who knew him best will live for years to come, as ministering angels in their hearts. Our loss indeed is great. May God send us many more like him.

Funeral services were held at the Gomer Congregational Church Monday, December 24, conducted by Rev. W. Surdival, assisted by Revs. J. M. Thomas, Columbus, J G.. Evans, Vaughanville, and J. Roberts (P.) Gomer. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow and four children: Rev. B. A. Williams, Cleveland; Wm. L. Williams. Chicago; Mrs. Thos. A. Williams, Racne, Wis.; John T .Pryce, Racine, Wis.; also two brothers, R. Williams (Syllog), Racine, and Rev. W. B. Williams. Seattle.

W. Surdival.

An old friend also writes:

"Mr. Williams was a man of excellent character, a conscientious worker, pure in all his ways, a Puritan in morals and earnestly devoted to the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ. He was kind, quiet and unassuming, and always a gentleman in demeanor, word and deed; and in the pulpit he was serious, always endeavoring to represent the beauty and solemnity of a life of godliness."

A suffragist is a pleidleiswraig in Welsh.

Mr. Owen M. Edwards says in "Cymru" that patriotism is not a thing on which to live, but a thing for which to make sacrifices.

Somebody has found this pleasant distich on a stone in Taibach Churchyard:—

Hurrah! my boys, at the Parson's fall.
For if he'd lived he'd a-buried us all!

Welshmen and Welshwomen have always been noted for their tidy appearance on Sundays. George Whitfield said that the best-dressed congregation he had seen in Wales was at Abergavenny in 1741.

The founders of Methodism came to Wales for their wives. Charles Wesley married a Breconshire lady and George Whitfield married an Abergavenny widow—a Mrs. James, heiress of Pantygored, also in Breconshire.

On the evening of January 31, in the largest mansion of aristocratic Riverside, Ill., and under the auspices of the Riverside Ladies' Club, Mr. W. Apmadoc lectured on "Wales, Its Scenery, History, Literature and Music." It is the sixth time Mr. Apmadoc has been called to lecture and sing before some of these cultured clubs anxious to learn something of Wales. What are Welsh communities doing on this line?

There is no record in Welsh literature and no trace in Welsh folklore that our Welsh forefathers employed any kind of Christmas greeting. "Nadolig Llawen a Blwyddyn Newydd Dda" is, of course, merely a translation of the common English greeting.

If the women of Wales intend reviving the Welsh costume, it follows that the men of Wales should appear in the garb of their ancestors—a pig-tail coat with brass buttons, a many-colored waistcoat, and knee-breeches, with blue stockings and buckled shoes. The head was invariably covered with a beaver hat. It was a handsome costume, fit enough for a courtier.

Many farmhouses and cottages in Wales are named after trees which grow in the neighborhood. For example, we have Llwynderw, Trefonen, Llwyndrain, Danyrhelyg and many others. It is a curious fact in regard to such names that none of them have reference to trees imported in comparatively recent times, such as the fir, the larch, the maple and the poplar. Another proof that the Welsh are conservative in their habits.

Dr. Henry Owen, of Poyston, was the originator of the phrase, "the premier county," as applied to Pembrokeshire, but it has been endorsed by Professor Tout and other authorities in Welsh history. According to Dr. Owen, Pembrokeshire was the first county created in Wales. It was called in all the old records the Royal County of Pembroke, and the Royal privilege it enjoys give it the status of a County Palatine.

When the pheasant was first introduced into Wales the common people believed that it was a kind of a poisonous flying reptile akin to the wyverne, a belief encouraged by Welsh landlords with an evident object. The bird is sometimes called in Wales "Ceiliog y coed," but properly speaking, it has no name in Welsh. "Ceiliog y coed" means the woodcock and is another name for "cyffylog," a bird that was shot in Wales in the fourteenth century.

Carmarthen is considered the most Anglicized town in Welsh Wales. Before the end of the eighteenth century it prided itself upon the "good English" spoken there. All the streets have English names, though several of them have their Welsh equivalents, but the latter forms are used only by the country people who attend the weekly market. Outside Carmarthen and in the immediate vicinity there are more houses with English names than in any district of equal area in Wales.

Owen Rhoscomyl the soldier, historian, novelist and lecturer has been doing some genealogical research at Aberystwyth Welsh Library this week. He is a great believer, like Napoleon the Third, in history being treated from the point of view of the soldier. Unlike Timothy, however, he takes delight in "endless genealogies," and it is interesting to watch him write out a big pedigree, with dates and other information, straight from memory.

The last duel fought in Wales was at Newcastle Emlyn, in the early part of the nineteenth century the combatants being one Beynon, a lawyer, and an Englishman who stayed in the town. They courted the same woman, the landlady of the Salutation Hotel and the quarrel grew out of jealousy. Beynon shot his man before the proper time, and was tried for murder, but acquitted. The law was administered in a very lax way in those days in Wales, especially in regard to wealthy men.

There has always been a close connection between West Wales—Carmarthen, Cardigan and Pembroke—and Monmouthshire. The Morgans of Tredegar came originally from North Pembroke. The family name still survives in Cwm Morgan, through which the Cuch, the northern boundary of Pembrokeshire, runs. The last Pembrokeshire Morgan family only died at the beginning of the last century. Then there was a close connection between the Griffithses of Penwenallt, connections of Theophilus Evans and Pontypool. In fact the links are too numerous to mention. Clergymen from West Wales form a great many of them.

Professor Young Evans' muse seems as much at home at Aberystwyth as it was in Trefecca. As usual his Christmas greetings flow forth in verse thus:

From Deangate by the Cuckoo's Field we send
Our heartiest greetings to each loyal friend.
Translated from that Brecknock house of prayer,
We greet the brighteners of our sojourn there
And those whose visits to our new abode
Welcome right hands of fellowship bestowed.

As Christmas draws the curtains of the year,
Thus we salute our friends afar and near,
With hopes that every act and scene may be
With welfare filled, true joy and amity.
To men of good-will, "Peace on earth," we say,
"While every morn begins a New Year's Day."

Deled hedd y Nadolig,
A Blwydd dda heb le i ddig.

There is a proposal on foot to make a memorial of Felicia Hemans by endowing a cot in the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Women and Children. In this work the poetess' grandchildren and great-granchildren are co-operating But a writer in a Manchester paper thinks that the secretary of the fund is mistaken in speaking of Mrs. Hemans as having been born at St. Asaph. According to all published accounts she was born in Duke street, Liverpool, in 1793, her father being a merchant of that city and at one time Imperial and Tuscan consul there. Business reverses forced him to leave Liverpool in 1800, and the family took up their residence at Gwrych, in Flintshire. It was only in 1809 that Felicia went to St. Asaph.

This paragraph, which appeared in the Times, is interesting in that it refers to Mr. Gwilym Wigley, who is a native of Maesycwmmer: "Among the very few singing masters in London who really understand the voice and whose method is to be confidently recommended is Sir George Power, who gave an informal concert for his pupils in the Chelsea Town Hall a recent afternoon. About eighteen singers

made their appearance, and throughout a long programme it was hard to detect a single note sung out of tune or with such errors of production as are almost certain to be met with in exhibitions of the kind, which usually are a far severer test of the teacher's capacity than of the pupils' powers. The most remarkable performer was Mr. Wigley, a tenor with a remarkably fine voice, whose singing of the great solo in 'Pagliacci' reached a very high order of excellence; he has not only a beautiful voice, with the true ringing quality in it, but he possesses evident dramatic talent, and his success cannot be a matter of doubt."

Throngs of descendants of Welshmen and those interested in the Welsh language and music assembled early on New Year's Day to attend the Eisteddfod of the Cymreigyddion Society, held at Utica, N.Y. No expense was spared to make the affair a success and yet the receipts were large enough to enable the society to offer large cash prizes for the main competitions next year.

The competition on Dr. Parry's "The Lord Is My Shepherd," was the event of the afternoon session. The adjudicators gave the first prize of $75 to the Mettowee Choral Union of Granville, Pa., Richard Roberts, director; the second prize of $25 to the Boonville Chorus, Evan W. Oldfield, director. No little interest was occasioned by the solo competition for persons over fifty years of age, in which John Quincy Hughes was awarded the prize. Many persons, both in the audience and on the platform, had attended the Eisteddfod held fifty years ago.

The evening session, at which the male choirs were to compete for the prize of $400, was even more largely attended than the afternoon meeting had been. Not even standing room was to be had after proceedings were begun. "Homeward Bound," by D. C. Williams, served as the means of displaying the singing of the various choirs. The Gwent Society of Edwardsdale Pa., was the successful competitor.

Smaller prizes innumerable were given for the best Welsh lyrics, essays, verses, etc., etc.—"The Musical America."

An interesting reference to Frost, the Newport Chartist, is found in the book, "Passages in a Wandering Life," written by Thomas Arnold, son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Thomas Arnold was born in 1823, and after being educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford, emigrated to New Zealand in 1847. He was an inspector of schools in Tasmania from 1850 to 1856. On one of his visits of inspection he came to the township of Richmond, and there, he says: "The Government school was conducted by Frost, the Chartist, who had been exiled to Tasmania on account of his share in the Newport riots in 1839. The old man did his work conscientiously and wrapped himself in a kind of dignified reserve, behind which there lay the impenetrable obstinacy of a Welsh reformer. It is needless to say that I treated him with entire respect."

One of the most delightful things in connection with the Llangollen National Eisteddfod is the prize offered for proficiency in Welsh by Alderman Thomas Jones, of Wrexham, a former mayor of Wrexham. At the famous Eisteddfod held at Llangollen in 1858 the late Lady Llanover, who was such an enthusiastic advocate of Welsh, offered a prize of £3 3s. to the Welsh laboring man, not earning over twenty shillings a week, who could produce on the Eisteddfod platform the largest number of children who could speak Welsh with the greatest proficiency. Alderman Thomas Jones was one of six children who earned this prize for their father at that memorable Eisteddfod, of which the Llangollen National Eisteddfod of 1908 will be the jubilee. Mr. Jones now comes forward with the singularly appropriate offer of a prize of £6 6s. for proficiency in Welsh, offered on behalf of himself and his brother, Mr. Jones, of Bethesda, the only other survivor of the band of six. His offer does credit to his heart. He has left to the Eisteddfod Committee to decide to the form in which the prize is to be offered.

CURRENT EVENTS.

December 1—Three hundred masked men enter the town of Princeton, Ky., and guard the telephone office, police and water works while they burn two tobacco factories belonging to the trust.

December 4.—The Presidents message is read to both houses of Congress.

December 5.—Andrew Carnegie presents to Princeton University a large artificial pond, called Carnegie Lake.

December 6.—In his annual report Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte advocates a division of the department into four sections.

December 7.—The French Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 364 to 187, passes the bill providing for the purchase of the Western Railway by the state.—Mark Twain appears before a committee in Congress to speak in favor of the copyright bill.—Seven lives are lost in the burning of the Chi Psi Fraternity house at Cornell University.—Ferdinand Brunetiere, the writer and member of the French Academy, dies in Paris.

December 9.—President Roosevelt replies to the letter of Bellamy Storer.—Postmaster General Cortelyou's report for the year shows a reduction of the postal-service deficit to $10,542,944.

December 10.—The Nobel Peace Prize is awarded by the Norwegian Parliament to President Roosevelt.

December 11.—Fines aggregating $150,000 are imposed in New York upon the Sugar Trust for rebating.

December 12.—The House of Commons, by a vote of 416 to 107, the Irish members supporting the government, rejects all the amendments of the House of Lords to the education bill.

December 13.—Andrew Carnegie declares his opposition to an income tax, but agrees that the state should take a large portion of the fortunes left by multimillionaires.

December 14—The Belgian Chamber of Deputies votes for the annexation of the Kongo Free State.

December 15—The traction committee of the Chicago City Council reaches an agreement with the railroads to recommend the purchase of all street car lines for $50,000,000.

December 17—George Burnham, counsel for the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company, is sentenced in New York to two years' imprisonment

December 18 — President Roosevelt makes a move toward securing legislation to relieve and prevent coal famines. Investigations of the car shortage in the Northwest are held in St. Louis and Minneapolis.

December 19 — President Roosevelt sends a special message to Congress defending his discharge of negro soldiers.

December 21—The French Chamber of Deputies passes the amended separation law by a vote of 413 to 166—James Bryce admits his appointment as British Ambassador to this country—A masked mob breaks into the jail at Annapolis, Md., and lynches John Davis, a negro, the confessed assailant of a white woman.

December 24—Governor Magoon signs a decree appointing a commission to revise the laws of Cuba.

December 25—Men of a squadron of the Ninth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., start a riot of soldiers on a street car and create considerable disorder—Over 40 000 persons are given free Christmas dinners in New York city, 30,000 of whom are provided for by the Salvation Army.

December 28—Sixteen persons are killed and thirty injured in a railway collision on the road between Edinburgh and Aberdeen.

Bells of the Angelus.

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance!

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices, blending,
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sink from the hill!

—Bret Harte.

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GIRL'S BOX PLAITED DRESS 5579.

To Be Made with Three-Quarter or Full Length Sleeves.

5579 Girl's Box Plaited Dress, 6 to 12 years.

Such a charming yet simple little frock as this one is quite certain to find its welcome in every household where there are girls of suitable age. It is graceful, becoming and altogether to be desired. It really means very little labor and is entirely free of objectionable fussiness. In this instance it is made of veiling, stitched with belding silk, and trimmed with velvet ribbon, while the yoke is of all-over lace, but a number of variations might be suggested. As shown it is adapted to afternoon wear but it can be converted into a school frock by using the long sleeves and making the yoke of silk in matching color or some other durable material, while if a still more fancy effect is desired some lighter colored veiling or cashmere can be used, with the lining cut away beneath the yoke.

The dress consists of the waist and the skirt, which are joined and closed together invisibly at the back. The waist is box plaited and arranged over a body lining, which is faced to form the deep cuffs when full length is used. The skirt is box plaited and finished with a hem.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years is 5½ yards 27, 4 yards 36, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of all-over lace for the yoke, 5½ yards of banding, ¾ yard of all-over lace if long sleeves are used.

The pattern 5579 is cut in sizes for

girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.)

BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 5583.

To Be Made with Long or Elbow Sleeves, With or Without the Fitted Lining.

5583 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust.

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The waist is made with a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted as material renders desirable, and consists of front and back. It is laid in tucks that are turned, two toward the center, two outward, so giving the effect of the wide box plaits, and there is a regulation shirt waist plait at the front. The full sleeves are gathered into bands and to these bands the cuffs are attached.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4½ yards 21, 3¼ yards 27, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide.

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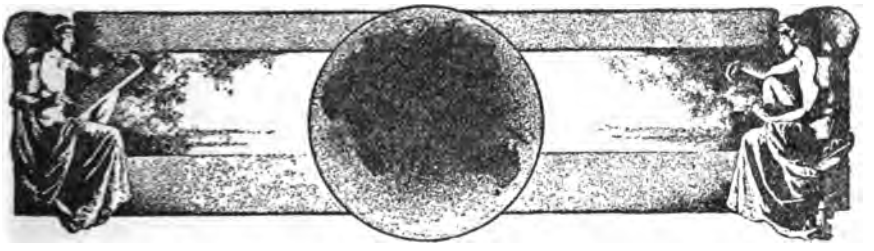

Thoughts of the Month.

The Old Serpent. Just a casual glance into our old friend, Caius Sallustius Crispus, the Roman historian, gives us a neat description of the evils of our times. "Igitur primo pecuniae, deinde imperii cupido crevit ;ea quasi materies omnium malorum fuere." So it is now, love of money is at the root of all our evils. It leads to a sinful love of power, and these together are the groundwork of all our present political, social and religious corruption. Greed is the serpent of our modern paradise, the most subtle reptile which the Evil One ever made, the greatest enemy of our civilization, as it was of society in the time of Sallust. What reason can be given that this serpent is yet unchained.

Truth versus Cash. We have become so far civilized and educated that insanity which was formerly an affliction has become an excuse. Along with many other fictions, it can be utilized to justify murder or to release the criminal. There are cases where criminals are proved momentarily insane, and therefore irresponsible, but after the excitement is over, the insane culprit becomes again a responsible member of society, justice has been thwarted, social ideas of right and wrong have been respected, and fiction, after subjecting fact to its own contemptible use, becomes our idol. For a consideration, experts may be had to testify that any man is insane or intellectually affected for a sufficient length to suit the purpose of bamboozing justice. Pecuniary gain and loss are the heaven and hell of our times. Pretty near all the old-fashioned ideals of our forefathers are sacrificed for pecuniary profit, and the great end of life is "cash." But we are certainly building on sand-hills; our civilization appears grand, but there is reason to believe and fear already that it is even now begin-

ning to give way. If we wish to save our civilization, we will have to change our foundation from cash to truth.

People versus Their Servants. Our salvation is always near—nearer than we dream. The first duty incumbent on the people now-a-days is to realize that once they unitedly call for something, they may have it. When the people will agree to seek, they shall find, and once they will knock, it shall be opened to them. Hitherto, politics (it should not be called statesmanship) has been a low trade wherewith the politicians have been enabled to advance their own selfish ends at the expense of the people. But there are new sounds in the air. There are strange murmerings around, strange because they are new. "It is no longer a question of politics but of public opinion," as our Lieutenant Governor said the other day. "Not until the measures proposed by Governor Hughes have been placed upon our statute books can we feel that the will of the people has been obeyed." That is practical wisdom. Good laws make hundreds of bad ones unnecessary and superfluous. The voice of the people should be heard, not the voices of their self-opinionated representatives. Let the people command their representatives and servants.

The New Theology. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, London, is the British representative of those peculiar religious tenets held by Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey, which caused his expulsion from the Episcopal Church. Over the ocean, the New Theology is creating a furore in religious and theological circles. A simple exposition of Mr. Campbell's views is as follows:

"We believe that there is no real distinction between humanity and deity. Our being is the same as God's, only our consciousness of it is limited.

"Every man is a potential Christ, or rather, a manifestation of the eternal Christ, that side of the nature of God from which all humanity has come forth.

"We make our destiny in the next world by our behavior in this. Ultimately every soul will be perfected.

"The doctrine of sin which holds us to be blameworthy for deeds we cannot help, we believe to be a false view. Sin is simply selfishness. We reject wholly the common interpretation of the atonement.

"We believe that Jesus is and was divine, but so are we. His mission was to make us realize our divinity and our oneness with God."

The rock of offense in his creed is his belief that Christ was born of human parents.

Something Novel. We notice a religious innovation at Mountain Ash, S. W., where a new church on a new basis has been established. One of the conditions is that no one who can sit in a saloon is eligible for membership, and that every member should be a total abstainer from in-

toxicating drinks and tobacco. But it seems that those who take moderate doses within domestic circles are tolerated, which detracts from our confidence in the ultimate success of the cause. It is pretty hard to get the pure article, and the whole thing! About the most ludicrous thing in religious life is a church arrangement whereby the moderate tipplers inside pass a rule excluding tippler applicants from membership! It is a case where inconsistency amounts to hypocrisy.

Good Times Coming. Christianity hitherto has been what the philosopher calls "Inconscious humanism;" it was full of love unused and unpracticed; it was full of professions and dissertations on love (that is, we mean Christian theology and dogma), but it was so beautifully frozen that it could not be of service until the coming of the Spring, when these unspeakable riches could be utilized for the good and comfort and salvation of all. What a discouraging contrast between the promiseful words, "for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," &c., and the hitherto ordinary policy of church and state of permanently depriving the common people of the multifarious promises and blessings contained in the Christian platform! The Christian platform up to now has been a "political" platform, viz., a series of promises to be delayed not fulfilled. But a great thaw is at hand; the humanism of the Christian religion is becoming conscious; there is a wonderful awakening drawing near; Christ has been buried in the heart of humanity for 2000 years, which is in God's mind equal to two days, and therefore our twentieth century is the third day, in which he was to rise again; and is it not this that accounts for the mysterious intellectual, moral and spiritual commotion of our time? Once the eastern hills are tipped with the golden rays of the Sun of Righteousness, our Wall Streets will appear like dirty slums, and our millionaires will become as despicable culprits and criminals. Seers and prophets are the happiest people in the world, because they rejoice in the happiness to come to coming ages.

A Crisis. A characteristic of our age is mental divagation or aberration, a kind of tramping and vagabondizing of the unsettled intellect. There is one heresy which accounts in part for this wandering, viz., a belief that we are nearing the end or ultima Thule of things; and consequently every over-ambitious mind is anxious to reach the goal first and monopolize all the glory of its attainment. But this folly is ludicrous, once we get the correct comprehension of God's creation, because man's career physical, intellectual and spiritual is endless, as far as we know, and this notion should inspire us with the propriety of leisureliness. This spirit of divagation is not only found in theology, but also in music, in science, and even in money-piling. The "get rich quick"

notion is one of the most degrading heresies of the age, because it serves to destroy our Christian ethics, and obstruct the natural improvement of things. Everything is made subservient to Mammon, the meanest and the cruelest of the gods. The parable of the Prodigal includes the whole world, moral and intellectual, of to-day. There is reason to believe also that the classical music of the age has paresis or some serious intellecto—-musical derangement. Our prevailing disease is toomuchism and toofarism.

Time for Changes. The minds we need in every age are the far-seeing minds, the prophetic minds, the minds that stand outside the human procession and thereby in a position to know how things look and how they are likely to turn out and end. The Wall Street maniac has no way of knowing and foreseeing the wrath to come. The Pharisees and the Scribes were the creme de societe of their day, but it required the man with the leathern girdle to comprehend the true state of affairs. Among themselves they were the respectablest class, but to the man who banqueted on wild honey, they were "a generation of vipers." Abraham Lincoln was a kind of a John, for in the early morning of antislavery, he could see things aforetime. When running for the Legislature in 1834 he said he was for woman suffrage especially in cases where the woman paid taxes, "Bearing arms' is no essential condition of the qualification any more, because there are millions of American citizens who have no intention of "bearing arms" if they can purchase some others' arms to fight with. But supposing all should be called to fight some general battle in the future, the woman citizen could help, because it seems that with proper training she could handle the rifle as well as the broom. She has already the moral and the intellectual qualification, more so than a great number of the opposition party. The opposition is entirely based on jealousy and prejudice as ancient as Adam. It is time to change a good many old established follies.

Our Patron Saint.

BY JOHN L. BEVAN.

"Every country rears a brave" and every nation that is thoroughly imbued with patriotism and loves to foster national life is ready at all times to keep sacred her best traditions, to honor her noble heroes and gallant braves and to occasionally commemorate worthily the guardians of her morals and education. The leaders in thought and morals are as much real heroes as are the bright statesmen and courageous soldier. Yet very seldom are they honored with memorials of sculptured stone, glittering marbles or modeled bronze. Despite this neglect, their fame is immortal—"their works do follow them." One of these illustrious dead is St. David.

This shining character is not a myth, and the see of St. David, as it is to-day, is a brilliant testimonial to his great labors and good day's work. The diocese comprises the bulk of Carmarthenshire, Cardigan, Pembroke, with large portions of Brecon and Radnor and a small strip of West Glamorgan. It is a full 100 miles long by 60 wide, with a population of more than 500,000. In this diocese alone 23 churches have been dedicated to his name, and his faithful labors will be gratefully remembered as long as the British Isles remain Christian.

"Dewi Sant" is the most acceptable Welsh form of the name, although Dafydd is the Welsh Scriptural form of David. The precise dates of his birth and death cannot be fixed with certainty, but the former was in or about A. D. 462. Some of his biographers claim that he lived to the great age of 146, but Prof. John Rhys of Oxford, one of the most reliable authorities of the present day, believes that he departed this life March, 544, at the age of 82. It is believed that Dewi was a native of Pembrokeshire and the son of Sandde Ab Ceredig, Ab Cunedda Wledig, and Non, his wife. Cunedda, the great-grandfather, was a powerful North Wales chieftain, of important civic authority, and, in an honorary way, bore the title of king. Ceredig, the grandfather, married a daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, who was, on her mother's side, of Irish descent. Consequently Sandde, the father, was not only a representative of two of North and South Wales, but also, in the most influential families of a measure, a representative of two branches of the alliance.

The house of Cunedda gave to Wales some of its noblest bishops and civic leaders; and tradition claims that King Arthur, the subject of so many literary creations and so much legendary fame, was a nephew of St. David, and consequently a descendant of the Cunedda family. It is also claimed that Non, Dewi's mother, had infusion of Irish

blood, being a daughter of a Gaelic chieftain. But tradition is not quite satisfied with the above statement, claiming that she was of Jewish extraction, descending in a direct line from a sister of the Virgin Mary. This is improbable, but not impossible. For centuries, prior to David's time, there was a certain civic relationship existing between Britain and Rome, and a close commercial relationship between Phoenicia and Britain, especially Cornwall, the "land of tin;" and the route over land and sea from the East to the British Isles was quite convenient, and probably many Jews came to Britain in the early centuries; and even to this day the Jews love to immigrate to the western countries. It is possible that Non was of Jewish extraction. However, Dewi was blessed with a good mother, and under her care he became one of the most exemplary followers of the Nazarene. From his infancy, like Samuel of old, he was destined by her for the service of God; and while quite young he was placed under the care of Paulinus, called in Welsh Pawl Hen, at the ancient college Ty-Gwyn-Daf (Whitland). Here he spent 10 years, and became remarkable not only for his advancement in learning, but also for his virtuous life and his exemplary piety. It is supposed that he also spent some years at Illtyd University and that he became one of the most famous scholars of his time. This university was in David's time, and for centuries prior to that the leading educational institute in Europe, and could accommodate 2,000 students. St. Patrick was here for some time, both as student and tutor. It is also said that it was here that St. Paul spent the eight years blank in his history.

After leaving the university Dewi began to preach. He traveled far and near, and he founded 12 monasteries in various parts of Britain. Great success followed his efforts everywhere, and at length he felt a deep longing for his native Minevia (Mynyw) and thither he repaired. This Minevia was an old Roman station and was for a time St. Patrick's field of labor. But St. Patrick was instructed through a vision to depart for Ireland, the Isle beyond the sea, and that 30 years afterward a child would be born on that spot, who in due time would take up his work, and would be abundantly successful. By divine direction Dewi settled himself in the Vale of Roses, known also as Hodnant, which lay near his native home. Here again he erected a monastery and attracted a great abundance of recluses. The rule of life of these people is summed up by Rhyddmarch, a bishop of St. David in the eleventh century, and who was the first compiler of the saint's history, under the four heads of labor, reading, prayer and the work of charity. Dewi was noted for his generosity. He despised notoriety and shunned public functions, but his heart delighted in being of some comfort to the poor, and in the work of educat-

ing the children of the common people. The "Welsh Triads" in commenting on his life says that Dewi was noted for his self-sacrifice, and that his whole life was consecrated to do good after the pattern of his Master. The "Triads" goes on to say that the three blessed visitors of the Isle of Britain were David, Padarn and Teilo. The reason they were so called was that they went as visitors to the houses of the gentry and commonality, of natives and foreigners, without receiving gifts or rewards, food or drink, but they taught the faith in Christ to all without recompense or thanks, while to the poor and needy they gave gifts of their own gold and silver, and of their own garments and meat.

While in the seclusion of the Vale of Roses, David's studious labors well prepared him for his future and greater work—the great mission of his life. During his stay here the heresies of Pelagius (Morgan and Morganwg) were again gaining ground in Wales and exciting bitter discussion in and outside the church. Morgan and his disciple, Celestine, were full of virtue and very generous; but they preached and taught doctrines that were not orthodox in the estimation of the church. They were neither Trinitarians nor Unitarians. They believed in God and the Holy Spirit, but not in the Son. Neither did they believe in the original corruption of human nature nor the necessity of divine grace to enlighten the understanding and purify the heart.

To counteract the teaching of those able men it was necessary to find someone of superior ability, and one who would be in close communion with God. The church was now determined to eradicate from the church and the country those pernicious doctrines, which were considered in those days as being diametrically opposite the real doctrines of Christianity, and a synod for this purpose was convened on the banks of the Brefi at a place known to this day as Llan-Ddewi-Brefi. Among the thousands who came together were Dubricious, Bishop of Caerleon, Monmouth; Deiniol, Bishop of Bangor, North Wales, and the venerable Paulinus. These good men went to the secluded retreat of Dewi, at Vale of Roses, and urged him to preach a sermon in opposition to the Pelagian doctrines. They knew of no one else who was fit for the task, and one with voice capable of being heard by the large congregation. David reluctantly complied; and the profound sermon and the effective delivery which, was in a sonorous voice, clear and trumpet-like, were marvelous. The effect was wonderful; and the large audience thought they beheld in the preacher a visitor divine. Tradition says that a white dove alighted upon his right shoulder, and that the earth under his feet uprose to a small hill. Very few, if any, believe in the miracles on this occasion, but there is a general belief that this sermon was effective in giving Pelagianism a deadly blow.

At the close of this Synod Dubricious expressed his desire to retire from the bishopric of Caerleon, and was anxious that David should be elected as his successor. This was done; and by this appointment the seat of the diocese was removed from Caerleon to that peninsular spot in Cardigan which is known until this day at Ty-Ddewi (the House of David). Dewi as a bishop labored most faithfully, and his good work was crowned with success. He was held in great esteem at home, and his visits to Ireland yielded good results and endeared him greatly to the Christian people of that sister isle. There is a general doubt about the reputed pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and the belief is that he was too much interested in the work at home to undertake a journey that would take up so much of his time.

St. David was buried at Ty-Ddewi Cathedral, but in the year 964 his remains were removed to Glastonbury, where he, during his early years, erected a monastery and at which place, also, tradition says, Joseph of Arimathea was buried. Dewi was canonized by Gallixtus II, A. D. 1120, and from that time on he is known to history as Saint David (Dewi Sant).

At each succeeding recurrence of his festival the story of his life is affectionately repeated from a thousand pulpits, and his praises are sung around festive boards in native land and foreign climes. In the principal cities of America, from New York to San Francisco, St. David is annually remembered, and loyal Cambrians, on every first of March, find something new and interesting to say about the noble life and generous examples of "good St. David." The day is also celebrated in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and in most of the large English cities. London, where dwells more than 30,000 Cambrians, makes much of this festal day. Banquets are held on St. David's eve, and on St. David's night sermons are delivered at St. Paul's Cathedral, and at the City Temple by the leading ministers of the nation. At these meetings the most renowned artists sing in the language of the ancient Britons. Wales bears her part well, and celebrates the day very much after the fashion of London.

The origin of wearing the Leek on the first of March is involved in considerable obscurity. The most acceptable tradition is that a great battle was fought early in the eighth century between the British and the Saxons. The British were led by Cadwallon, and the Saxons by Edwin the "Giant." The English came to the field arrayed in uniform of the same color as the Cambrians, with the intention of confusing them and causing them to hesitate before exerting a defense against their assailants; and by this ruse ensuring an easy victory for the Saxon host. But the courageous Cadwallon soon perceived the scheme to mislead his faithful soldiers, and he ordered his men to repair to a nearby garden plot, where an abundance of leeks

were growing, and for each soldier to adorn his cap with that green trophy, and thus not be deceived to spare the cunning Saxons when they would come together. Discovering the ruse in time saved the day. The victory was easily won, although the Cambrians were outnumbered three to one by their rivals. This happened on the first of March, and the Welsh ever since wear the Leek on Dyddgwyl Dewi Sant. The Welsh wear the humble leek only to commemorate the above victory; the lily is the national emblem.

China and The Chinese in a Nut-Shell.

By Rev. R. C. Jenkins, D. D., Arnot, Pa.

Religions. China has three religions, viz., Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism.

Confucianism is the oldest religion in China. Confucius, who was the originator of this religion, was born over 500 years before Christ. He taught many wise lessons to his disciples, but he did not teach anything whatever about a future world. He told his disciples to love one another, to be kind to strangers, and to live for the benefit of others, but confessed that he did not know anything about the state of man after death. The educated Chinese, as well as the scholars in the daily schools respect Confucius. There are no images of him, but in every school there is a tablet, and written on it the words in the Chinese language, "To the great and holy philosopher."

Buddhism was taken from India to China about 65 years after the birth of Christ, and the chief doctrine Buddha taught was transmigration of souls. Followers of this religion believe not that a man dies, but rather that he comes back to life again and again either in his former state or in the form of an animal, or some other creature; the social condition depending each time upon the life being good or evil previous to his or her death.

The followers of Taoism believe that there are spirits who take notice of every sin committed, and make the life long or short according to the number of sins. A big sin shortens 12 years of a man's life, and a small one 100 days.

A man in order to be immortal in heaven must prove that he has done 1,300 good deeds while here on earth, but if he is content with being immortal on earth, i. e., to come back to life again, and again, he must also be able to say that he has done 1,300 good deeds here on earth. Dancing on the last day of the last month of the year is sin according to this religion. Also, shouting or go into a bad temper on the last day of the month, or in the morning; crying

or spitting with your face turned towards the north, sighing, singing, or crying before a furnace, pointing your finger towards the rainbow, or looking for a long time on the sun, and moon, are all considered sins.

Worship. The Chinese seem to have some idea of God, but they do not know who God is. They call him "Lao Tien Yeh," i. e., Old Heavenly Gentleman. They worship a large number of spirits, some good, some bad, and some indifferent. Again, they worship old warriors, old writings, and a few young ladies. Also bridges, buildings, hares, polecats, hedgehogs, snakes, and rats.

Ancestral worship is also prevalent in that great country. They believe further that there is a close connection between the living and the dead.

Language. The Rev. Mr. Milne, the colleague of the early missionary, Dr. Morrison, said: "To acquire the Chinese language is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, and memories of angels. Can the acquisition of the language which has no alphabet, and no grammar, but is built up of about thirty thousand characters, each of which is distinct from the other, and must be memorized be called easy."

Again, the Chinese do not express themselves in the same way as we do, and many words being alike except that the meaning is understood by the way in which they are pronounced, adds to the difficulty of acquiring this difficult tongue.

There are in the language four tones, viz., Shang Ping, Hia Ping, Shang Sheng and Jih Sheng. The uneducated Chinese especially do not understand anything whatever about these tones, but being their native tongue, they naturally pronounce each word perfectly clear and distinct. Good memory is an excellent help to acquire this language.

Marriages. The Chinaman has not seen his wife until the wedding day. The old Jewish custom prevails in China, and the Chinese take trouble to see in good time that their boys will get wives after they grow up, and the parents settle the transaction between themselves, when their boys and girls are children. There is not such a thing existing as a lover's walk in China.

Burials. It is a custom for every man to be conveyed home to be buried, no matter how far from home his death took place. It is reported that the old people have their coffins made, and brought to the houses years previous to their death, and keep their food in it. White is always the mourning color, and not black.

Progress of Christianity.—Some seemed to have the idea that foreign missions are failure, but this is en-

tirely erroneous, for the persecution, and the native Christians, who became the martyrs of the Boxer movement are in themselves proofs of the devotion of the natives to Christ, and of the noble work our missionaries are doing in that vast country.

The names of all our missionaries may not be familiar to us, but all are doing noble work, some as pastors, others as teachers, and the excellent work of our medical missionaries, also deserve special mention. The names of Doctors Griffith John, Timothy Richards, Smith, and the Rev. W. Hopkin Rees, are familiar to us all.

I am convinced that God is going to do yet far greater things for China than what has been done in the past. There is a day coming when "Christ shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.' The progress of the past has been great, for China has to-day 150,000 converts, with 3,000 missionaries (including wives) and 9,000 native helpers as evangelists, pastors, teachers, preachers, colporteurs, and hospital assistants.

In Dark Depths.

By Joseph Keating.

Up the valley road came a young man. His clothes were ragged and dirty. He looked a hopeless profligate. But as he came near the gate he steadied himself. It was a small rustic gate. It opened into a private path that led through magnificent grounds to the mansion of Sir Richard Kemys. Just a glimpse could be caught through the trees on the slope of the hill. The evening purple made it look more charming than usual. But the profligate shook his fist at it.

"That's my house," said he. "That's where I am going to sleep to-night—that's where I ought to—"

He stopped. He had reached the gate. And at the same moment out of the shadowed path inside came a beautiful girl in a dark tasteful dress. She, too, had reached the gate and had put her white hand upon it to pull it open. But at sight of the dishevelled wretch she drew back and cried out in a frightened voice:

"Luther!"

He grinned at her over the top rail of the gate.

"How d'ye do, my pretty cousin—my dear cousin Gladys—heiress to this fine estate and Sir Richard's fine fortune. Sir Richard's—bah! It's all mine—not yours."

He burst out laughing. He opened the gate and staggered in toward her.

"But it shall be yours, cousin, Gladys," he went on. "Yes, it shall

be yours—I'll marry you, Gladys, and give it to you for a wedding present."

Gladys looked terrified. Her face was pale. Yet she did not flinch. She said as bravely as she could:

"Go your own way, Luther, and let me go mine."

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid? Oh, don't be frightened. See I am standing on one side, out of your way, to let you pass."

But as she came through the gateway he treacherously caught at her wrist.

"You must tell me where you are going," said he, maliciously.

"Owen, Owen!"

Luther, evidently, had not bargained for this. He dropped his hold, and with a cowardly glance behind, ran away through the little gate and hid in the bushes. But he crept back and peered out. His cousin in her alarm had betrayed her secret.

Her cry had been answered instantly. Luther saw the one who had answered come swiftly from behind the small hill opposite. It was a young looking man, tall and well built. The girl ran to meet him, and Luther chuckled in the bushes:

"That's it, is it." A secret meeting. Sir Richard knows nothing about this, I'll swear—knows nothing. By jove! good idea. Now, Luther, my boy, here's your chance. Do the old gentleman a good turn. It'll be easier to deal with him. You'll get your share of the estate right enough.

Then he stealthly crept away through the bushes.

Gladys, still trembling, was clinging to the tall newcomer. In a word she had told him what had happened.

"But," she went on hurriedly: "We must not be seen together. You are in danger here, Owen. You know that."

"I thought only of your being in danger, Gladys," he answered tenderly, looking down at her. "I was waiting down there behind the hill in our old secret place. I was wondering what was happening to delay you. I came nearer. I came just in time to hear you call. What a hopeless profligate Luther has become—to insult even you. Where has he—"

She interrupted him, with a cry of alarm:

"Too late—my father!"

"Sir Richard!" exclaimed Owen, in confusion.

Down the path inside the gate a white-haired, elderly man was hastening. His wrinkled face was flushed with anger. Behind him was Luther, whose gleeful look showed that the mischief he had done gave him intense satisfaction.

Gladys thrust Owen away from her.

"Go—go," she whispered. "Do not let him see us together. He will part us for ever."

"He must know some day."

"Some day," she returned. "But not now. For my sake—go."

"Good-bye," he said.

But she answered in a low, eager tone:

"Not good-bye—to-morrow night at the old place."

Owen turned to the hill and disappeared.

Sir Richard reached the spot at that instant. In fact, he had overheard the last words of Gladys, and was repeating to himself in tones of stupefaction: "To-morrow night—at the old place."

"How dare you, Gladys!" exclaimed, his white hair ruffled, his eyes gleaming indignantly. He stretched out his hand towards the house on the slope of the hill. The twilight was changing to darkness, lights were in all the windows and the mansion made a beautiful picture among the hills.

"How dare you!" he repeated. "Return home. I am shocked that a child of mine should allow a common person—a nobody like this—this Owen Lloyd—"

Gladys interrupted him. She said proudly:

"Owen Lloyd is a gentleman by birth, father; and—"

"And a pauper by circumstances," retorted Sir Richard. "What is his position?—merely one of my mining officials! Great heavens! and my daughter loves this—this—"

"You were poor when you loved my dear mother," cried Gladys sorrowfully. "There is no crime in loving a man who is poor."

"There is—when you have the chance of loving one who is rich. You and this Owen Lloyd must part at once and for ever. I will find a way of ding that. You shall never see him again."

This broke down all the pretended gaiety of his daughter.

"You will spoil my life," she sobbed.

She turned away, weeping bitterly, and returned home with a breaking heart.

The sight of his daughter weeping brought a change over Sir Richard. He looked after her and remorse came into his wrinkled features.

"Poor child!" he murmured.

The lights upon the slopes of the hills were like many stars, and far away down the valley the darkness was lit up by the fierce glare of the collieries which had given Sir Richard his immense fortune. Amidst the red lights you could see the black framework at the top of the coal pits.

Luther had been prowling round behind Sir Richard and his daughter. He had heard every word. Now he saw the change come over the father.

"Poor child," repeated the old man, still looking into the darkness. "I love her dearly. I want to see her happy. I don't know what to do with her."

As he said this Luther coughed.

"Ahem!"

Sir Richard turned staring in surprise at the antics of the other. The

profligate was making an extravagant pretence at arranging his tattered clothes into order, brushing his sleeves and pulling up his dirty collar. Then he threw out his chest and arms in the manner of a dandy displaying his cuffs and said with ridiculous vanity:

"Do with her Sir Richard!—make her happy!—ahem!—marry her to me, Sir Richard."

"Pooh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, indignantly.

"Don't say that, Sir Richard. It hurts my feelings."

"Pooh!" was repeated still more forcibly.

But Luther did not this time appeal for consideration. His manner totally changed. He became aggressive. He said with a leer and a sinister nod of his head:

"Not so much of the 'pooh!' if you please, Sir Richard. You know that by right I should have a slice of these rich coal mines!"

He waved his hands towards the glare of the collieries down the valley.

Sir Richard stared at him in surprise.

"You are a scoundrel!" he cried.

"I am your near relation," retorted the profligate.

"Rubbish!"

The old gentleman turned to leave him. Luther caught his arm.

"Come, Sir Richard," he said, and his manner became more respectful, his tone wheedling: "Help me. I'm as hard up for a job as a policeman at a temperance meeting. And, after all, I am your nephew."

"You are a worthless fellow," returned Sir Richard. "Yet for the sake of my poor dead sister who had the misfortune to be your mother I should like to help you."

Luther rubbed his hands joyfully at this.

"I will not," went on Sir Richard, sternly, "give you money. But I will give you—"

Luther stretched out his open hand in anticipation.

"What will you give me?" he asked eagerly.

"Work!"

"Ugh!" groaned the profligate, shuddering visibly at the word "work," and his hand dropped disappointedly. "Look!" he exclaimed with a sardonic grin. "Look what he wants to give me for my poor mother's sake—work! I beg of you, Sir Richard: don't give me work—for my poor mother's sake!"

Sir Richard turned from him in disgust.

"You are hopeless," he said. "The utmost I can do for you is to give you work in one of my collieries." He pointed to the glare of the mines as Luther had done before. "It will prove whether you can live a decent life. If you show yourself worthy I may do something better for you—"

"Something better!" echoed Luther, catching at the words. "If I prove worthy."

"Yes. If you prove worthy."

"How long do you want me to"—

wilfully he shuddered once more—"work?"

"That depends."

"All right. If it will soften your hard heart. When can I start?"

"To-morow morning."

"What time "

"Six o'clock."

"Ugh!" said Luther. "Worse and worse. Six o'clock! It's the early bird that catches the worm. But of the two, I feel like the worm. Never mind. It's to lead to better things," he said, mockingly. "What work shall I do?"

"I will tell them," said his uncle, emphatically, as he pointed to the glare in a particular direction, "to give you the hardest work they can find down in that mine."

"Oh, thanks," said Luther, sarcastically, as he looked in the direction pointed out. "What! down in that one—"

"Where you were before, when I wanted to train you for a good official position."

"Why that's the one where Owen Lloyd is surveyor—my pretty cousin's lover," he added and he laughed maliciously.

Sir Richard had been on the point of turning away. But at the sound of the name he stopped. His anger came back.

"Confound Owen Lloyd! How shall I get rid of him? I dare not make a scandal. I must not let his name be publicly connected with my daughter's. I mean her to marry Lord Pendare's son. How shall I get rid of this Owen Lloyd?"

Luther chuckled.

"Discharge him and give me his job—it's an easy one."

His uncle did not heed this. He was thinking. He walked slowly away, with Luther behind, until they reached the little gate leading up to the house. Presently he said, half to himself, half aloud:

"I shall be with the officials in the mine to-morrow. That would give me my opportunity. Yes. I'll kill two birds with one stone. I'll see that this profligate nephew of mine is set to work; and I'll have a final interview with this—this Owen Lloyd. I will drive him out of the place for ever. No one will know. There will be no coupling of his name with my daughter's. How else —how else—"

"Can I help you, Sir Richard?"

The profligate had come close behind and had everheard.

The old man stammered as if surprised in some guilty act.

"No—no. Ah!—that is perhaps —I'll see you in the mine to-morrow."

"You are going down into the mine to-morrow?"

Sir Richard replied sternly. "I will tell them to keep your nose to the grindstone. Good-night."

He opened the gate, went through and drew it so violently behind him that the profligate's fingers which happened to be resting on the gate post were severely pinched. Luther howled and danced about the road blowing his fingers to cool the burning pain. But even after the excru-

ciating thing had cooled down the profligate's mind was not at ease, for the last words of Sir Richard made him very uncomfortable.

"Keep my nose to the grindstone!" Luther rubbed his nose ruefully in anticipation. "It's red enough now. Keep my nose to the —Oh, thank you, Sir Richard. That's a nice prospect. My prospects are certainly looking up!"

But he suddenly changed to a vengeful tone. He looked up at the beautifully lit mansion on the hillside and an oath came from him:

"I'll get my own back out of all this! You are going into the mine to-morrow, Sir Richard, are you? Very well, my venerable uncle. The mine is a very dangerous place. Accidents happen in the mine. Perhaps one will happen to-morrow—happen to you, Sir Richard Kemys, an accident from which only one thing can save you—only one thing, my dear uncle." The profligate shook his fist malignantly at the house. "I'm sick of this life. But Sir Richard shall not live in luxury and me in rags!"

He turned down the valley. Facing him, the glare of colliery lights that made the sky lurid symbolised the evil things that had been stirred up in his profligate nature.

In the early hours of the morning he was at the pithead, amidst a crowd of miners—young men, old men and boys in rough black clothes, with pit lamps gleaming all round. The whirr of the ascending and descending cages, the whistle of steam engines and the clanking of trucks and chains went on without cessation; tramways and signal wires made a network underfoot and overhead.

Among the firstcomers was Owen Lloyd. Even in mining garb his tall, well-formed figure gave him an air of superiority. As an official he work a dark Norfolk suit and neat round leather cap. He carried a small pit lamp, lighted, and implements for surveying. A young assistant followed him to the pit cage and they entered chatting quietly about the business of the day—ignoring the possibility of danger.

Luther rushed to the cage and said in a malicious whisper:

"Take care of accidents to-day, Mr. Owen Lloyd—I warn you!"

Owen was astounded. But the recollection of what had happened the previous evening made him exclaim indignantly:

"Be off, you ruffian."

The other in his anger raised his hand to strike. But at the instant the cage suddenly lowered, clattering, into the pit. It left an abyss yawning at Luther's feet. He was leaning forward. He almost overbalanced. He would have fallen into the pit. But he managed to recover his balance in time. He leaped backward in terror.

Sir Richard Kemys appeared with two other officials. All were dressed in much the same style as Owen and carried lighted pit lamps.

Luther whispered to Sir Richard:

"He's gone down."

"Good," was the whispered reply.

Luther whispered again, with a bad gleam in his eyes which Sir Richard did not see:

"I will go down and find out what part of the mine he is surveying to-day and then lead you to the place."

Sir Richard nodded stiffly and turned away from him to the officials.

When next the profligate and he were alone it was in one of the narrow roadways of the pit, a thousand feet down in the darkness. Horses drawing trams loaded with coal had been passing them all the morning. The dust from the roadways rose in black clouds round the drivers' lamps. But now all this had been left behind. They were in a silent roadway. Overhead the roof of the tunnel was lined with timber. But it did not look at all safe. One would think that at any moment the place would crash in and bury all the people who had ventured into the dark workings. The lights of the two men flashed upon the dangerous stones above the timber. But there was one danger greater than even this: in the black dust and in every particle of air around them, was the terrible gas which only needed a pin point touch of flame to turn the whole of the dark roadways into furnaces of red fire.

Luther followed Sir Richard into the long tunnel like an evil spirit. The elder man cried impatiently:

"You say he went up this road?"

"I said so."

The sinister tone of this answer made Sir Richard stop suddenly. He turned and faced Luther and raised his light to look into his face.

"You are deceiving me. We have not found him yet!" Luther retorted derisively.

"No, Sir Richard. You have not found him yet. And now that we have gone far enough, I may tell you that you will never find him unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you settle with me."

The other stared.

"What—what does this mean?"

"It means, Sir Richard, that instead of dealing with Owen Lloyd, you will deal with me. I knew what I was doing when I led you into this lonely part of the workings."

"You are a scoundrel!" cried the old man, alarmed.

Luther retorted maliciously:

"Instead of being a scoundrel, my dear uncle, I should by rights, be the owner of this rich colliery and all the estate that made your fortune."

"That is an outrage."

"It may be. But it was more of an outrage when you stole the estate."

"Stole it?"

"It is mine. My mother owned it; I'm her heir."

"You are her murderer more like. It was your disgrace and downfall that killed her."

"But it did not kill the property. You kept that alive."

"You infamous ruffian! You know that you, in your wild and profligate ways, dragged her into poverty. You drank all she had. She was forced to part with the property to find the money which you squandered. The property was worthless. But I came to her aid. I could not see a relative of mine starve. I gave her twice as much as the estate was worth; and she, thank God! was able to live in comfort until you broke her heart and she died!"

"Humbug," said his nephew, callously. "You bought the property for a song. Now it is worth a hundred thousand pounds."

"I developed it. By sinking for coal I made it what it is."

"You knew there was a fortune in coal underground—and I claim half that fortune. I lured you into this place with my mind made up. No one will pass this lonely road. I stand between you and the way of escape. You must listen to my claim."

"Your claim is absurd. Stand out of my way."

Sir Richard attempted to get by, but the other drove him back, and the old man cried out, aghast:

"You are a greater villain than I thought."

His light flashed upon Luther's face, and he saw the evil look in the eyes of his profligate nephew, as the answer came.

"I'll be a greater villain. I will force you to give me your written promise here and now—your signature in your note-book will hold good. There are no witnesses to prove it was forced from you. But that promise you shall give. You cannot escape. You shall give up my half of this fortune to me. My claim is just."

"It is monstrous. I will hand you over to the police—"

"You shall never have that chance. You are in a trap. I am sick of life. But you shall die with me unless you promise."

"Out of my way, you scoundrel!"

Once more he attempted to rush by.

Luther held him in his grip, and raised his light to his face. There was no mistaking his resolute intention.

"Your promise!" he shouted.

"Help, help!" cried Sir Richard, trembling in his terror. His voice sounded hollow and sent clattering echoes into the darkness of the tunnel.

The profligate mocked him.

"No one can hear you. You are down in the bowels of the earth. You are at my mercy. Promise and you shall go free."

"Never," returned the old man. "I will not rob my child—my darling Gladys. Help—help—murder!"

Luther laughed.

"No," said he: "It will not be merely murder. Do you see this lamp?" he said, holding it over Sir Richard's eyes. "You know what it means if the protecting gauze around the flame is taken away? You know that there is deadly gas all around us

in this road waiting to explode? If only the gas could get at this little flame it would blow us all into eternity. It will not be murder—it will be massacre! But it will do more. An explosion would wreck your fine coal-mine. It will destroy your valuable property—it will destroy your fortune. All your riches will be a heap of ruins and charred human bodies. If I am not to share your fortune—no one else shall—neither my pretty cousin nor her lover! And I swear, now and here, that unless you settle with me—I will settle with you and your fortune for ever. I will break this lamp, expose the flame to the gas, and let the explosion slaughter you and me and every life in the pit!"

Horror-struck, Sir Richard took a sudden desperate leap forward.

"Demon!" he cried.

He threw himself upon the profligate. They struggled. It was for life or death. The old man was no match for the other. But in his frenzy he fought with violence. The dust rose in blinding clouds. Sir Richard's white hair became black. Their lighted lamps swung wildly, flashing on the roof and sides of the narrow roadway, and the iron tram-rails underfoot. And it was these smooth iron rails underfoot that decided the contest. In the fierce struggle, it was impossible to avoid these rails. And the old man, growing weaker, slipped once and failed to recover foothold. He fell heavily. His body came down upon the iron rail with a crash. His lighted lamp flew from his hand. It fell upon the metal. The protection round the light gave way. The flame was exposed to the gas.

Each realized what this meant.

"The flame!" shrieked Sir Richard, struggling to reach it and extinguish it.

"The gas!"

Even the profligate Luther, whatever his real purpose may have been, now forgot everything else but the exposed flame. He saw the lamp lying on its side. He darted at it to crush out the light.

"It was the devil tempted me!" he cried.

His repentance had come too late.

The light had lived only for the flash of a second exposed. But in that flash of time came eternity. The deadly gas always lurking ready to burst into flame, darted at the exposed light. In an instant the roadway was filled with a ball of blue fire which no human power could extinguish. The blue flame expanded. The whole roadway became filled with a blue light.

There was a double cry of horror. Then came the roar and blast of the explosion that shook the earth. The fire burst into red, green and blue flames.

There had been a second's space between the first ignition and the outburst. Each of the two men had sought safety. Sir Richard had crawled inwards through the blue light. Luther had rushed outwards.

But with the roar of the explosion, the roof came crashing down upon him. He had almost got beyond the radius of the downfall. It caught him and he fell beneath the great stones. A few yards more would have brought him to a point where the road formed a junction with two or three others.

Out of these dark narrow tunnels the terrified miners came rushing for their lives. The sound of the explosion had sent its warning to every nook and corner of the workings. Men, boys and horses in one wild jumble rushed out seeking the pit's eye—the only way of escape. Many of the men carried the boys in their arms. Sometimes the horses trampled fathers and sons underfoot.

Some of the miners became overpowered with fear. Instead of rushing away, they knelt down in the middle of the road praying and lamenting.

"The blast will come and sweep us into eternity!" "Mercy—have mercy O Lord!" "I have two little children who will be fatherless!"

Cries of agony and fear were everywhere.

Then one man taking courage snatched up his boy in his arms and cried out:

"Come—my little son—we will make a dash for it!"

Others followed his example. They darted outwards to the shaft, shouting:

"God help us to escape!"

More came running out of the dark tunnels. They stumbled over a body—the body of Luther. He had managed to crawl from beneath the stones. But he looked as if all his bones were broken.

"God have mercy on me!" he groaned.

One man who had been leaping over his body heard the cry. He had been rushing out with the others. But at the sound of Luther's voice he stopped and bent over him.

"Poor wretch!"

Luther looked up.

"Owen Lloyd!" he cried. "Thank God—I can make some reparation before I die."

He pointed to the roadway—where the red gleam of the fire could be seen over the summit of the heap of stones:

"Sir Richard is in there—entombed."

"Sir Richard," echoed Owen aghast. "Impossible!"

"Save him!"

That was said with the profligate's last breath. He fell back, prone and lifeless upon the ground.

Owen leaped upright. He stared at the fire behind the "fall."

"Sir Richard entombed—perhaps dead! It will break his daughter's heart!"

The outrushing miners around him were shouting:

"The fire—the fire. It is close upon us."

And from the mouths of the other roadways there now came a faint red glow. The fire was spreading round the whole of the workings.

"See—the flames!" they cried.

"It is death to delay a moment!"

But Owen was staring into the other roadway.

"I must do it!" he cried. "I must face fire and death—I must not let him die. It is for her sake. I must save him!"

He darted into the roadway. The big stones that had fallen almost blocked up the entrance. He began to clamber over them. But at the same time, the young assistant who had gone into the mine with him that morning came wildly out with others from another road. He saw Owen attempting to clamber over the stones.

"Come back, come back!" he shouted. He caught Owen about the waist, trying to draw him away.

"I must save him!" shouted Owen.

"You will be roasted in there. See —the fire is upon us. It has gone round all the workings."

Other miners thinking one of their number had lost his senses, joined the assistant and tried to drag Owen out with them.

"The fire is close upon us!" they roared.

The red glow from the other roads became stronger. The flames had almost reached the men.

Owen broke away.

"I will save him or die with him," he cried.

He rushed up the side of the "fall."

The others saw his tall figure at the summit. It stood out boldly against the red glow beyond.

"He is brave!" they cried. "But he is lost."

The fire came belching out of the other roadways. The flames burnt into the timbers: the roof came roaring down. The men rushed away in wild terror to the shaft, and safety.

The nature of the place in which the explosion had happened had favored the escape of the workmen. They had been able to elude the fire. They had reached the surface in safety.

At the pithead, men, women and children were crowded together. The sound of the explosion had told all the village what had happened. Women were seking out their husbands and sons. And when they found them they wept. All was joy and no sorrow.

But there came through the crowd the daughter of Sir Richard. Gladys was terror-stricken. She went up to the pit-head. A thin vapor was rising from the shaft.

"God have mercy on my beloved ones!" she moaned.

The crowd opened and made way for her. One said sorrowfully: "Her father is down there." Another said: "Her sweetheart is down there. He rushed into the fire to save her father." "They can never escape!"

But a great shout of excitement came from those nearest the shaft.

"The cage is coming up—the cage is coming up!"

And before the sound had died away, the cage rose out of the vapor to the top of the pit.

"They are saved—they are saved!" shouted the crowd joyfully.

Two men were in the cage—Owen Lloyd supporting Sir Richard.

"My prayer is heard!" cried Gladys.

The miners helped the two to alight. Sir Richard was unconscious—but alive. Gladys put her arms about him. Her eyes were tearful as she turned to look at Owen.

"God mercifully allowed me to save his life!" said Owen.

The fresh, sweet air of the hills instantly brought consciousness back to Sir Richard. He opened his eyes. Owen and Gladys were beside him. He looked in a dazed way from his daughter to Owen.

"Thank God!" he murmured: "He is more than worthy of being my son! I said only a few hours past that you should be parted forever. But he gave me my life—he gave me my life. The least I can do is give him what he values more than life. Gladys—you shall never be parted from him."

From the shaft behind them there rose a great volume of fire: Owen had reached the surface barely in time.

Popular Talks on Law.

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CONTRACTS.

7. Offers to the Public. Contracts of Aliens and of Corporations.

As we have learned, in order to constitute a contract there must be an offer and an acceptance. The offer need not be to any particular person, but may be made to the public in general. An instance of this is an advertisement of a reward offered. An acceptance in such a case is necessary in order to make a contract, and the acceptance must be with a knowledge of the offer. In such a case the contract is executed by the act itself. The person accepting need not notify the person making the offer. The offer is accepted by his going ahead and doing the work or performing the act.

An offer made to the public may be withdrawn before it is acted upon, and if the offer was made by advertisement, withdrawal may be so made, and the mere fact that the person performing the act did not see the advertisement withdrawing the offer does not entitle him to the reward. As a rule, an offer may be withdrawn by the same means used in making it. Of course an offer may be presumed in the law to have been withdrawn by lapse of time. No withdrawal having been actually made, the offer will be presumed to stand for a reasonable time.

We now enter upon the discussion of who are competent to make contracts. Not every one may make a contract. The law books designate six classes of persons who, in general, are incompetent to make binding contracts, either wholly or in part: 1. Aliens. 2. Corporations. 3. Infants. 4. Insane persons. 5. Drunkards. 6. Married women.

In the first place, it may be understood that a man cannot make a contract with himself. In other words, there must be at least two parties to a contract. One attempts to make a contract with himself when as an agent for some one else he attempts to buy the goods of his principal; or when, as executor, he attempts to buy the goods of a testator; or when as auctioneer he tries to buy the goods he is offering for sale. The mere fact that one cannot sue himself would make the rule necessary. The same applies where one attempts to make a contract with himself and another. One cannot sue two persons one of whom is jointly interested with himself as defendant. Neither can one make a contract with a fictitious person; the person must be living.

There is no law preventing the making of contracts between persons of different nationalities, or owing allegiance to different flags. Such contracts, however, made between aliens, that is, citizens of countries at war, are declared in the law to be null and void. In the case of the Spanish-American War a contract entered into between a Spaniard and an American during the existence of the war was a nullity. Even after peace was declared, the contracts could be of no effect. As to contracts made before the war, these are merely suspended during the continuance of the war. They revive when peace returns. In the same way a suit on a contract made before the war began cannot be carried on in the courts while the war continues. If brought before the war began, a suit may be brought, or the case may be revived after the war has closed.

A corporation is a child of the state. It has not inherent right to make contracts above and beyond such as are expressly given to it by the state. Any contract that it attempts to make that is not within its powers as determined by the law under which it was organized, is null and void, or, as the law books say, ultra vires. It cannot be too plainly understood that a corporation has no powers beyond what are given it by its charter, or its incorporating act. In some states the directors are personally liable as partners on contracts made ultra vires. Now, the incorporating act under which the corporation is organized may be general in its terms, specifying only in broad terms the limits of the corporation's powers and rights. It will be understood, as we will see later, that a corporation has the implied power to do any act necessary to the carrying out of the purpose of its organization as provided in its charter. So a corporation has the implied power to hold any property

necessary to the carrying on of its business, unless, of course, it is expressly forbidden by law. If the property is to be used for some purpose beyond the scope of its authority, it has no right to acquire and hold it, and a contract looking to that end would be void. A bank, for instance, incorporated to carry on a banking business, loaning money on real estate and taking it on a mortgage, might enter into a valid contract for the purchase of farm implements, these being necessary to the care of the farm until such time as it could be sold and the loan repaid. But a contract by a bank to buy farm implements for the purpose of going into the farming business in general, would be null and void; and so of a bank making a contract to build a railroad; such a contract would be void unless it could be shown that it was necessarily incident to the carrying on of its business as a bank. Corporations may, unless prohibited by the law under which they are organized, make negotiable paper, appoint agents, borrow money, and mortgage their property.

In some cases the charter provides the mode of contracting. In such a case a contract made by the corporation by another mode than that stated is void; for instance, if the charter requires the signature of a particular officer, the contract is invalid without it.

Where a corporation has entered into an ultra vires contract and has had the benefit of the performance of it by the other party, the corporation cannot go into court and claim that the contract was ultra vires and that it is under no obligation to fulfill its part, at the same time retaining the fruits of its unauthorized acts. It would be held by the court liable in equity generally to restore or pay for what it has received.

A single stock-holder in the corporation may restrain the board of directors of the corporation from entering into an ultra vires contract, and usually it is true that the board of directors is liable to the shareholders for an ultra vires act. Then, too, the state itself, through its department of justice, may in the courts restrain an ultra vires act, or compel the corporation to forfeit its right to do business.

Contrary to the popular notion, a corporation organized in one state has no inherent right to do business in another state. The privilege it has so to do is merely by courtesy of that other state. A corporation organized under the laws of the state of New Jersey has no inherent right to do business in the state of Michigan; that it is permitted to do so is by the tacit agreement of the latter state, or by what is known as state comity or courtesy. It follows, therefore, that one state may make reasonable limitations on the right of a foreign corporation to do business within its borders. It follows, of course, that a corporation cannot do in a state other than its home state an act contrary to the law or the policy of that other state, though permitted to do so by the law under which it is or-

ganized within the boundaries of its own state.

One state may go so far as to prohibit a foreign corporation from doing business within its borders. A state may discriminate against foreign corporations by imposing taxes on them, or license fees, unless such taxes or license fees be contrary to the interstate commerce act.

Most of the states make provisions requiring foreign corporations to file reports with their secretaries of state at certain intervals. Some require that these corporations shall have offices within the state, and designate certain officers upon whom within the state service of process may be made. Others require the payment of a certain franchise tax or license fee. Still others provide that unless certain conditions are complied with by the foreign corporation, they shall have no standing in the courts of that state, either to bring suit or defend a suit.

(To be continued.)

A JEWISH LEGEND.

By Rev. Walter G. Thomas, Utica, N. Y.

A husbandman one day was in his field,
His thoughts all centered on the growing grain,
When suddenly a beast of prey came forth,
Full of ferocity and rage and thirst for blood
And would, anon, have slain the husbandman
But for his trusty javelin at his side,
Which seeing, to the dense thicket near by
The beast returned, the javelin following hard.
But in that thicket (Oh, the awful fate)
A man lay hiding from that beast of prey
And straightly to his heart the javelin went
And smote him till he died.

"Th' Avenger!" "The Avenger!" some did cry:
"For refuge!" "Flee for refuge!" cried the rest,
In awful earnest now the race was on,
Such race, the men of Israel oft had seen,
A race not for a chaplet nor a crown of gold,
A race 'twixt death and life, 'twixt life and death!
As if on wings of wind, the slayer fled,
The avenger losing ground at every stretch,
The slayer thought him safe, and turned aside
For needful rest and there he slept awhile,
The avenger came and by the Jewish law
He smote him till he died.

WILLIAM APMADOC.

Our readers will be delighted to learn that Lawrence Gilman, musical critic of Harper's Weekly, and author of "A Guide to Parsifal," "Phases of Modern Music," &c., has prepared by invitation a charming little volume on "Strauss' 'Salome,'" a guide to the opera with musical illustrations, published by John Lane Company, London and New York. This is a text-book that should be in the hand of every serious musician. It gives the story of "Salome," the daughter of Herodias, in history and art, an authentic chapter in true literature. It is interesting to know that Oscar Wilde wrote his celebrated "Salome, a Tragedy in One Act," in French, and for the world-famed actress, Mme Sarah Bernhardt. It was acted in Paris October 28, 1896. Lord Alfred Douglas made a most excellent translation of the drama into English, and it was acted in London on May 10, 1905. Other dramatic poets have used the "Salome" story. Mr. Gilman, in a concise manner, gives the whole of its literature, both from sacred and profane sources, and like many other great dramatic and operatic stories, it has undergone many queer "twists." The characteristics of the music of "Salome" by Richard Strauss, which was completed at Berlin in June, 1905, are treated by Mr. Gilman in a masterly chapter. Here is a glance at it through a remark of Strauss himself—"During a rehearsal of the opera at Prague, Strauss is said to have stopped the orchestral players with the remark:—'That is too gentle—we want wild beasts here! This is no civilized music. It is music which must crash!' The remark is a key to the nature of the extraordinary work. Strauss has violated orchestral tradition, and purpose at that. So did Richard Wagner, who, in his day, like Strauss now, was condemned by the orthodoxy of lesser minds. To-day, Wagner is idolized. Let us wait, and see how soon Strauss, the path-finder in art, will be followed by other men of genius.

The following amusing story illustrates the newness and difficulty of some of the orchestral passages. It was at a Berlin rehearsal of "Salome "that the orchestral leader, Leo Blech, disputed with the composer, the tempo of a certain passage. When Blech urged his reasons for his contention, Strauss grew impatient and demanded irascibly, "Who wrote this opera, Mr. Blech, you or I?" "Not I, thank God!" replied Blech. But this story proves nothing. The Wagnerian system of music themes is followed by Richard Strauss, and most strikingly and significantly the "themes" show how

great orchestral thought are made manifest in music. The music world should be thankful for Mr. Gilman's "Salome."

We believe it essential to good work that the teacher love not only the musical art, but all arts. This means a love of the beautiful always and everywhere, and insures the uplifting of the pupils towards higher ideals. From such a teacher much good may be obtained, though he may be quite deficient in other respects. The artist-nature will have temperament and magnetic enthusiasm and the pupils will be inspired by the very presence of such a teacher to strive against artistic falsehoods. A purposeful conviction and energetic industry will accomplish much also by sheer force of will and perseverance. Such a teacher does not keep his finger on the pulse of the clock to note when the half hour is ended, but upon the pulse of the pupil to discover when the idea is grasped. And sympathy—what can we say of the importance of this qualification? This greatest power, the quick responsive feeling, the intuition of grief or joy, discouragement or elation, how powerful the teacher who can add this to his attainments. To such a teacher the pupil draws instinctively; in such the pupil confides; to such the pupil appeals. There is no distance between sympathetic souls—they touch and there is contentment in the contact. This is when the teacher's work reaches a maximum of effectiveness. The thought is grasped almost before it is expressed. Honesty and patience are cardinal virtues in a teacher. The honest teacher will not take money year after year from hopelessly incompetent pupils. The honest teacher will not hold out false hopes of great fortunes to be won, nor will he delay the progress of a pupil for the purpose of keeping him longer as a pupil.

We were more than pleased to read, a little while ago, the following remarks in the Albia News, Iowa, upon the result of an Eisteddvodic visit of Professor T. S. Lovette, the eminent Chicago pianist and composer, to that town. "Professor Lovette is in charge of the Academy of Musical Art in the Fine Arts Building in Chicago. He has many pupils, and many pianists come to him for studies in the higher branches of pianistic expression and interpretation. He is the best pianist in Chicago, and his fame has spread to other countries besides that of his adoption. Mr. Lovette is of Welsh parentage, and has "music in his very soul." As an adjudicator his work was most satisfactory, and there are many who would be glad to see him at Albia again in the same capacity." The writer of the above paragraph, could go much further, and state the fact that our scholarly and gentlemanly countryman, a Leipzic Conservatory of Music graduate, has among his talented students, pianists who have crossed the Atlantic from Great Britain, Germany and France to study with some imported teachers, but

soon finding out that the Leipzic scholar, Professor Lovette, was a better musician and instructor of piano-playing, and are now found enrolled among the pupils of the Academy of Musical Art. We rejoice in the success of every Kymric talent.

"Apollo's lyre" and "pipes of Pan" have been the subject of many a poet. Mr. Ernest McGaffey, our Chicago poet, sang lately the following "Ballad of Prose:"

To turgid tale and novel dense
Now modern readers are inclined,
Though critics still are "on the fence,"
Those blind, blithe leaders of the blind,
Lest in their wanderings they find
Some Poet not beneath the ban,—
Albeit to Limbo's shades assigned
Apollo's lyre and pipes of Pan.

Biography and memoir dull,
Vague history with error jammed,
Religious annals void and null
Of Prophet blest or sinners damned;
Commercial lore statistic-crammed,
With romance on the sexual plan,—
And into outer darkness rammed
Apollo's lyre and pipes of Pan.

With tones of oratory bored,
We helpless seek relief in vain,
And wisdom in octavos stored
That dims the eye and numbs the brain,
Oh! Prose, thou art an irksome strain
Unto the wearied ears of man,
While dumb in silent groves remain
Apollo's lyre and pipes of Pan.

Envoy.

Prince! let who may bow down to Prose;
I rather would the minstrels scan:
For what we need is, God he knows,
Apollo's lyre and pipes of Pan.

From Berlin, Germany, a few months ago, a writer sent the following remarks on "A Handel Festival" to the "Musical Leader and Concert Goer:"

Berlin is the first German city, with the exception of Mayence, that has taken the initiative towards a German Handel Festival. It is not the first time that an impetus to the Handelian art has come from Berlin musicians, as exactly 120 years ago, Johann Adam Hiller (later the cantor of the St. Thomas Church in Leipzig) undertook to introduce Handel's "Messiah" to a Berlin audience—which he did in no half-way manner, if we are to believe the early records, as these state that he had an orchestra alone of 167 pieces. This date, May 19, 1786, marks the beginning of the Handel movement in Berlin, a cultus which has been kept alive by the zealous efforts of the Singakademie and the Philharmonic choruses.

Ever since the announcemnt was made of the present Handel Festival in Berlin, lexicons and Handel biographies have been zealously searched for a date which would give to the scheme a *raison d'etre.* As nothing that would confirm an anniversary of birth, death or any other important episode in the life of the Halle composer, was forthcoming, one is obliged to fall back upon the "Mascotte"-like explanation, that the Handel Festival is—simply a Handel Festival, arranged by the Concert Direction Wolff, with a view of presenting the creative genius of Handel in its varying activity of oratorios, operas, chamber music and organ works. Unlike his illustrious artistic colleague, Bach, Handel has never been allowed to sink into oblivion. His works would undoubtedly have been the better for it, as

they would not then have suffered the indignity of having irreverent hands tamper with them, substituting one aria for another, putting a new text to his oratorios and committing all sorts of musical desecration. Better to have ben totally forgotten and then been resurrected and received as a new musical revelation as was the Bach "Passion Music!" Handel's oratorios are so overshadowed by the "Messiah" that it is only on occasions, such as this, that one remembers that he wrote in all twenty-five.

This reminds one of the common saying, that Great Britain, after all, is the land of oratorio.

We are glad to learn that Professor Edward Broome, the eminent Cambro-Canadian at Toronto, has been invited to give an illustrated lecture on "Welsh Musicians and Welsh Music" before the 1500 students of the Toronto University. This is another proof that the best form of musical instruction is on the increase. It is through lectures in musical history and musical theory that people will become intelligent in the art of "How to listen to music," and to find that "Music" is a divine something besides "sensuous emotion." We are also glad that universities begin to inquire into what musical Wales has been doing all along the stretch of many centuries. Mr. Broome, doubtless, with the assistance of his fine church quartet, and his own manipulation of his pipe organ will open up before the faculty and students of the University, visions of melodic beauty of the old bard-harpists, and contrapuntal exemplifications from the works of a Tanymarian, a John Ambrose Lloyd, a Gwilym Gwent, and a Dr. Joseph Parry, and others.

Modern Socialism.

By Owen Bowen.

Modern socialism is a distinctly conscious evolutionary movement. It demands a radical reconstruction of the present capitalistic system on an entirely different basis, It demands that all industrial and economical functions of society should be managed by society in the interests of society as a whole. It considers the democratization of commerce, trade and industry as the only reliable foundation of political democracy and safe guarantee of social justice.

The co-operative commonwealth advocated by socialism is thoroughly in accord with the results of modern philosophy, science and ethics. Social justice and the light of reason shall regulate the civic economic and other inter-relations of this Commonwealth. Blind chance and cha-

otic play of unrestricted and uncontrolled individual endeavor and action characterize the present anarchic state of society, and are favorable for the most brutal struggle for existence, between man and man, man and woman, man and child, woman and child in the field of industrial slavery; a struggle resulting in the survival of the most cunning, unscrupulous and heartless; in a boundless sea of human suffering and degradation, in crime, carnal and moral prostitution.

Such is the inevitable result of the competitive system. Truly the profit system is a great thing for promoting brotherly love. The doctor longs for sickness. The druggist sighs for inclement weather. The undertaker hopes that neither will be disappointed. The tombstone-maker prays that the other three may be kept busy. All are worshippers of the modern serpent ($).

One business man wants to see his rival fail in order that he may absorb his chances. The man out of work longs to see some other man lose his job, so that he may get it.

Competition with its inherent greed and selfishness is the cause of much of the oppression that has cursed the modern world. It begets antagonisms, cruelty, injustice, cunning and selfishness which are undoing what religion is endeavoring to do. It violates the law of love, sacrifices manhood to material wealth and engenders servility, hatred, untruthfulness, trickery, and despotism. It develops all that is unsympathetic and unscrupulous in man, and begets improvidence, recklessness, intemperance, and illiteracy. It hinders the development of brotherly love, sympathy and helpfulness.

It makes of business one vast scheme of speculation, and fills all mercantile transactions with deception. It results in the adulteration of nearly all food products and in general makes living dear. It produces by its anarchy of production periodical crises and industrial depressions with their attendant want and misery. It robs the people of needed leisure and suppresses the impulse of creative genius.

It fills the land of the free with thousands of paupers, thousands of tramps and thousands of suicides. It destroys liberty, independence and individuality and makes the workman dependent on the will of the master. Still our typical Christian brother, G. F. Baer of Pennsylvania declares "that everything is lovely and the goose hangs high!'

The socialist contention is that the present way of carrying on the world's industry, not through a planned and rational system but by leaving production and distribution to the chances of individual competition is a discredit to man as an intellectual being, a disciple of science, and a follower of Christ. From a Christian point of view, the principle that should rule in the industrial field is that laid down by Christ;

that man's welfare is supreme over outward institutions—that commerce is made for man, not man for commerce.

In our present civilization at our mills, mines and factories, men, women and children are cogs in the wheels of industry, which turn by intention not for the sake of the human beings concerned. Mercilessly the machine feeds upon the life of the individual as long as he has life, then it remorselessly flings it to the scrap-pile when it can be used no longer. Socialism is going to change all this for

Ours is the cause that comes down the ages
Like a great river wid'ning to the sea;
Once the faint hopes of Earth's seers and sages,
Now the assurance of humanity.

BEDD Y DYN TLAWD.

(Paraphrased.)

'Neath the yew tree's shady branches
Lies a mound of tufted green,
Drenched by copious dews of Heaven,
Shed by angel eyes unseen;
Many heedless feet oft trample
The wild flowers as they wave,
Crushing their frail stems so tender—
That's the pauper's lonely grave.

Followed by the parish beadle,
To his lowly, narrow bed,
When the earth was heaped upon him
Not one soulful tear was shed;
After years of pain and anguish,
Life to death its portion gave,
Refuge from all earthly sorrows
Is the pauper's lonely grave.

The rude stone that once adorned it,
With two letters plain and round,
Which some rustic sculptor chiseled,
Now lies broken on the ground;
Poverty had early marked him
As its own unwilling slave,
Woe and want together laid him
In the pauper's lonely grave.

Close beside it, costly marbles,
Decked with many a gorgeous wreath,
Whisper in sweet lines the story
Of the precious dust beneath;
Loving ones, with heart-wrung tears,
These memorials sadly lave—
But the grass, the growth of years,
Only decks the pauper's grave.

Scranton, Pa.

When Palm Sunday comes in beauty,
By God's holy angels led,
Friends bear flowers in their glory
To the city of the dead:
Round the shafts is laid the creeper,
Wreaths of roses deck the brave;
Not one rose there for the sleeper
In the pauper's lonely grave.

Sweetly swells the deep-toned organ,
In the old church grand and gray,
Slowly wends the great procession
On its tear-bedimmed way;
Thus the nation mourns the statesman,
White-robed prelates fill the nave;
Father, mother, brother, sister,
Wept not o'er the pauper's grave.

When the flowers fair are dying,
With the waning of the day,
And the evening breezes sighing,
Woo the summer hours away,
Coldly blow the blasts of autumn,
And the yew tree's branches wave,
Silently the leaves are falling
On the pauper's lonely grave.

Not one dirge the muses waken,
Him in mind no kind friends keep;
Soon Time's ploughshare will o'erwhelm him
With oblivion dark and deep;
Winter snows the mourd will cover,
Storms will wildly round it rave,
But God's angels will forever
Watch the pauper's lonely grave.

GEORGE W. BOWEN (Ap Gwalia).

FIELD OF LETTERS

The February '[C]ymru," one of the most interesting magazines published in Wales, has number of entertaining and instructive papers and articles on a variety of subjects. A chapter of Welsh history by the Editor describes the career of a Welsh warrior, Matthew Goch. Autobiography of the Rev. Samuel Bowen, Maclesfield, Llys Dinorwig; An Old Acquaintance, an excellent short story, describing a Welsh tramp; Robert Owen (continued); Sound; A Trip through the Woods; the prayer of '45; Richard Jones; Two Protestants; John Cox, the Printer; The Old Residences of Llanberis; The Poetry of D. Jones, Trefriw; Poems. The notes by the Editor as usual, express original opinions about things and events.

The Editor of "Y Drysorfa" discusses the Bishop of Manchester's dissatisfaction with his clergymen's preaching. He says that better preachers are needed, and that the Church should be more careful in the selection of candidates for the ministry. It is doubtful whether candidates for the ministry in all churches think as much of saving souls as of their own living. Preaching is essential to a growing church; not mere eloquence and volubility but also convictions of some kind. The churches need something more substantial and beneficent than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. We believe that people keep away from churches because they are so superficial and empty-sounding.

Little, Brown & Co.'s Publications.

Among the serious books of 1906 by new authors, none attracted the attention of students of social science and philosophy more than "The Economy of Happiness," written by James MacKaye Expounding, as it did, an original theory of human society and advocating radical methods for its future development, this book was distinguished by its thorough analysis of the factors involved and especially for the scrupulous care taken by the author to define all the terms used. Indeed one discriminating critic (in the Independent) considers "The Economy of Happiness" a "work that challenges comparison with that book of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer." It now appears that the author, Mr. MacKaye, is a man in the early thirties, a graduate of Harvard University, and the chemist of the well-known Boston house of Stone & Webster. He is the son of the late Steele MacKaye, the eminent actor. In the third part of "The Economy of Happiness," Mr. MacKaye makes his practical application. He suggests what he calls "Pantocracy," the control of human activities in the interest of all, as an improvement upon Socialism, as commonly advocated. This part of the book, which appeals to the layman, has just been published separately by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, under the title of "The Politics of Utility" (paper, 50 cents net).

So many of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's older novels have been reissued in new illustrated editions that his latest published book, "The Malefactor" has been confused, in some quarters, with these new editions. "The Malefactor" was brought out in book form for the first time on January 5th, and the publishers report that its sale has al-

ready exceeded that of any previously published Oppenheim novel. Several enthusiastic reviewers have termed the book "a new Monte Christo!"

"Aunt Jane of Kentucky," is the title of a new story of rural Kentucky life with homespun philosophy announced for spring publication by Little, Brown & Co. The author, Eliza Calvert Hall, is said to have done for the Blue Grass Country what Sarah Orne Jewett, Alice Brown and Mary E. Wilkins have done for similar phases of New England life.

Lilian Whiting, whose new book, "The Land of Enchantment," offers the most pictorially vivid and the most sympathetic and comprehensive interpretation of the great Southwest, from Pike s Peak to the Pacific that has as yet appeared, including, as it does, the data of agriculture, of the great scientific progress in engineering and reclamation, the scenic glories, and the primal life of these regions,—has gone to Italy where after some visits to Naples and Capri, and excursions to Ischia, Sorrento and Pompeii, she will pass the winter in Rome, engaged on a new book. Miss Whiting's study of the Life and Poetry of Mrs. Browning and her other Italian book, "The Florence of Landor" have touched into life and light phases of the vanished past in the "Flower City," and in the latter work the years of Landor's life in Florence (1821-64) are wrought into a drama of the rich and significant social life of that period.

Mary McNeill Fenollosa (Sidney McCall), the author of "The Dragon Painter," etc., when scarcely more than a girl, was living in another part of Japan when the late Lafcadio Hearn began his wonderful studies of that country, says Anne Heard Dyer in the Book News Monthly. Independently, she, too, was absorbing the same mystic influences of beauty; and in a different form—that of verse—was shaping her impression into concrete structure. A modest little volume of verse called "Out of the Nest," is thought by many of her friends to contain some of her finest work. Lafcadio Hearn, who later became one of her dearest and most valued friends, was delighted with these poems. In her quaint home in Tokio, with its garden where pansies, magnolias and "moonflowers," punctually, true, Mrs. Fenollosa wrote her first novel, "Truth Dexter," notes Mr. Dyer. "The Breath of the Gods" was the outcome of her impressions of the situation in Japan and Russia just before the crisis, but it was written in the 'big, low work-room of her Southern home in Alabama, which looks out upon a garden where the blossoming cherry mingles its petals with those of the rose and the jasmine. Kobinata—or little Sunshine Hill—so called after the dearly loved Japanese home, contains much that is best in beauty, both of the East and West. Here bamboo and pine, ash, oak, and magnolia, the poetic autumn grasses, the blossoming plum and cherry, with rose, pink and daffodil, dwell together in perfect amity. Indoors and out one meets with the structural beauty, the aesthetic harmonies of color learned, or transplanted bodily, from that vast treasure-house of things beautiful—Japan. Here also was written Mrs. Fenollosa's latest book, The Dragon Painter, very recently issued.

Mrs. Fenollosa comes of an artistic family. Both her parents were, and still are for that matter, writers. Her father, William Stoddard McNeil, is a poet of ability, and a lover and keen student of nature. Mrs. Fenollosa's home-life in Mobile has always been one of the units in a very close-knit, large, devoted family group. "Truth Dexter" was in part an outcome of that homesickness, which, while absent in Japan, she felt for the dearly-loved home circle.

To her husband, Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, well-known in art circles as one of the greatest living authorities on Oriental art, Mrs. Fenollosa feels that she is deeply indebted for criticism, suggestion and constant encouragement, although in the matter of plot and actual writing she works entirely alone. Their life together, both in Japan and in this country, is characterized by independent but absolutely congenial work, and by harmony of interests and tastes.

Welsh at Cardiff.—One of the most discussed questions of the hour in South Wales just now is the teaching of Welsh in Cardiff elementary schools. It is admitted by experts that if Welsh is to be effective at Cardiff, it must be taught compulsorily, and this will not mean any "inconvenience" to the school teachers, as the teaching of Welsh will not entail the dropping of French or any other language, as has been erroneously inferred by a certain clique who are prejudiced against Welsh. Moreover, every man who has lived in Cardiff, and is conversant with the various phases of local life there, well knows that the agitation worked up against Welsh has been engineered by a set of men who are prejudiced against the Welsh language and national interests generally. They are a class of Saxons and others who cannot bear the idea of seeing Welshmen coming to the front in any way. Of course, they ostensibly deny that they are prejudiced against Welsh; but people who know them are perfectly satisfied that it is not "the interests of the school children," or "the parents" they care about; it is their innate dislike of seeing Welsh national interests—whether in the way of language or anything else—advancing. "Wales!" sneer these people, "what is Wales!" Mention the Welsh language to them, and they smile superciliously. Fortunately there is another class of Saxons in Cardiff, who are keen admirers of Welsh nationality and are supporting the Welsh leaders in the city in their noble attempt to get the national language of Wales properly recognized in the metropolis of Principality.

BESIDE THE INDIAN RIVER.

By Clara E. Rewey, Author of "Wayside Chimes."

O Southern day,
So fair and gay,
So filled with happy measures;
Thy dawn so bright,
With rose-gold light,
Bespoke a round of pleasures.

What witching smiles,
What elfin wiles,
Hung 'round thy noon-tide hours,
And songs complete
And incense sweet
Breathed from a thousand flowers.

Effulgent day!
Would I could stay
Thy lilting light forever;
But time's swift flight
Must dim thy light,
For I can hold thee never.

Sweet day, good night!
Thy sunset's bright
Last ruby ray is fading;
A filmy vail
Of dusk-work pail
Coquina rocks is shading

But, day of days,
A memory stays
That changes shall not sever,
Of hours replete
With joys so sweet
Beside the Indian River!

Ivy Villa, St. Augustine, Fla.

Of the quarter of a million Jews domiciled in Great Britain, 1,100 are resident in Cardiff. It may be added that the Hebrews of the Welsh Metropolis, as a fraternity, are regarded as much more prosperous than those in most other British towns and cities.

So many Welsh places contend for the honor of having given birth to Pelagius, the Welsh heretic of the fifth century, as did for the honor of being the birthplace of blind Homer. Tradition, however, favors Cowbridge as having given birth to the sturdy old Welshman. Judge Jeffreys was also a native of Pontfaen.

The chalice of Goodrich Church has a curious interest. It was presented to the Church in 1726 by the celebrated Dean Swift, whose grandfather, the Rev Thomas Swift, was for many years vicar of the parish. The living was subsequently held by a nephew of the Irish dean, and the nephew was the first editor of Swift's works.

The record is a bit late, but it appeared in a Welsh paper recently. At Pentrefelin, Vale of Ayron, during the hay harvest last year might have been seen one day David Evans, who is 81 years of age; Jenkin Morgan, who is 80, on the top of the rick, and Evan Davies, who is 91, walking round and taking care of the rick. Evans and Davies are brothers, and have a sister who is 85.

Mrs. Davies, of Bryngolwg, who has just died, was a Wayne. The Waynes are an old family in Glamorgan, and the name is supposed to be a modification of the Welsh Waun or Gwaun, which is met with in Ffair y Waun. Gwaun means an exhausted kind of moorland. The Waynes have always resided in the neighborhood of Aberdare, Hirwain, and Merthyr, and the presumption is that they are indigenous to the soil.

People in West Wales must be fond of litigation. In Carmarthen alone, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, there are no fewer than eighteen solicitors in practice. Among the professions doctors appear to be the least numerous, for there are only six resident in the town, or, at least, in practice. This number, of course, excludes the doctors at the Joint Counties' Asylum and Carmarthenshire Infirmary.

William Morris, of Angelsey, writing to his brother Richard in February, 1749, said: "That Phoenix snuff which brings dead people to life and drives away the fairies is a very fine thing." The brother, Lewis Morris, writing from Gallitvadog, Cardiganshire, to his brother Richard in April, 1750, also refers to the same valuable commodity. "A very fine thing, the Phoenix snuff, which cures mad women. Send a shipload of it to Aberystwyth." What if the Aberystwyth Council nowadays tried the Phoenix snuff?

The following englynion to the "Anun-

debwr" (Non-Unionist), by "Gweledydd" were adjudged the best at Bodringallt Christmas Eisteddfod:

Yr Anundebwr hunan dybiol—gwalch
Drwg yw, a direol;
Marwol bla'r cylch glofaol—
Her wawdio'i frawd yw ei frol.
Dibarch yw'r Anundebwr—a gwrthrych
Gwarthrudd, gwlad-derfysgwr;
Llwynog am geinog yw'r gwr,
Ac un a phen cynffonwr.

Celtic students will be glad to know that the Manx Language Society is going on with the work of publishing a dictionary of the Manx language. The first portion is already in the press, covering from A to E, and it is hoped that the complete work will be in the hands of the subscribers before the summer. It is interesting to note that the phonograph has proved of great help in securing the right sounds of words from those who speak the Manx language.

An amusing incident is reported as having occurred at a furniture sale in Carmarthenshire. A music-stool (or "stol ganu" as they have it in Welsh) was put up for auction. Carried away by the eloquence of the auctioneer, a country woman, whose knowledge of such matters was rather limited, was induced to bid 25s. for an article which was not worth half the price. The stool, of course, was immediately knocked down to her, and she danced about in glee. By the time it came to settling up, however, the elated lady had discovered her mistake, and, approaching the auctioneer's stand in a rage, she exclaimed, "Swindle, swindle. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here I have been turning the top of this stool round for the last half-hour and it won't sing at all!"

The distinction of Fellow of the Royal College of Organists has just been conferred upon Miss Olwen Rowlands, of Bangor, a daughter of the Rev. Daniel Rowlands and sister of Miss Anna Rowlands, the head mistress of the Ruthin County School for Girls. Miss Olwen Rowlands, who has been an organist in Bangor for some years, has already held diplomas of L. R. A. M. and A. R. C. O. This fellowship (obtained after undergoing an examination the standard of which is very high and the percentage of passes very low) is the highest that an organist can hold, and there are few women who possess it. Miss Rowlands is believed to be the first Welshwoman who has ever attained to this degree.

If Lord Tredegar's suggestion as to the marriage of suffragettes with passive resisters is adopted there will be no need for interested ladies to allow the ceremony to be performed by masculine creatures. It has just been made known that Mrs. Thomas Lewis, the well-known temperance reformer of Blackburn, recently tied the marriage knot at a Congregational chapel in Blackburn with efficiency and dexterity. Mrs. Lewis's deeds are well known in Wales, and it is hoped by the fair sex that in any future weddings the dreaded promise to "obey" will be omitted. It will be remembered that when one of General Booth's daughters was married she was not asked to render the tribute of obedience to her life partner.

A novel innovation in instrumental music was initiated by Mr. Haydn Gunter, the Welsh violinist, at a concert held at Porth on Boxing Day. Pianoforte accompaniment to solo on the violin we are all acquainted with, but Mr. Gunter rendered several difficult pieces on his favorite instrument with full brass band accompaniment, his selections including the "Air Vare" by Vieuxtemps, and a nocturne by Chopin. The experiment was a decided success from the point of view both of player and audience, both pieces being enthusiastically encored. The band parts were ar-

ranged by Mr. G. F. Martyn, the bandmaster; and experts who heard the performance believe that this idea of brass accompaniment to string solo will catch on.

During the recent floods it was worth going far to see the sight presented by the overflow of the Cabancoch dam in the Elan Valley. This dam is 122ft. high from the bed of the River Elan, and 600ft. long. It is 822ft. above Ordnance datum, and holds the Cabancoch Reservoir, the top water area of which is 500 acres, and contains 8,000 million gallons of water. During stormy weather the waters of this reservoir have every appearance of a large inland sea. One enormous wave chases another over the top of the dam, to be churned into foam in the bed of the river 122ft. below. The spray from the by-wash is blown hundreds of feet away on each side of the dam and the public road alongside the reservoir is as well washed by the spray as are the pathways at Niagara. Indeed, the whole scene is so grand and impressive that in rough weather it is worth running out excursions for sightseers at the Welsh Niagara.

Amongst the leading donors to the Christmas dinner at Merthyr, Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay was again prominent. For very many years she has remembered the poor of the district, and in many ways shown a kind-hearted recollection of the happy years of her residence at Cyfarthfa. One memorable act was the placing in the home of all the old Cyfarthfa workmen copies of the history of the iron works, and of the Crawshay family illustrated with portraits of the iron kings, from the times of the pioneer Richard Crawshay. This history is regarded proudly by the old people and their sons and daughters as their most valued possession, and is to be seen on the chest of drawers in the best room, placed with the family Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The agent entrusted with the presentation has added a portrait of Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay, with a little inscription—which has given increased pleasure.

Penygraig Farm, where the lightning made such havoc recently, is situated on the brow of the hill overlooking the valley of the Taff, a mile below Merthyr Vale Station, and at one time it must have been a singularly secluded and solitary spot. The building occupies an elevated and picturesque position, and commands a splendid view of the valley for a considerable distance north and south. It was in this famous farmhouse that David Morgan, the Welsh Jacobite, resided before he entered the service of the Young Pretender during the Rebellion of 1746. Until the end David Morgan remained one of the Price's most faithful adherents. He took a prominent part in several engagements with the Royalist troops. He was eventually taken prisoner by the King's soldiers, and was hanged and quartered on Kennington Common in 1747 "for adhering to the King's enemies." He was a barrister by profession, and one of the rooms in the old farmhouse is still known as "the study." It is at this place that "Owen Rhoscomyl lays the opening scene in his "White Rose of Arno."

There are a few hundred Welshmen in and about Johannesburg, many of whom hold responsible positions. Mrs. T. Pryce Rosser, Pontypridd, whose late husband was a mine manager near Johannesburg, has just returned from South Africa, and in a conversation she spoke highly of the efforts of leading Welshmen to band themselves together and to promote one another's welfare.

The Cambrian Society, which has been instituted for more than a decade, has materially helped in this respect. The

society, with a membership approximately of 300, has the Earl of Selborne as patron, and Mr. T. R. Price, manager of the South African Railways, as president. Among other officers of the society are Mr. Lewis Thomas, Newport (vice president), and the Rev. Owen Owen, Porth, the pastor of a Baptist chapel. Mr. E. Vaughan Thomas, Pontypridd, is the librarian of the society, and the Rev. J. Glyndwr Davies (Wesleyan) takes an active part in the promotion of the Eisteddfod which is held annually.

The Archdruid, the Rev. E. Rees (Dyfed) issued a New Year's greeting to the bards and literati of Wales and all who love their native land, of which the following is a translation:

To the bards and literati of Wales, and to all who love their country, their tongue, and their nation, Greeting:

When the season's choicest greetings are on the wing from one end of the land to the other, and all are wishing the success and prosperity of each other, it is fitting that I too should present my best wishes to the friends of poetry and song throughout the whole of Wales.

The old year is fled and the peace of our bardic world has not been broken by anything approaching a calamity. We greatly rejoice at this, and trust that love will take even deeper root and grow still more extensively during the new year that is coming. Let brotherly love continue. Let us each regard the other as better than himself, and let us cultivate every virtue that adorns life.

It is evident that Wales is advancing. Throughout the land there is a strong revival of nationalism. Its warmth is being felt in every circle, and our duty is to keep the fire burning clearly, so as to convince other nations that something besides rushes and ferns grow on the mountains of Wales.

We have suffered long; we have cried out much under the tyranny of the enemy—for we were kept for centuries in a darkness that could be felt, but the dawn has broken, and the day approaches. Let us, therefore, be awake.

It is enough that in the time that is gone we executed the will of the nations. Let us break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us. Wales has its rights, and they are too sacred to be longer permitted to be trampled under foot.

Let us hold fast to the Welsh language as an inheritance of the fathers to the children. Let no man be ashamed of it. A language that has survived under so many disadvantages without weakening, and that has declined to die at every stake, deserves to live. It has a right to live, and the evident protection it has enjoyed is significantly suggestive that it has an important mission yet unfulfilled.

Fathers and mothers of Wales, teach ye Welsh to your children, and for this they will live to bless your memories.

A good New Year to all. "God and all Goodness."—DYFED.

A correspondent in "Old Wales" is making enquiries concerning clockmakers. At one time clockmaking was a cottage industry in Wales, two of whom are named by "Collector" in the magazine beforementioned, viz., I. B. Jenkins, Crickhowel, and Dd. Richards, Pontllanfraith. Another maker whose name is pretty frequently seen on grandfather clocks is that of David Evans, Llangynwyd. Alas! these village industries are rapidly vanishing, and the advent of machine-made watches has made the recovery of clockmaking as a cottage industry impossible. The great authority on clocks and clockmakers was the late Octavius Morgan, and he published a good deal of information upon both subjects. He was a frequent contributor to "Notes and Queries," and there ought to be in our public libraries in South Wales some books written by him upon this industry.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

GRIFFITH J. WILLIAMS, BOSTON.

It is with deep sorrow and sadness, and with a sincere expression of condolence with the family, that we present to the readers of the "Cambrian" the portrait and sketch of the late Griffith J. Williams, who passed away on Friday, February 1, 1907. While it was quite noticeable to his many friends accustomed to meet him in his daily walks of life that the end was drawing nearer and nearer, yet the news of his death gave a very unpleasant shock to a large circle of his fellow-countrymen and friends in Boston and vicinity, being that he was able to be about with his cheery way but a few days before his death.

Early in the spring of the year our beloved friend was taken ill with an attack of what he termed as indigestion, but upon consulting with the leading physicians of Boston it was discovered that his ailment was far more penetrating and serious, and that the incurable disease, termed the cancer, was already working its way into his body, and gradually depriving him of his strength and happiness amongst his fellow-men, compelling him at the last, to give up the battle, and on the dawn of day, Friday, February 1, he fell peacefully into the arms of his beloved wife and passed away into the land where there is no pain nor sorrow.

The deceased was born in Frongaled, Dyffryn Ardudwy, North Wales, November 3, 1846, and was the son of Bennett and Ann Williams. When but a boy five years of age, his parents moved to Portmadoc. At the age of twenty-three we find that he emigrated to America, and settled at first in Racine, Wis. From Racine he went to Emporia, Kas., where he remained about ten years. He was married there to Miss Elizabeth Jones of that city. The family moved later to Utica, N. Y., and in 1880 we find them settling down in Boston.

The deceased upon his arrival in Boston entered into the employment of the West End Roofing Company, and remained with them eleven years, whereupon at this time he ventured into the roofing and contracting business on his own responsibility, with office at 8 Beacon St., Boston.

By the death of Griffith J. Williams the Welsh community of Boston and vicinity, and especially the Cymrodorion Society, have lost a truly great man, a man possessing profound knowledge and ability, second to none as a writer, scholar and all-round literary man, and above all a Christian. He had taken active interest in the Cymrodorion Society since its organization in 1892, and he was chosen as its first president.

It is to him also that the credit must be given for the drafting out so masterly the Constitution and By-Laws of the society, now in effect; and on that occasion, took upon himself to compose several "odes" appropriate to be sung at the meetings, such as "Can Agoriadol," "Emyn Croesawol," "Emyn yr Undeb" and "Diweddgan." We insert here the "Diweddgan" only, to be sung on "Caersalem":

Wele eto un cyfarfod
Fel ar edyn wedi ffoi;
Ninau frodyr mewn tangnefedd,
Pawb i'w anedd ar ymdroi;
Seren siriol
Cariad brawdol, arwain ni.

Nawdd y Nef fo i'n cymdeithas,
Nawdd i lwyddiant Cymru fad,
Nawdd i egwyddorion addas,
Nawdd i'n mabwysiedig wlad.
Hedd a chariad
Fo'n teyrnasu dros y byd.

The fact that he was held in high esteem by his fellow-countrymen and others was attested to a large degree by the large gathering at his late home [illegible] Harvard St., Cambridge, on Sunday February 3, where impressive funeral services were held. The Rev. J. Wynne Jones, Chaplain of the Cymrodorion, and the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Beals, pastor of the Prospect Street Congregational Church, of which he was a member, officiated.

The following were the pall-bearers, acting in behalf of the family of the deceased, W. J. Griffiths, David Davies, John W. Davies, R. C. Jones, Wilson P. Price and D. Lloyd Evans, and Rowland R. Hughes, John G. Roberts, David L. Solomon and Thomas T. Jones acting in behalf of the Cymrodorion. Many floral tributes wer placed on the coffin, and one very noticeable, that of the Cymrodorion, with the design "Our First President."

The deceased leaves a widow, son and two daughters to mourn his loss; and also two brothers across the Atlantic, Bennett residing at Portmadoc, and Proff. John Henry, R. A. M., of Liverpool, whose musical compositions are famous the world over, such as"Gwlad y Delyn," "Nos Ystorm," "Galwad y Tywysg," "Bwthyn yr Amddifaid," &c. He was also a nephew of Mr. Thomas Lloyd Williams, and a cousin of Mr. Lewis Evans, both of Racine, Wis. The burial was at Cambridge Cemetery.

By the death of our chieftain Griffith J. Williams, the Cymrodorion loses one of its strongest and noblest members. His temperament was one of those happy combinations of good cheer and sunshine, which made association with him always a pleasure, and gave those who came in contact with him that comfort and encouragement which make men better fitted to cope with their daily trials; and all Welshmen stand more erect, feel a new pride, and a new confidence in the possession of the memory of such a life.

Boston, Mass. D. LOYD EVANS.

HON. J. EDWARD JONES.

The Hon. J. Edward Jones departed this life at Oak Hill, O., Sept. 19, 1906, in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Jones was a native of Anglesey, N. W., where he was born March 16, 1826, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jones. The family immigrated to this country in 1831, and settled in Oneida, N. Y.

When Mr. Jones was about 21 years old, he was married to Margaret Owens, of Remsen, N. Y., to whom four children were born. In 1848, Mr. Jones moved to Jackson Co., O., where he entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, T. L. Hughes, Oak Hill. He was also in partnership with Abel Wynne at Centerville. Later he was in business on his own account, in Oak Hill and afterwards at Portland, the present Oak Hill. In 1891 his business place was burned.

Mr. Jones took deep and general interest in the general welfare of the community, and in order to serve people in a more practical way, he turned his mind to the study of law, and served as justice of peace for 18 years. He was very attentive to business, and was always prepared to help the poor, the needy, and all those who became troubled or embarrassed. He also cared that the widow and orphan had justice and protection.

Mr. Jones was first Mayor of Oak Hill and he served in office for 20 years. He also occupied several important offices in the county. In 1902 he was elected president of the bank, which position he filled until his death. Mr. Jones was

MR. GRIFFITH J. WILLIAMS.

MRS. ANNE ROBERTS.

HON. J. EDWARD JONES.

active and useful in religious as well as in secular circles, and took great interest in religious matters. He was a good conscientious, faithful and very serviceable Christian, as Superintendent of Sunday School, treasurer, and secretary of the Bible Society of Jackson and Gallia Co. for 42 years.

His first wife died in 1864. His second wife was Miss Jane E. Edwards, Moriah, of whose children there are three daughters living: Mrs. Rev. J. R. Lloyd, Mrs. Morgan J. Jones and Miss Estella E. Jones.

Also in his home, Mr. Jones was an exemplary man, a good Christian, a provident and kind husband and father, and a real blessing to the community, an excellent citizen and a saving influence in society. He leaves the above named three daughters, 12 grandchildren and one sister, Mrs. Owen D. Jones, Oneida, N. Y. The remains were laid to rest in the family plot at Oak Hill.

MRS. ANNE ROBERTS.

Mrs. Anne Roberts, late of Normal Ave., Chicago, Ill., who died December 27, 1906, was a typical Welshwoman and a beautiful product of our Christian life. She was born at Henllan, Denbighshire, N. W., May 24, 1823. In 1849 she was married to the Rev. William Roberts, a Baptist minister at Harlech. In 1861 she was left a widow with three little boys to support and care for, and her best qualities were shown in true heroic way in the manner she worked to keep her little family together.

At the time of the fathers' death, they lived on a little farm of the name of Glasfryn, near Harlech, and the manifold duties of farm and home fell on her shoulders alone, a burden enough to crush the spirit of a weaker woman, but Mrs. Roberts was a heroine, and she further trusted in God, which gave her unconquerable strength to persever to accomplish the heavy task laid on her.

Mrs. Roberts had inherited strong religious instincts; she had faith and hope in her heart, and she cultivated and strengthened both of those gifts with constant study of the Word of God. She had the Bible continually on her table at home and she literally fed her soul on the bread of life, which had a mysterious power over her career through those dark years. She had the right kind of faith, the faith that makes faithful, the faith that makes strong and persevering, the faith that is invincible. The Bible to her was life, and the way to life. One day, an old neighbor visited her home, and found her reading the Bible as usual, and said he, 'You derive much comfort, Mrs. Roberts, from reading the Bible? "Yes," answered Mrs. Roberts. "It seems to me that I am face to face with God, and that He talks to me, telling me what to do."

In 1874 she suffered a sad bereavement in the death of her son William when in his 18th year, as the result of an accident on the farm. Mrs. Robertas remained on the old place until 1889, when she came to America to join her two sons who had preceded her. She spent part of her time with her son John E. Roberts, Denver, Colo., and the other part with her son R. W. Roberts, 7405 Normal Ave., Chicago, where she departed this life, in the ripe age of 83 years and six months. Her sons cared for her and honored her in her old age, as she had cared for them in their young days. She joined with the Baptist church through baptism when she was a young girl, and remained faithful to her faith for over 60 years, and she found religion a great strength and comfort. December 17, with touching religious ceremonies, she was laid to rest at Forest Home Cemetery, Chicago.

CURRENT EVENTS.

December 28—Sixteen persons are killed and thirty injured in a railway collision on the road between Edinburgh and Aberdeen—General Litvinoff, Governor of Omsk, Asiatic Russia, is assassinated.—In the French Senate the principle of the new church bill is agreed to by a vote of 187 to 87—Alexander T. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, dies suddenly from heart disease, at his home in Philadelphia.

December 29—All the factories at Lodz are closed, 100,000 men being put out of employment.

December 30—Thirty-five persons are killed and about one hundred injured in a wreck on the Baltimore & Ohio at Terra Cotta, D. C., about three miles from Washington—Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the philanthropist, dies at her home in London—King Edward approves the appointment of James Bryce to be Ambassador to the United States.

January 2—Thirty-four persons are killed in a collision on the Rock Island Railroad in Kansas—The message of Governor Hughes to the New York Legislature recommends that the ballots in the disputed 1905 mayoralty election in New York city be re-counted..

January 5—Two are killed and eleven injured by the explosion of a bomb in a Philadelphia bank by a man who was refused money he demanded.

January 7—It is announced that the Pope will no longer receive Peter's pence from France and that all contributions from the country will be devoted to the support of the clergy.

January 8—The Shah of Persia dies.—The right of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company to charge a ten-cent fare to Coney Island is upheld by the New York Court of Appeals.

January 9—Lieutenant General Pavloff, Russian Military Procurator, is assassinated in St. Petersburg. The assassin also shoots a policeman and a child before being overpowered.

January 10—Senator Mr. La Follette's bill to limit the working hours of railway employees to sixteen a day, is passed.

January 12.—The three-cent street-car fare goes into effect in Cleveland.—King Alfonso authorizes the opening of a Protestant chapel at the Spanish Court for the use of the Queen's mother.

January 14—A second message on the Brownsville affair is sent to Congress by the President.—Five hundred and thirty-nine indictments against the Standard Oil Company, its subsidiary companies and chief officers, are returned by an Ohio grand jury.

January 15—Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, is devastated by an earthquake, followed by fire.—Estimates of the loss of life run as high as 1,000 and over. Property loss is variously estimated up to $25,000,000.

January 19.—Ali Mirza is crowned Shah of Persia in the palace at Teheran with gorgeous ceremony.—The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough agree to separate, the former retaining a yearly allowance of $100,000 and Blenheim Palace. The custody of the children is divided.

January 20—The American relief ships under Admiral Davis sail from Kingston after a peremptory request from Governor Swettenham that the troops be withdrawn; deep regret over the incident is expressed in London.—A terrific gale does $1,500,000 damage to shipping at Buffalo.

January 21—Senate: Mr. Tillman delivers a speech in which he characterizes the Senate as a 'minstrel show." He later withdraws his remarks and they are not entered on the record.

January 21.—Josiah Flynt Willard, the author known as "Josiah Flint," dies in Chicago.

January 22.—Joseph W. Bailey is re-elected to the United States Senate from Texas.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

"Politics is the art of turning influence into affluence."

Adam couldn't have been a poet, because poets are born, not made.

The one time when a man really wants the earth is when he is sea sick, a thousand miles out.

"The best man generally wins—except at a wedding," says a philosopher. And he is sometimes the winner at a wedding.

"I've seen a man and a dog go into a saloon and in an hour the man would get beastly drunk and stagger out like a hog, while the dog would come out and walk away like a gentleman."

An American visiting Dublin told some startling stories of the height of New York skyscrapers. An Irishman stood it as long as he could, and then asked: "Ye haven't seen our newest hotel, have ye?" The American thought not. "Well," said the Irishman, "it's so tall that we have to put the two top stories on hinges." "What for?" asked the American. "So we could let 'em down till the moon went by," said Pat.

An American whose business frequently takes him to London tells of an amusing conversation between the driver and conductor of a public 'bus in that city.

The 'bus was fairly crowded, so the American climbed to the top, where, shortly after taking his seat, he observed a person in peculiar garb, with a red turban. There was a leaden sky overhead and a slow, drizzling rain, such weather as is the rule rather than the exception in the British metropolis.

As the conductor came to the top the red-turbaned person, evidently an Indian Parsee, got down.

"Wot sort of a chap is that?" asked the driver of the conductor.

"I fancies that 'e's one of them fellers that worships the sun."

"Worships the sun, eh!" repeated the driver, with a shiver. "Then I suppose he comes over 'ere to 'ave a rest."—Success.

A visiting bishop in Washington, D. C., was arguing with a gentleman friend of his on the desirability of attending church. At last he put the question squarely:

"What is your personal reason for not attending?"

The gentleman smiled in a no-offense-intended way as he replied:

"The fact is one finds so many hypocrites there."

Returning the smile the reverend gentleman said:

"Don't let that keep you away; there is always room for one more."

Church—At a recent church fair in England one of the means used for increasing the receipts was a guessing contest as to the weight of the pastor.

Gotham—Before or after?

Church—Before or after what?

Gotham—Before or after preaching?

Church—What difference would that make?

Gotham.—A good deal. Some pastors are much heavier when preaching.—Yonkers Statesman.

Being annoyed by persons who left his church before the sermon, a Devonshire vicar, says an English newspaper, has met the case by fixing in a prominent position a notice which is written to this effect: "All adults who are unbaptized or possessed of devils should leave the church before the sermon. Otherwise they should remain till the conclusion of the service."

WhenBishop Berry of the Methodist Episcopal Church was a young preacher he once gave a lecture in a rural community. Wishing to be witty, he announced to his audience that he was a berry and called upon them to state what kind of berry. Nearly every berry known in the vicinity was guessed, and the speaker refused to share the qualities of any of those named. At last an old lady, who was not sympathetic with the seeming levity of the lecturer, arose and exclaimed in a squeaky voice: "I know what kind of a berry you are. You are a gooseberry, and a very green one at that. Go on with the lecture." And the lecturer did —quickly.—Christian Work.

A strong feeling prevails in the Aberdare district that the Judge Gwilym Memorial should be located in that town, where the patriotic Welshman was born, and where his father, Alaw Goch, lies buried. His Honor was ever partial to Aberdare, and many a time in conversation, when the name of "Sweet 'Berdar" was referred to, he would repeat the old line——

Pentref Aberdar
Lle gore a gar fy nghalon.

These lines are portions of the following couplets written by one of the bards who were such frequent visitors to Ynvscynon when the late Judge's father dispensed such open-handed hospitality to the fraternity there:—

Beth gaf ar lan yr afon,
Beth gaf yn Ynyscynon,
Beth gaf yn Mhentref Aberdar,
Lle gore a gar fy nghalon?
Cei ddwfr ar lan yr afon,
Cei laeth yn Ynyscynon,
Cei gwrw yn Mhentref Aberdar,
Lle gore a gar fy nghalon.

The magnate faced St. Peter.

'What sort of life have you led?" inquired the keeper of the gates.

The face of the magnate grew dull and stolid.

"By advice of counsel," he replied, "I refuse to answer."

The gatekeeper slowly nodded.

"In that case," he said, 'you had better consult your counsel before this goes any further. He is waiting for you in the anteroom below."

Whereupon the saint pressed the button and the elevator platform upon which the magnate was standing dropped into the sulphurous depths.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"Private" Allen, of Mississippi, while in Congress, was fond of telling about a fine old gentleman down in Tupelo whose habit was to sit on a dry goods box and talk politics. His hobby was that the office should seek the man and not the man the office, and he waxed eloquent in the discussion of his chosen theme. Finally he determined to become a candidate himself, and went out upon an electioneering tour. When his friends twitted him about his change of front, he replied: "Oh, yes, the office should seek the man, but the man should be around so that the office may find him."

Getting Around a Dufficulty.—An instructor in a certain boys' school is noted among his pupils for his difficult examination questions. One of the youthful students, after struggling over a particularly strenuous list of ques-

tions in geography, came upon the following query, which completely stumped him:

"Name twelve animals of the polar regions."

The youngster scratched his head, thought hard for many minutes, and finally, under the spell of a sudden inspiration, wrote:

"Six seals and six polar bears."

The professor was so pleased with his pupil's cleverness that he marked his paper 100 per cent.—Lippincott's.

She was a very beautiful woman and she was very beautifully dressed. She entered a theater and handed her seat check to an usher. As she swished and froufroued down the aisle she appeared a personification of all that is exquisite.

The usher, the beauty and the friend arrived at the fourth row from the footlights. The usher turned down the seats and bowed low as he handed back the checks. The beauty spoke:

"Is them seats ourn?" she demanded shrilly.

The usher did not wince. He bowed thrice as low as before.

"Them seats is yourn," said he.

The story has to do with an injured teacher in a tenement school where the pupils are sewn into their underclothing in the autumn and only ripped out when the blossoming springtime brings warm days again.

One of the primary pupils in the school was so deeply encrusted with dirt when Christmas time came around that her clothing gave offense to the eye and to the nostrils of the long suffering teacher, who finally sent her home with a note delicately conveying to the tot's mother the fact that it would be a necessary measure of sanitation to bathe the child and change her clothing before sending her back to the classroom.

The youngster, all unwashed, and her little garments still stiffened with dirt, returned to the classroom presently accompanied by sister Mamie. Sister Mamie, one of the rough girl type, fiercely addressed the teacher thus:

"Say, me mudder says what fur'd you send our Rose home?"

In a quiet voice the teacher explained that Rosie's lack of personal cleanliness made her presence in the schoolroom offensive to the pupils and their preceptress.

"Well, say, me mudder says does our Rosie come here to git smelt or to git learnt?" cried Mamie with a withering scorn that struck the teacher speechless.—Newark News.

Little Fred—Say maw, ain't paw got a queer idea of what heaven is like? Maw—I don't know, dear. I never heard him say anything about it. Little Fred—Well, I did. He told the groceryman that the week you spent in the country was like heaven to him.—Chicago Daily News.

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And our ventures all in ink;
And we will fare much better
In the judgment day, we think.
—Chicago News.

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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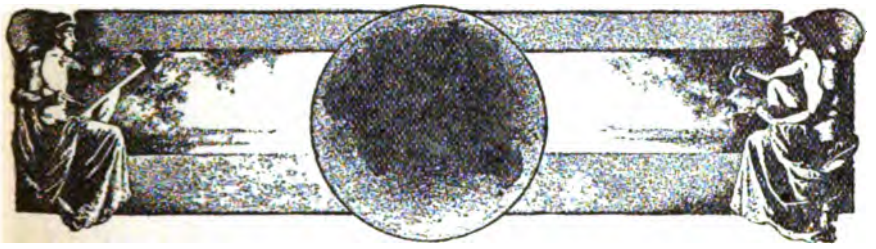

Thoughts of the Month.

The Dignity of Labor. An argument is unchristian unless it serves truth. It may be clever, it may be artful, it may be long, plausible, persuasive and convincing, but unless it has the right and beneficent purpose of truth behind it, it is the quintessence of evil. The ability of the user only intensifies the wrong. An argument should never be founded on a foolish simile or an impossible metaphor. For instance, Mr. Mallock's lectures on "Socialism" delivered at Columbia College, New York, under the auspices of the National Civic Federation used a great variety of such which went to suggest that he is a very romantic thinker. He could think that people out of the insane asylum could undertake to pass laws limiting a citizen (in normal health) to two ounces of food a day, and prohibiting an overcoat in winter! A thinker who can think on such lines can not be reliable when he arrives at the real issues of the question. Many political economists are pitiful dreamers who know hardly anything of the dignity and needs of labor. They all consider it as a senseless piece of machinery.

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Brain and Brawn. The continued attacks of the suffragettes on the House of Parliament in London reveal the fact that there is a disturbance in the depths of the human conscience, a profound protest against the iniquity of the old order of things. The world hitherto has been ruled by the might of ignorance and prejudice. It has been governed by brawn not brain. It is not brain that rules the Russia of to-day, but the might of the military power. The brain is on the other side. Even in our own land, there are intelligent people who believe that the millionaire class has all the brain there is. Does it require more brain to sell a ton of iron than to make it? Does it require more brain to sell a book than to write it. It requires cer-

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tainly a different kind of brain: it is not the intellectual brain but the selfish, the crafty and cunning brain which is often dangerously akin to the criminal brain, and the kind of brain which a more perfect civilization will dispense with without any loss to itself.

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It is Quite Common. We are not a bit surprised now and again to meet an infidel who is a gentleman and an upholder of pure morality and a Christian who is a brute. It is remarkable that unbelievers are often misoniconists while preachers are inveterate and incurable smokers. There are unbelievers who have never touched the "filthy weed" in their lives, shunning it on grounds moral, social, aesthetic, medical and sexual. But after all, are not such believers rather than unbelievers? Whatever we may say of the habit of using tobacco by smoking or chewing, is it not a sorry spectacle to see the Lord of Creation so entitled degraded to be the slave of such a vegetable product? That is one reason that he smokes and chews and does a good many other bad things because he is "Lord." Lords are not always decent and exemplary in their lives.

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Vanity of Politics. Any ordinary student of history knows that the things which have created the greatest commotion in the past have been those a civilized man least considers beneficial to life and its comfort. So many times a certain creed has raised almost incredible disturbance although it had no relation to the substantial edification and elevation of man. Sometimes (too often) a whim or a prejudice or a fantastic belief would interest people to such an extent that they would almost forget to provide means to continue life. In more senses than one, it is really remarkable that the human family is still with us! To-day even this folly of making the least important things paramount is with us. The greatest point of our life is to reach the political ends we are after? Instead of confessing our sins and shortcomings, we are satisfied with using words. Sometimes we hypnotize ourselves as far as our own sins go by antagonizing our enemies' efforts to improve things and relieve their fellowmen. The creed of doing what is right is the creed we do not wish to hear of.

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Isms Good and Bad. The evolution of selfishness is very interesting. Life in its simplest form is selfish; in its highest form is unselfish. The ego becomes non-ego, by which it serves itself the most. As we develop higher and higher, our selfishness and individualism become more and more altruistic; the egotism becomes more sociable, until it reaches its perfection in what the Frenchman calls "l'egotisme a tous"—a universal egotism, or "socialism." Socialism is not so obnoxious after all as "sophism," which conservatism and individualism use to obstruct civilization, and the general improvement of the human family.

Our Best Friend The reason we are so loth to accept new truths is, because we expected something more elaborate and less exacting on our life. A new truth means a change; if we are wrong, it signifies a sacrifice—and that is what we do not like. "It nettles people to find that truth should be so simple," said Goethe. People, generally expect truth to be something foreign, neutral, applicable to our enemies, but not to ourselves. Nevertheless, truth is no respecter of persons; has no friends or enemies; entertains no malice and has no favorites. That is one reason why we do not love it, and would shun it; but we should be prepared to sacrifice our interests in order to be on the right side of God. On our first acquaintance with truth, we are disappointed and humiliated, but truth improves with continued acquaintance, and in the end is our best friend.

* * *

The World Bishop. General Booth, although in his 78th year, is still active in the good work of caring for the poor of the world. He is the most conspicuous Christian shepherd in the modern world. He is a grand vicar of Christ, and goes about the face of the earth doing good. He arrived in our land lately to raise from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 for the purpose of establishing a "University of Humanity." Although an old man, he has his heart full of great undertakings. His belief is that even Rockefeller's money, if offered could be washed in the tears of the widows and orphans. He has faith that the spirit of Christ can sanctify the dirtiest dollar, as he washed Mary Magdalen and Manasseh. One day he received $500 from the Marquis of Queensbury, of prize-fight notoriety. He has many schemes on hand; but the chief is the establishment of twin institutions; one in London and the other in New York, to teach and instruct suitable persons in dealing with the vices, sins, misfortunes and miseries of mankind generally.

* * *

Something Novel. Recently we drew our readers' attention to an imaginary future when woman will be in power and man relegated to perform the common chores of life. There was a time (not very ancient either) when woman was so dependent on man, as to be a mere annex; but of late things are evolving at so amusingly rapid a rate, that we are justified to predict that woman soon will be the whole creation; men, the sinequibusnons of former times being mere non-essential adjuncts to the new kingdom, or rather "queendom." Every position, office, diversion, responsibility and activity will be feminized, so as to erase every remembrance and recollection of the extended era of misery when men were the whole thing, and when "human" instead of "woman" nature was the correct spelling. In Utica, recently, the talented ladies of the city played a Shakespearean drama, "Twelfth Night," themselves playing all the characters, women as well as non-women, the audience also being ex-

clusively the "descendantes" of Eve. The affair was an exquisite success, and the men since are as green as jealousy!

Y Mabinogion.

By the Rev. D. Powell, Liverpool, England.

I.

The Mabinogion, as popularly regarded, are a mere fraction of a vast literature which is known as the Arthurian Romances. This literature, so full of fascination in a double sense, arose as if by magic in a comparatively short period. "Printed on a uniform plan," says Mr. Alfred Nutt, "the chief romances of the Round Table would fall little short of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in size. Chromologically the rise and full expansion of this literature are comprised in a bare century, say from 1140 to 1240." It forms a body of literature written originally in French, partly in prose and partly in verse, and rapidly translated into almost every European tongue, the earliest and by far the most important versions being the German ones.

As the myths and legends, which are really the very essence of these romances, and which account for their unique beauty and irresistible charm, are Celtic and Brythonic, the question inevitably suggests itself, What accounts for the fact that we are indebted to the French genius for the incomparable and imperishable Arthurian literature? This question can be best answered if divided into two. First, through what channel or channels the French received the Celtic and Brythonic (or shall we say, Celtic-Brythonic) legends? Second, what were the peculiar characteristics of these legends which account for their fascination to the French genius, and really to the European genius of the period?

In reply to the first question, it may be said that the French received the Celtic-Brythonic legends partly through the Bretons. Between the fourth and sixth century of our era a gradual but considerable immigration took place into Brittany from Wales. The Welsh carried with them their rich store of lays and legends, and as it is natural to surmise, cherished them more dearly and cultivated them more assiduously than ever in their new home in a foreign land; because the patriotic sentiment is intensified in patriots who dwell in a foreign land, as may be seen in the ancient and modern Jews and in the Cymry who dwell in America and in other countries.

The old lays and legends, linked the Bretons to their own dear Prydain, transported them really to their old homes and hearths, and in the singing of their old lays and the nar-

rating of their old legends they lived over again their old life, but the old life transfigured by the magic of the poetic imagination of the Celt. We may rest assured that these old lays and legends lost none of their beauty and charm in their new home on foreign soil. Bretons in various ways came into contact with the Normans, and we may well surmise that the Breton poets and minstrels recited and sang their rich lore in the Norman castles and charmed the Norman barons and aristocracy. Nor is this a mere surmise. "We possess," says Mr. Alfred Nutt, "positive and trustworthy testimony to the early popularity of the Breton lays in Normandy. How early, it is difficult to say. But oral transmission from Brittany to Normandy must have been at work, at the latest, in the first half of the eleventh century."

Another channel, in some respects equal in importance to the Bretonic, through which the French received the Celtic-Brythonic legends, is the Welsh. Linguistic evidences prove beyond all cavil that the French derived these legends partly from Welsh manuscripts. Mr. Alfred Nutt gives two instances showing how the French fell into mistakes in quoting from the Welsh manuscripts. They made Ewan or Ywan into Evan or Yvain. But let me quote him on the other interesting instance. "A similar piece of evidence is supplied by the name of the Welsh hero Caradoc. His standing epithet in Welsh literature is composed of two words written "breich bras," and meaning great arms: "breich" (arms) and bras (great). The French copyist mistaking "bras" (great) for his own "bras" (arm), and making a shot at the unintelligible "breich," turned the epithet into "brie bras," or short arms. Now the Welsh term is pronounced "vreich vras" with the final s sounded, and had it reached the French poet orally, instead of in a written form, could never have yielded "brie bras."

Thus evidence derived from the wording of the French texts as well as evidence derived from indisputable historical facts, testifies to a double mode of transmission of the Arthurian legend throughout the French speaking world: oral, through the medium of Breton minstrels; written, through the medium of Welsh texts. This second mode of transmission is not only later than the Norman conquest of England, it is consequent upon it."

There was a third channel, the inhabitants of Great Britain, both Celts and Saxons. The Saxons in conquering the Celts inherited their lore. When the Normans in their turn conquered our country they also with it inherited its Celtic lore through their intercourse with Celts and Saxons, especially Celts. We may well conceive the poets and minstrels of Wales and Cornwall visiting the Normans in their castles, interesting them in the French tongue with Celtic lays and legends.

As Welsh was an unknown tongue alike to the English speaking majority of England and to the Norman

conquerors, and as French was the language of the court and nobility in this country, in France, and to a great extent on the continent of Europe, we can well understand how the Celtic-Brythonic legends were incorporated in the French literature. "The survival of the legend as a living force," says Miss Weston, "both here and on the continent, was doubtless due to Celtic influence, its immense popularity as a romantic literary cycle was due to French genius."

But what is in these legends which accounts for their irresistible charm to the French mind, and conquered in the nobler sense the rough Norman conquerors! Perhaps no satisfactory answer can be given, and that little more can be said than that they are a very curious and striking example of the unconquerable vitality and power of impressing itself characteristic of the Celtics genius. Perhaps indeed it is a useless task, as useless as an attempt to dissect and explain life, to try and analyse and explain this unconquerable vitality and power of impressing itself. But the times were also propitious for the Celtic genius to achieve its supremacy and occupy its rightful throne. In the tenth century a new era dawned on Europe, and a new life began to surge among the European nations. The old European literature, if not practically effete, could no longer satisfy the demands of the new life and the changing circumstances. But the Celtic-speaking people of these islands possessed a rich literature which was peculiarly adapted to the new wants, and it was eagerly seized, relished and assimilated. The Celtic heroic legends appealed with irresistible force to the warlike Normans and the chivalrous crusaders. It was also woman's era. The patronage of literature, as Mr. Nutt says, was abruptly shifted from the one sex to the other. The poet no longer sang solely for men, but mainly for women. Changes in the feudal custom granted to women the rights and privileges of feudal inheritance, and thereby made the heiress a factor of first-rate importance in the social and political life of the times.

We find women among the most powerful and influential patrons of certain kinds of literature; we find them, too, actively promoting an attempt to reorganize social life and social morality in accordance with ideals set forth in the literature they favored. The crusades contributed materially to woman's power, and as it must be sadly confessed, to conjugal infidelity. When the husband was away, it might be for years, fighting the heathen, power and influence fell to the stay-at-home wife, and though we lament it, we are not altogether surprised that there was often mutual infidelity on the part of both husband and wife. The heroic legends and the nature myths of the Celts were peculiarly adapted to this state of society. It was adapted to give expression to the new ideal of adventurous knighthood; to give full prominence to the elements of mystery and sorcery which were

highly relished in that age and carefully cultivated by Roman Catholicism; and above all, it pleased women and gave expression to a new conception of the relations between the sexes, higher on the one hand, lower on the other, than the old. "The Celtic genius was reincarnated in twelfth-century France because the times were favorable; it took the world by storm because it contained incidents, personages, traits of feeling and character which were susceptible of embodying the most perfect form of the twelfth-century ideal."

A small portion of this literature has a distinct character from the rest. It is more purely Cymric. The story of Kulhwch and Olwen has been pronounced by the distinguished Celtic scholar Professor Timmer, purely Cymric, with whom apparently Principal Rhys agrees. The same may be said of the Dream of Rhonabwy. These may have come to us through the French, still they have not been materially modified by French influence. They really represent the insular version as preserved among the Celts of Britain. This is certainly true with regard to the Mabinogion proper. These are positively Cymric. Danish influence may have very slightly influenced them, but not in any way to injure their Cymric characters. The Mabinogion antedate not only the Norman-French influence, but also the Arthurian influence. Arthur is not so much as mentioned in them, and in the strict sense of the word they stand apart from the Arthurian literature.

I fear this is a long, tedious, and somewhat irrelevant introduction to the Mabinogion; but my reason or excuse for spending so much time with it is to call attention to the Arthurian literature, and stimulate interest in its perusal. Little in comparison has been translated into English, and less into Welsh. But Lady Guest's Mabinogion, Malory's Le Morte d'Arthur, and Evans' The High History of the Holy Greal, are in English, both accessible and cheap. If this literature appealed so forcibly to other nations, ought it not to appeal more forcibly to us who are Cymry? We ought to realize and be proud of the fact that Celtic influence outweighed every other in English literature after the Conquest. Principal Rhys says that the influence of the earlier English literature was nil or next to nil after the Norman Conquest. The pedigree of English literature is well established; Teutonic it cannot be to any great extent. It is predominantly Celtic, influencing Shakespeare, Spencer, Tennyson and Swinburne, and other great English poets and writers from the Norman Conquest until the present day.

Let me now call your special attention to the Mabinogion proper, by far the oldest Welsh sagas, or compositions comprising history and mythology, in comparison with which the Arthurian cycle is late. Though the Arthurian cycle is comprised in the Mabinogion by Lady Guest and others, only four tales are in the Mabinogion proper, namely, Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, Branwen,

the Daughter of Llyr, Manawyddan, the son of Llyr, and Math, the son of Mathonwy. There is no warrant, says Principal Rhys, for extending the use of the word beyond the four stories. Nor strictly speaking are they Mabinogion (plural), but the four branches of the "Mabinogi" (singular). As these four branches of the Mabinogi contain no reference to Arthur, the inference is almost inevitable that simply as tales they are older than the oldest Arthurian tales, and in the literary form we have them are older than the oldest Arthurian literature. The tenth-eleventh century is the date generally adopted by scholars for the fixing of the Four Branches of the Mabinogi in the form in which we are acquainted with them, that is about a century before the Arthurian literature took its present form. So we find in the Four Branches of the Mabinogi what may be regarded as a purely Celtic-Brythonic atmosphere, and whatever foreign influence may be traced in them it has been thoroughly naturalised. and absorbed.

The Red Automobile.

By Arthur L. Linn.

I was just beginning to get drowsy over my evening paper, when a knock at my door and Susan's voice crying "Telephone!" roused me and sent me running down stairs where the telephone was located.

It was not an unusual thing for me to be called by 'phone evenings to help some one out of a difficulty, for, you must know, I am employed by the "Non-breakable Safe & Vault Co." in the capacity of superintendent of construction, and it frequently happens that after a time lock has been set, it becomes necessary for some official to enter the vault to deposit something left out by a careless clerk.

As it was, then after nine o'clock, however, I thought it hardly possible I could be wanted at that hour to go out on a job of that kind. but when I heard the voice of our president, Mr. Pease, asking "Is that you Tracy?" then I understood at once there was need of my services.

Upon my replying in the affirmative to his question, Mr. Pease continued. "It is pretty late to ask you to go out on a job to-night, but this seems to be an urgent case, and if you will attend to it I will consider it a favor. Mr. Slater, president of the Cornwall Exchange Bank, left some papers out at one of their branch offices on Long Island a few days since, and he has to get them to-night so he can take them with him to Chicago, where some suit is coming off in which the papers are an important part. He says he must positively take the midnight express, that gives but little over two hours for the trip and the work on the

vault, which is set with a time lock. He says he thinks the combinations on both the outer door and the inner safe are the same as we left them when they were put in. If that is so, it will not take you long to open them. The code word for the vault is "begger," and for the safe "begone." If you find they have been changed, you will have to work them out. He wants you to meet him on the corner opposite the Holland House, as he has another matter to attend to before leaving. He will send his daughter down there with the automobile. It is a large red machine, so when you find a red car with a lady chauffeur having auburn hair, you will know you have struck the right combination. I hope you will make it in time for him to catch the train, for I know it is very important, and he says if you succeed so he can catch the midnight express, there will be $100.00 in it for you. As you had the last good paying job in that line, I thought I ought to give this to Stubbs, so tried to get him by 'phone, but he was not at his boarding house.

"I am not sorry, for I would rather you had it, in fact, Mr. Slater mentioned your name, though he said he did not know you, but had heard you was a good man for the business. And, by the way; as you have never met Mr. Slater, I have arranged a signal that there may be no mistake. When you find the automobile you think may be the right one, you are to say 'begger," the answer will be 'begone.' Good night."

Would I go? You can bet I would go anywhere to oblige Edith Slater's father, just on her account, although I had never met him. As for my acquaintance with Edith, it consisted of but an introduction and five minutes' conversation, but that five minutes—like in many other cases—was long enough for me to see she was the one I wanted.

You see, I have some relatives in this old town of New York who have the entree to the circle in which the Slaters move, and it was while making a call on one of my cousins that Miss Slater came in. Then and there I made up my mind that some day, when my hopeful expectations were realized and my inventions had brought the pot of money necessary to put me on a financial level with her class, I would win her for mine own. Therefore, it was not for the money alone I was glad Mr. Pease had been unable to find Stubbs, I was delighted with the idea I could be useful to her father.

The man Stubbs was a fellow none of us at the works liked, and several of the employees of the company had marvelled at the employing of a man so clearly bearing the marks of a jail-bird, but, at the time he began working for the company we were rushed with orders, and advertisements for suitable men not getting better timber, the general manager was forced to take what offered. This Joe Stubbs understood the safe-lock business all right, a good many of us thought he knew more about breaking than making one, but as he was a diligent worker and had little to say, the general manager kept

him, even after the rush was over, and of course if the company was satisfied to have such a man around, it was not for us to question.

Stubbs, if I remembered rightly, was employed in fitting up the vault for the Cornwall Exchange Bank, to which I was now going, I being employed in putting in vaults for other banks at that time.

Catching up my bag, containing a powerful magnet and other tools used in my business—though I depend more on my ear and sensitive touch than on anything else, except the magnet to stop the clock, in such cases—I hurried out and getting on a car was soon at the place of appointment.

Yes, there they were, the big red car and the lady chauffeur with auburn hair. I had smiled when Mr. Pease gave me the pass words to prevent mistakes. It was true I had never met Mr. Slater, but I had met his daughter, whether he had more than one daughter I did not know or think about, but, of course, I took it for granted the one with the car would be the one I had met. The street was not very light at the place where the car stood, and the lady wore a vail, but expecting to see Miss Slater, and as this lady had the proper shade of hair, I felt sure I had found the conveyance waiting for me. Of course she would recognize me when she saw me—I was that egotistical I imagined she could no more have forgotten me than I had her—and would she not be surprised? and would we not have a pleasant chat whilst going out to the bank?

You see, I expected her father would drive the car, and when he came she would take a seat beside me. So, when I came up to the side of the auto, I lifted my hat—being particular to stand so the glare of the street lamp would show my features clearly—and ejaculated "Begger." With a start the lady turned and with no show of recognition gave a curt answer. "Begone," at the same time a motion indicating a command for me to enter the car in the rear of her seat.

Somewhat crestfallen, I obeyed. If she chose not to recognize me, now she had learned I was but a common workman, very well. I belong to a family just as good as hers, if I have not as much money at present. "Confound her airs," I thought. "If it was not for disappointing Mr. Pease, I'd get out and go home, they could unlock their old safe themselves, for all of me."

I had scarcely concluded the above thought when a man approached the car, and from his hard breathing, I concluded he had been either walking very fast or running for some distance. As he reached the car he peered at me and snapping out the word "Begger!" to which I as viciously replied, "Begone!" he threw me a pair of goggles—at the same time adjusting a pair to his own face—gave the crank a quick turn, snatched off the handle, jumped in beside the lady saying, "Let 'er go!" and we were off like a shot.

Where the policemen—supposed to regulate speed—were that night I do not know, we saw none, at least I

saw no one resembling a policeman. There were many pedestrians appearing in the path, but they scooted out of sight when they saw the pace we were running, and if there was a policeman amongst them he had the good sense to get out of the way. I understood, of course, we had no time to lose if Mr. Slater caught the midnight express, and when—after crossing the ferry and running a short distance—the car was stopped, the man getting out and extinguishing the light by drawing over them some sort of hoods, I took it to mean he did not purpose taking any chance of being stopped for exceeding speed limits.

If we rolled fast before, now we flew. It was a lovely night in September; what one might term warm, if one stood still. Scarcely any breeze would have been felt going at an ordinary gait, but with us it seemed a gale. Light fleecy clouds covered the moon in its first quarter rendering the road very indistinct, and in my estimation, very dangerous at the pace we were speeding. I might have been frightened if I had not been piqued at Miss Slater's treatment. As it was, I concluded they knew the road, anyway, I could stand it if they could.

Neither of my companions vouchsafed me a word, indeed, they had but little to say to each other. Occasionally I heard the mumble of their voices, as they sat hunched forward with heads close together, but the import of their conversation I did not discover.

Not being familiar with the roads of Long Island, I had no idea of the course we were taking nor the miles we had covered, when just as we reached the top of quite a hill I saw several indistinct objects directly in front of us. At first I took them to be small trees, thought there must be a turn of the road there, and was wondering if a safe turn could be made when going so fast, when a shouting and waving of arms proclaimed them to be men. Instead of slacking, the lady put on more speed, there was a bump and a yell from beneath the car as the machine lifted high on one side came around on two wheels. I expected there would be nothing less than a crash into the ditch and a flight through the air—if I was even so fortunate—but no, the driver understood her business and we came down into the road and like a bolt of lightning sped down the hill.

When I realized the forms before us were men, I involuntarily gripped the back of the seat before me and half rose in the expectancy of a spill. Accompanying the shouts several shots rang out and, as I thought, stones must have been thrown for one struck me on my arm, my crazy bone I concluded from the sensation caused by the impact. It was evidently a hold up, and I could not help admiring the skill and courage displayed by the driver in foiling the rascals' attempt.

It might have been five, or it might have been ten miles further—I had no conception of the distance we went—before we entered the streets of a town. The speed was then

slackened, and we crept softly along until we stopped at a three story building. The coverings still shrouded the lamps as the man alighted and with a laconic "Come" invited me to accompany him, which I did, leaving the lady in charge of the car.

My companion was not long in finding the right key for the outer door, and we were soon in the rooms of the bank. The first care of my guide was to darken all windows, "To keep out prying eyes," I thought, "even the president of a bank does not wish to be seen around at unseemly hours, some smart town watchman might think he had the right to ask questions and delay us in getting away in time to catch the train."

When all shades were down and the lights turned on, I got my first view of the face of my conductor, and I must say I was disappointed.

Instead of a man with the lineaments of a gentleman, I saw one I would have taken—if met elsewhere —to be a rogue or gambler. I'll admit many rogues and gamblers have the appearance of gentlemen in their general make up, yet, there is a difference in their looks from straight upright business men, something acquired in the pursuance of their callings they cannot shake off. Besides, in this man there was not the faintest resemblance to Miss Slater, as I remembered her.

However, that was nothing to me, and at his question, "Think you can do it?" I answered, "Yes," and set to work.

It was when opening my bag for the magnet I first saw the blood running down my fingers and realized it was a bullet that struck me instead of a stone. My arm still tingled, but otherwise, there was no pain, and being my left arm it would not interfere with the task before me.

"Pinked you, eh?" said the man on seeing the blood. "Damn 'em, if I had not been in such a hurry, I'd have given them something to remember, I'll do it sometime, if they don't let me alone."

"Must have been held up before." I thought, but I said nothing, in fact I knew that unless I hurried up the job I would be unable to accomplish it at all. Whether the excitement of the run had acted as a bracer, keeping me from feeling the loss of blood until now, or the sight of the blood had sickened me, I was beginning to feel faint.

Consulting my code-book, I found the combinations set against the words "begger" and "begone," and stopping the clock in the time lock with my magnet. I soon threw open the door of the vault. The inside safe was a heavy spherical affair, drill proof, and so constructed that if dynamited the only effect would be to close it more securely. It was not troublesome to open, however, by one having the combinatio.n

I had just given the tumblers their final turn, grasped the handle and thrown open the door, when a sharp whistle sounded from outside, and shouts caused my companion to drop the electric bulb he had been holding to give me light, and with a curse run for the outer door.

As soon as he reached the outside

several shots in rapid succession followed. To me these sounds gradually grew fainter and fainter until I seemed to fall asleep, although now I know I must have fainted. My faint must have been short, however, for I was still in the vault when aroused by excited voices, one of them being that of a female, and what struck me then as peculiar, it had a tone which seemed familiar.

"We're too late I guess," said one, "the door is open," then as he caught sight of me lying there on the floor of the vault he cried, "Here is one of the rascals now. Don't you move a finger or I'll fill you full of lead."

Looking up I saw an excited but fine appearing man standing over me with a revolver having a barrel as big as a cannon—it seemed to me—pointed directly at my head. Move? I should say not, if for no other reason than stupefaction, I could not have moved an eyelash, for one glance was sufficient to show me who the man was, none other than Mr. Slater, the father of Edith, the resemblance was close enough in this case, and he was not the man whom I had accompanied in the wild ride to the bank.

"Hooray!" cried another fellow, peeping around from behind Mr. Slater, whose body he had been careful should shield him as soon as he learned one of the burglars was still in the bank. "He's bleedin'! He's been hit! I knew I hit one of them fellers. I'm a good shot. I be."

"Poor fellow," said another voice in a sympathetic tone, and one I recognized as belonging to Miss Edith, "is he killed?"

"Deserves to be," commented Mr. Slater. "Here constable, take care of this fellow while I see if they got away with anything," then, as he drew from the safe a bundle of papers, he continued, "Thank heaven the papers are here!"

In the meantime the grave constable had clicked a pair of handcuffs on me, and feeling he had no more to fear from the desperado, he grasped me by my wrists and jerking me suddenly to a sitting posture, brutally dragged me out of the vault.

"Stop, you brute!" came a sharp command from Miss Slater, as she witnessed the constable's action. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" then catching sight of my face she cried. "Why father, it is Mr. Tracy!" Again I went to sleep.

The next time I awakened I was lying on a hospital bed, a strong odor of iodoform about me.

As I opened my eyes I saw an attendant step forward, then turning to another person, said something I could not distinguish, but which brought a man I instinctively knew to be a doctor.

"Well, my man, how are you feeling? You have had quite a nap," said he.

"Where am I?" I questioned.

"At Bellevue."

"What is the matter? How did I come here?" I asked, then as my senses became clear and the events of the night were remembered, I continued. "Never mind, I remember now."

In my weakened state I could take naught but a pessimistic view of my

situation. "Burglary. Caught with the goods on would be the charge against me. Good bye to my hopes of Edith."

Then I asked. "How long will I have to stay here?"

"Oh, I guess you can get away this afternoon all right. You lost a little blood, but nothing to worry about. The bullet glanced from the bone, no shatter. Go to sleep now and when you wake up you will feel better."

The doctor was a true prophet. Excepting for a slight weakness I felt as fine as a fiddle when I wakened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and thinking the matter over. I found some consolation in the thought that Mr. Pease would have to get me out of the scrape he had got me into. I had hardly arrived at that conclusion when there appeared beside my bed my aunt and cousin, at whose house I had first met Miss Slater. After a sympathetic greeting, I asked them how they had become acquainted with my mishap, then cousin Julia, turning and pushing someone forward, said, "Here is our informant, thank her."

Of course you will guess my cousin's informant was Miss Edith, and so it was. I had hardly stammered out my thanks to the blushing girl, before there was another caller, this time Mr. Pease.

"Well Tom," said Mr. Pease, "you earned the hundred dollars all right for you opened the safe in time for Mr. Slater to get his papers and make the midnight express, but how did you make such a mistake as to go out there with a lot of other burglars? Why did you not follow my instructions?"

"I did follow your instructions," said I, "and there were not such a lot of other burglars either. There was but one man. You told me to look for a big red automobile with a r—auburn haired lady as driver, and to give a certain pass word, to which there was to be a certain answer. I found the red automobile just where you said it would be, and in it was the lady as describer, apparently. I gave the word, she responded with the proper answer, so I got into the car, then when the man arrived, he gave the word and I the answer, and we started. I had never met Mr. Slater, and I had no chance to talk to him on the way. Some men tried to hold us ··· and I got this plug in the arm. How was I to know I was with the wrong party? There was but one thing in the whole trip to perplex me."

"What was that?"

"Miss Slater's—as I supposed—refusal to recognize me when I reached the car."

"Well, 'it is all well that ends well.' It is certainly a queer coincidence. Red automobile, lady chauffeur, pass words identical and destination of both parties, the Cornwall Exchange Bank on the same night. But the pass words are—to me—the most singular features of the whole. What sort of an explanation of that can I give Mr. Slater?"

In Yankee style I answered his question with another. "Have you seen Stubbs to-day?"

"No, why do you ask?"

"Because, he was the man having charge of fitting up that vault and certainly knew the combinations, and the only one outside of yourself, until you gave me the code words. As to the red automobile, you doubtless remember reading several items this summer about the capers of a red car driven without lights through the roads of Long Island, and the numerous burglaries performed by its occupants. I presume the attempted hold up to my party was because of such burglaries. Perhaps Miss Slater here can explain her father's failure to keep the appointment you made with him for me."

"Yes, I think I can," replied Miss Slater. "After leaving father at the hotel entrance, where he had an appointment to meet some one, I circled around and stopped on the opposite side of the street, but not near the corner as I wished, there being two cars between me and the corner. I remember now the nearest one to the corner was a large red car in which a lady was seated, the one between us being an electric brougham. I looked at my watch as soon as I stopped, and it was just two minutes to ten o'clock. As my back was towards the other cars I did not notice when they left. In about fifteen minutes father came out and asked if the man from the safe company had arrived. I said no, and we waited another fifteen minutes, then father said it would be useless to stop there any longer, there was a mistake somewhere, we would have to drive out to the bank, he would find the cashier and see if it was not possible to open the vault.

We overtook the party of constables and countrymen who had tried to hold up the other car, and two of them accompanied us to the bank, where it seems we arrived just in time to prevent a robbery. We brought Mr. Tracy here, then I drove to the station with father. That is all."

"I suppose I am under arrest for participation in the burglary," said I.

"Of course not!" exclaimed Miss Slater. "We saw the other red car when we reached the bank, and father concluded there had been a mistake made."

From the hospital I went to my aunt's until my arm healed, and while there saw enough of Miss Slater to encourage me in the belief my wishes will not be in vain.

Stubbs never again showed up at the works of the company.

WILLIAM APMADOC.

Again we are favored by Anna Alice Chapin with a delightful book entitled "The Heart of Music," and published by the same firm that issued her former volume, "Masters of Music," Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, a volume we noticed in these columns about a year ago. This time, it is "The Story of the Violin," and a fascinating story it is, the story of the "king of instruments." The book has many striking illustrations, but the frontispiece by John Rae, entitled "The Master," the immortal Antonio Stradivari, is a gem of art.

It was in 1520 that the little Lombard town of Cremona, through the genius of the Amati family, began to become famous for violin making. There were many makers, but only one, who, because of superior workmanship and skill in tone-production, is acknowledged by the world the master of all, Stradivarius. His story is told with enthusiasm by Miss Chapin, and is aptly termed, "The Heart of Music."

Need we write anything concerning the violin for our "Cambrian" readers? Read what Miss Chapin has to say about the violin story of ancient Wales:

"So at a time when the Assyrians and Greeks and people of the Empire had their various stringed instruments, the Celts were not behind in musical development. It is, however, worth noting that those extraordinary people, the Phoenicians, had invaded Wales at a much earlier period and brought with them, as usual, a love for adornment and the rudiments of Eastern culture. In the native Welsh, the lyre, adopted by the Britons as their national instruments, was called crwth (pronounced crooth). * * * In Welsh, and the instrument was essentially Welsh in its origin, the word crwth signifies "a bulging box," not a bad primitive description of the curving violin-body. Yet when we first meet the crwth it is in the form of a lyre." Many other facts are mentioned by Miss Chapin, which reflect favorably upon the skill of the ancient crwth-players in Wales. The whole book is nothing less than a violin epic, so evident is the poetic temperament of the author. It is a book that no one can begin reading, without keeping on to the end.

A Chicago musical friend, who wields a caustic pen, wrote the following scathing but deserving remarks, "when the case is fully considered." He sends us a copy, with the request that we "help the good cause" by quoting some of the remarks in the "Cambrian' music notes:

"We heard a concert recently by pupils of a lady who, for some twelve years, has been plying the nefarious trade of ruining voices quite unmolested by the local authorities. Forty voices a year are totally demolished. Of these about five decide in turn to demolish others, and get, say, twenty pupils each. The second year's crop yields 100 vocal corpses. Ten of these wreak vengeance on twenty each the following year. Behold 200 the third crop. And 400 the fourth; 800 the fifth; 1,600 the sixth; 3,200 the seventh; 6,400 the eighth; 12,800 the ninth; 25,600 the tenth; 51,200 the eleventh; and 102,400 the twelfth. This is the genealogy of only the first forty unfortunates.

Each year saw forty more cast forth to multiply, and as a result of the seed-sowing of this one baneful personage we have a sum total of 204,700 after twelve years devotion to the divine art.

Fortunately for the race, however, the above figures fail to materialize. Some of the would-be parasites die. Others get mixed up in penitentaries and lunatic asylums. Once in a while one is exposed in our columns, and his shop closed indefinitely. But we have only tried to impress upon our readers the meanness unspeakable of the one who will take money for propagating error, and the lasting effects of such teacher's work. We believe fully one in ten who has studied vocal music one year or more attempts to teach it. And who does not know many fifteen-year-old girls who teach the piano? The concert of the teacher above referred to received the most flattering notices from some of our contemporary musical journals, every one of which totally misrepresented the facts in their criticisms. The concert was simply horrible. The teacher appeared to know absolutely nothing of voice placement, phrasing, breathing or articulation. Not one voice was heard that had not the marks on it of this teacher's devilish handiwork. Yet she is paid about $4,000 per year by her victims."

The poetry of music has not been sung by a bard of any nation to surpass what poor and delicate John Keats wrote in his "Ode to a Nightingale." The "Odes" of John Keats (1795-1821) were written "in his best period," when he was under the Miltonic influence. Six of his "Odes" are famous, and will "stand apart in literature." Is there any verse in any literature more sweetly poetic than these last two stanzas of his "Ode to a Nightingale?"

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: Do I wake or sleep.

San Francisco can truthfully boast of having probably the largest, most expensive, and most beautiful music-stand in the world. It is constructed entirely of fine granite, and is located in the famous Golden Gate park. The center, or music-stand proper, consists of a square, tower-like structure rising nearly eighty feet high above the foundation.

Though massively constructed, it has a light, airy, and very graceful architectural effect. On the front side is the vast "sounding shell," or concave, over fifty feet in height, under which the musicians sit on a platform capable of accommodating over 100 musicians.

Extending north and south are two long, wing-like colonnades, each about 60 feet in length, and 45 feet high, and each supported by thirty-two beautiful Corinthian columns 36 inches in diameter at the base and tapering gracefully upward. Leading up to the base of these polished and shapely columns are broad, massive stone steps.

There is not a stick of timber, or bolt or bar of metal, in the entire structure, everything being built of California granite and sandstone. The cost of the structure was $75,000.

The New Music Review for March is replete with strong editorials, a number of them dealing with the "hysteria" provoked by the "Salome" performance at the New York Metropolitan Opera House. "Hugo Wolf as a Song Writer," by Ernest Newman, is a rare treat in many ways. We are tempted to quote one paragraph. After showing that Wolf appeals to us as a poet no less than a musician, and that the secret of Wolf's peculiar power is that he pierced to the very heart of the poem as few musicians have done even in isolated cases, "and as no other has done in varied cases," Mr. Newman writes as follows of Franz Schubert, "the flower of German song:" "It is as a musician alone, in many cases, that Schubert appeals to us; his songs are often divinely beautiful without the words as with them. Now and then, in the very greatest of his songs, where a profoundly moving pen has shaken him through and through, and he sings melodies that are both golden and real, both divine in themselves and penetratingly true to the poem, a carrolling in the sky that is at the same time a reading of earth—Schubert is indeed incomparable, singer and seer in one." The whole article tends to show what an art it is to write real songs. Only the songs that satisfy one's sense of poetic fitness that can stand the test of time.

It is but seldom that "The Musical Leaders and Concert Goer" indulges in such fine complimentary remarks as the following concerning the mu-

sical work of Dr. Daniel Protheroe:

Complaint is made that the music written for male choruses is generally inferior and the good difficult to discover. This need no longer be if Daniel Protheroe continues to provide the clever settings recently given by various organizations. The "Nun of Nidaros" is being sung by the principal maennerchors, such as the Mendelssohn of Chicago and the Pittsburg organization, and now Mr. Protheroe has in course of publication a work which offers the greatest possibilities, viz: "King Olaf's Christmas." It is splendidly dramatic, has a remarkably powerful orchestral accompaniment, which is also arranged for piano and organ and offers effects which will appeal to any conductor in search of a big work for his men. Another work of different order, but equally grateful is Mr. Prothereo's setting for male voices of "Thou'rt So Like a Lovely Flower." Both these works should find place with every maennerchor whose aim is to give pleasure without the sacrifice of musicianship.

The Fair Ladies of Llangollen.

By Cadrawd.

The Vale of Llangollen has been universally allowed by tourists of distinguished taste and experience to rank in picturesque beauty with either Italy, Spain or Switzerland; and there have scarcely been any historian or poet of celebrity who have lived in or visited North Wales in any period, that have not paid a tribute of praise to this lovely valley. A German Prince who visited the Vale in 1838, wrote of the impressions which his excursion in that vicinity excited in him: "A spot which, in my opinion, far surpasses all the beauties of the Rhine land, and has, moreover, a character of its own from the unusual forms of the peaked tops and rugged declivities, of the mountains. The Dee, a rapid stream, winds through the green valley in a thousand fantastic bendings, overhung with thick underwood. The vegetation is very rich, and the hills and vales are filled with lofty trees, whose varied hues add infinitely to the beauty and picturesque effect of a landscape."

"The market town of Llangollen is situated about four miles from Chirk Castle, and twelve from Oswestry, and the river is crossed by a beautiful bridge of five large pointed arches and accounted one of the three gems of Wales. This very ancient monument is ascribed to the Bishop of St. Asaph, John Trevor, about the year 1400, but went under substantial repairs in 1656.

But with all its charms, it is perhaps for the lovers of artistic and romanttic objects, the "Plas

Newydd," for the last century, have had the greatest attraction, the beautiful cottage of the "Fair Maids of Llangollen," who chose to make this secluded spot their abode. Two queer old souls, who, when they were young, vowed—as violently attached ladies do vow—for celibacy and a cottage; only, with this difference—they fulfilled their vows!

Both were Irish ladies, of high birth; their names were Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. The first was the daughter of the Earl of Ormonde, and was 16 years the senior of the Honorable Miss Ponsonby. It is said that both had refused tempting offers of marriage; but, tired of the restraint of being under guardianship, they left clandestinely their home in the county of Carlow, for Dublin, Miss Ponsonby taking with her a favorite servant, Mary Carryl. To escape detection they crossed the Channel, and lived together in a humble way at Denbigh; but in their peregrinations they came to Llangollen, and were so much captivated with the locality that they determined to settle here and enjoy its extreme beauty and quiet seclusion.

They took a neat little cottage called Pen-y-maes, containing only a kitchen, a sitting room and two bedrooms; and shortly purchased the place with the land near, and improved the situation to such an extent that they changed the name and called it Plas Newydd (New Hall). The estate altogether comprised a little more than four acres of land, to which they rented some nine acres more, and here they spent the remainder of their days, and here their favorite servant, Mary Carryl, lived and died. Nothing could induce them to leave this retreat, and they hardly ever slept a single night away from home, and were never separated. Hence they were called the Ladies of Llangollen.

Their first appearance at Llangollen, about the year 1778, was novel in the extreme. Lady Eleanor, who approached the age of 40, was still young-looking and blooming; Mary Carryl was attired as a servant, always dutiful and obedient, while Miss Ponsonby appeared in the guise of a footman with top-boots and buckskin breeches.

Miss Seward the English authoress and poet, the friend of Dr. Johnson and Sir W. Scott, speaks of these curiosities of Llangollen about the end of the eighteenth century: "Never shall I forget the first burst yesterday upon entering the drawing-room, to find the dear antediluvian darlings attired for dinner in the same manified dress; both ladies are highly accomplished, particularly acquainted with the events of their own day. Lady Eleanor expresses herself on almost any subject with equal fluency, energy, and gracefulness. Both the ladies read a great deal, speak several languages, and are great admirers of the Italian poets.

Mr. Charles Mathews, the come-

dian, having first seen them in the Oswestry theatre, and at a dinner party at Porkington, describes them —"Oh, such curiosities; I was nearly convulsed, and could scarcely get on for the first ten minutes after my eye caught them. As they are seated, there is not one point to distinguish them from men, the dressing and powdering of the hair, their well-starched neckcloths, and the upper parts of their habits, which they always wear even at a dinner party, are made precisely like men's coats, and regular black beaver hats."

At first the villagers were much shocked at their behavior, and there were a good many opinions concerning them, but they soon became understood, and once they had understood them they learnt to respect and admire them, for their kindness and charity to the poor won their love.

In all their domestic arrangements they were thrifty and remarkably industrious; their place was a model of neatness and careful management. Besides their servant, Mary, they kept each a lady's maid; they also employed constantly a carpenter, a cowman, and a man of all work, and every inch of the ground was made productive, as well as pleasing to the eye.

Among the distinguished personages who visited the ladies at their charming retreat, may be mentioned the Duke of Wellington and Sir Walter Scott. The Duke was at Plas Newydd a few weeks after he had been created a Duke, and a year before the great Battle of Waterloo. The place where he lunched with the ladies is now called the Wellington Garden, and a record of the event was placed on an oak mantelpiece, the ladies placing their initials over the fireplace in the oak-room thus:

E. B. S. P. 1814.

Sir Walter Scott saw Plas Newydd in the year 1825, and describes the scene in a letter to his daughter.

In religion they were Protestants, and were deeply attached to the Church of England, but were perfectly liberal in matters of religion as in all others. They never interfered with the religion of their servants, believing that the realm of conscience to be the domain of the Almighty alone. On their way to church on Sunday, they acted religion in distributing sixpenny pieces to deserving poor, and they were at all times kind and sympathetic with the afflicted.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

By Rev. Howell Davies, of South Portland, Me.

This is a favorite book of mine and belongs to the inner circle of my literary friendships. I first became acquainted with it in my Puritan boyhood home, where it occupied an honored place along with the Bible, Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Longfellow and "Uncle Tom's Cabin on the modest bookshelf. Being profusely illustrated, it appealed to my boyish imagination and awakened in me an admiration for Christian, the hero of the book. Thus, seated at the kitchen table by candle-light, many a pleasant hour was spent pouring over the daring exploits of Christian in his pilgrimage to the Celestial City. And with the passage of the years our acquaintance, formed so early in life, has ripened into an ideal friendship. Nothing can separate us now, not even the latest popular novel or the newest theology. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" will probably live on when these are forgotten. At any rate, it shall have a warm place in my heart, especially during the cold winter evenings when one is compelled to spend much of his time indoors browsing among his books, the silent home companions of his leisure hours. So, entering the study the other night, I scanned the books to see if my old friend, "The Pilgrim's Progress," was there, and was delighted to find it on the third shelf, somewhat the worse for wear, hemmed in tightly by its neighbors. A little pressure of my hand, however, lifted it out of its snug quarters, and I began to read. The book still retains its old-time charm. In fact, it is more interesting to me now, because my experience in the Christian life furnishes me with a key to the interpretation of its hidden meaning; not always, perhaps, that which was intended by Bunyan (for he had a very subtle mind), but that which, on the whole, satisfies me. His characters are as real as flesh and blood can make them and as true to life. Herein he differs from Dickens, whose characters are often spoken of as merely caricatures. And, be it remembered that Bunyan had exceptional opportunities for the study of human nature, first as a traveling tinker, then as a soldier in Cromwell's army, still later as a prisoner in Bedford jail, and last of all as a Baptist preacher. His religion, as you will readily see, was not that of cloister so much as the military camp. He carried his Bible in his knapsack and his Christian faith into the battlefield, which made the forces of Cromwell invincible.

Bunyan's conception of the Christian life is largely influenced by his military experiences. The Christian life is a warfare all the way from the City of Destruction through the Slough of Despond, up the Hill of

Difficulty, down into the Valleys of Humiliation, and of the Shadow of Death, through Vanity Fair and across the River of Death to the Gate of the Celestial City. From the stress of conflict, however, there were intervals of rest and refreshment, as at the Cross where Bunyan's burden of sin rolled away, and again at the Palace Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains and the Land of Beulah. Some of the characters of Bunyan, or rather their successors, are living among us to-day. We meet them in the daily walks of life, in business, in politics, in the home and in our churches. There are Pliable and Obstinate. They started out on the pilgrimage with a good deal of enthusiasm, but they had not gone far when they came to the Slough of Despond—and (sad to relate) fell into it. What the Slough of Despond means I do not precisely know. Perhaps they were depressed in spirits after the fatigue of the day's journey, or that they had dark forebodings of the future, or it may have been that they grieved over the loss of dear ones whom they left behind in the City of Destruction. But if the meaning is somewhat obscure, there is no doubt of the disastrous effect of the Slough of Despond upon them.

Their religious ardor was completely quenched. So wading back to the shore they lost no time in retracing their steps to the doomed city. Despondency has nipped in the bud many a promising Christian, like Pliable and Obstinate. In the presence of difficulties their enthusiasm soon exhausts itself, like a thorn bush all aflame. It makes a loud crackling noise but it usually ends in smoke. Talkative is another creation of the fertile brain of Bunyan. In it he displays a keen sense of humor—a quality in which the Puritans are supposed to be lacking—and also a penetration into the hidden motives governing human conduct. Talkative is a well informed man and a very entertaining speaker. He can discourse of things heavenly and things earthly, of things moral and things evangelical, of things present and things to come, of things sacred and things profane, of things abroad and things at home, of things essential and things circumstantial. In fact, he is a walking encyclopedia. He has lots of religion, but it is in the head rather than in the heart.

Poor Faithful was delighted with the volubility of Talkative and wished to have him as a companion for the rest of the pilgrimage. But if he could deceive unsuspecting Faithful, he could not blind the eyes of wary Christian as to his true character. Christian knew a good deal about him, more than the latter ever suspected. He knew, or at least had heard, that Talkative had a bad reputation in the neighborhood he lived. It was said of him that he was a saint abroad and a devil at home. But Christian did not depend wholly on hearsay, as that sometimes is misleading and fatal to the reputation of

many an otherwise good man. So he put a few test questions to Talkative bearing upon Christian experience; for he knew the moral weakness of the man. Had he attempted to discuss questions of speculative theology with him he would have been quickly silenced by Talkative's superior knowledge and eloquence. So he limited himself to one or two questions on experimental religion. Failing to get a satisfactory answer from Talkative he then called his attention to the evidences of a work of grace in the heart, i. e., (1) a confession of faith in Christ and (2) a life answerable to the confession. Talkative could stand it no longer. Christian was too pious for a man of his intellectual ability, pleasing manners and loose morals. So the conversation ended abruptly and Talkative went on his way alone—only to make his appearance later in our modern society.

Another interesting character is Worldly Wiseman. Being a moral philosopher and, in his own estimation, a man of unquestioned character, he thinks that Christian is in need of a little advice from him as to the disposal of the heavy pack on his back, symbolizing his conviction of sin. It will save him a good deal of trouble in the future. So Worldly Wiseman directs him to go to the house of Legality, "a very judicious man and a man of very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine is from thy shoulders; yea, he hath done a great deal of good this way; aye, and besides he hath skill to cure those who are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens."

Christian yielded to the entreaties of his counselor and proceeded at once to the home of Legality, which stood on a hill, so high and precipitous that Christian was filled with fear and gave up the attempt. Fortunately Evangelist was in the immediate neighborhood at the time and came to the rescue of Christian. Worldly Wiseman is abroad in the land to-day; always ready with his advice to pilgrims of the narrow way. I met him some time ago in Pennsylvania. A poor drunkard had suddenly reformed and soon afterwards he died. Said Mr. Worldly Wiseman, "What a pity he did not break off the habit gradually. His sudden reformation was more than he could stand. It shocked his nervous system and killed him. Terrible reaction after a life of dissipation." Turning aside for a moment from the study of human characters, let us take a look at Apollyon, the arch fiend, who covered himself with inglorious defeat in the Valley of Humiliation. In another place Bunyan has pictured Satan as an angel of light, deceiving even the elect, but here he describes him in his true colors, as subtle as a serpent, as ugly as sin, and as cruel as the grave. But for his wings, one might imagine that he was evolved from the brute creation. "The monster was hideous to behold," says Bunyan, "he was clothed with scales like a fish, and

they are his pride; he had wings like a dragon and feet like a bear; and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion." Probably Bunyan had in mind the Scriptural representation of the devil, "who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." And many a pilgrim has met with defeat and disgrace in the Valley of Humiliation. It is a valley of the dry bones of defeated saints. Mistaking the loud imprecations of Satan for true courage, they have fallen easy victims for his prey.

Pre-eminent among the characters of Bunyan stands Christian, the hero of many a well fought battle. Nobody would ever claim him as a perfectionist, except as an ideal. Like the rest of us he had his weaknesses, which exposed him to fierce temptations; with despondency as in the Slough of Despond; with sensuality as in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; with doubt as in the dungeon of Giant Despair; with sloth, as when he slept too long in the arbor on the side of the Hill of Difficulty; with instability, as when he was lured away from the narrow path to go to Doubting Castle. But with all his faults we love him still. They belong for the most part to the earlier stages of the pilgrimage. He gained strength as he went along. One by one his temptations were overcome. He did not linger long in the Slough of Despond. With a thrust of his sword he defeated the devil in the Valley of Humiliation, and in answer to his "All Prayer" there appeared a heavenly light in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Even Giant Despair could not hold him long in his dungeon, for Bunyan had in his possession a key that would unlock the gate. Reaching Immanuel's Land he leaves most of his troubles behind him, to warn pilgrims of the dangers of the narrow way and to inspire them with hope of victory over self, sin and the grave. After leaving the Delectable Mountains we find Christian in Beulah Land, where two Shining Ones had come to comfort him and escort him to the Celestial City. But one more struggle and the warfare is over. This time it is with death. Before he can enter the gate of the Celestial City he must needs wade through the river of death. Fortunately for Christian, he had Hopeful for a companion, who tried to cheer him in the midst of the river. Sinking deeper and deeper, Christian thought it was all over with him, and he, too, within sight of the Eternal City, when suddenly there flashed into his mind a gracious promise from the Word of God which he had stored up in his memory long ago: "When thou goest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." His fear now left him and soon he reached the shining shore, victorious over sin and the grave. Accompanied by the heavenly escort he quickly ascended the lofty hill on which stood the Celestial City and presented his parchment roll or certificate of admission. The gate opened to him and he received a con-

queror's welcome. The bells of the city sang again for joy that it was said unto him, "Enter ye into the joy of the Lord." So Hopeful and Christian entered the city and were immediately transfigured.

At the Poorhouse Door.

By Nancy Hazlip.

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"I don't see why you would name a girl child Jessica—you might 'a' known she'd grow up so prim and high headed and hateful no man in his senses 'd ever want to marry her, and, land knows, women that don't marry have a hard time," Grandma Cole said to her son's meek widow.

Mrs. Cole answered a little tremulously. "But, mother, they do want to marry her. Jessy might 'a' had four proposals last year, if only she'd 'a' gone and let the men speak out."

"And who were the men, I'd like to know?" Grandma puffed, her throat swelling visibly. "Widderwers with nine children, or else one foot in the grave, or cranky old bachelors, or maybe even preachers. Besides, how can you know even a preacher wants to marry you unless he ups and says so? I never did hold with this way of makin' out every man that went to a house or even rode past it had a notion of goin' there courtin'."

She paused in breathless triumph. If Mrs. Lem Cole had been wise she would have held her peace. Grandma bore controverting very ill indeed, and to prove her in the wrong was to risk everything. Mrs. Lem knew that very well, but a goaded woman is often a desperate one. Therefore she burst out: "Well; Three of them—and there weren't widowers nor preachers, but real good chances—asked me to ask Jessy if she'd listen to 'em. And the other one"—

"There wasn't any other one. Maria, I don't believe one word you're sayin'." Grandma broke out furiously. "Four proposals indeed! Why, Ann 'Liza didn't have but three in the whole of last year and the beaus around her all the time like bees around a honey pot."

"The other one was Jimmy Wakefield. And he wouldn't be stopped. Just up and asked Jessy like a man," Mrs. Lem said, not meekly, but with such red spots in her cheeks she looked almost as young as her daughter.

"Get out of here, you!" Grandma panted. "Jimmy Wakefield, indeed! Why he's never had a notion to anybody but Ann 'Liza. And she's goin' to take him, too, when she gets good and ready. Don't you dare talk of him wantin' that stick of a Jessy. If I thought there was any truth in

what you've said I'd send you straight out of the house."

"Then we'll go without waiting to be sent." Jessy burst out from the doorway. She had been standing just outside, feeling somehow that her dear patient mother might need her help and countenance. "I don't like to tell, to say such things," she went on, "but mammy told the truth, nothing but the truth. And she shan't stay here to be insulted. Unless you ask her pardon we'll go away."

"Where? To the county poorhouse? I don't know any other chance for ye," Grandma said, white faced, her eyes flashing.

She was an imperious old lady, nobly partial to her namesake and favorite grandchild. Ann Eliza Wicks, partly because Ann Eliza was pretty and taking and impertinent, partly also because she had money enough of her own to be entirely independent.

Grandfather Cole had left everything to his wife. She held on to it with a grip of iron. All her five children had prospered except luckless Lemuel. He had left wife and daughter little except his ill luck. It had followed them so throughout the three years since his death they had at last been forced to accept the shelter Grandma had grudgingly offered.

"Teach school! You know I won't have that," grandma had said to Jessy's plan. "No, missy, I'll marry you off in a year. Then you can take your mother home with you. Remember beggars mustn't be choosers. You ain't quite a beggar. You'll get something when I die, of course. But I ain't going to see my husband's money wasted as long as I can help it, even if I had any to spare, which I haven't. It costs such a lot to do things. Why, just even half livin' nearly bankrupts me. And 'Liza has to have things. She's got a delicate appetite, and so notionate. She can afford to be, because she can keep on havin' what she wants when she comes to spendin' her own money. You've got no money to spend, so you'd better learn economy every way."

Jessy had been for going away then, but her mother's timorous fears had prevailed on her to stay. Jessy was not strictly pretty. Her eyes were too serious, her lips too severe. She had a good chin, fine and clean cut, and a lovely neck below it. Her hair was flaxen, her eyes a water blue.

Ann Eliza had black eyes and hair and very high color. Grandma thought her the prettiest creature in the world. She likewise thought Jessica hardly passable. But now as she faced her grandchild she saw a Jessica new and strange, one whose cheeks were damask roses.

The change startled her. She turned half about, saying in a grumbling voice: "Maria, you oughtn't to provoke me so. Go out in the garden. I'm comin' pretty shortly. And you, Jessy, tell the boy to bring round the buggy. I want you and Ann 'Liza to drive over to the store for me."

"Im sorry, but I can't go," Jessy

said, holding tight to her mother's hand. I shall be busy—packing up and finding out how we can best get away."

"Oh, shut up! Stop your foolish talk!" grandma commanded fretfully.

Ann Eliza came in from the garden, both her hands full of dewy roses. "Here! Take these and fix the parlor vases," she commanded Jessica.

Jessica shook her head and turned toward the door. Grandma had weakened sensibly; she was on the point of mumbling out an apology. But as Ann Eliza cried pettishly, "I wish you'd look at that; I told you what would come of setting beggars on horseback!" her anger flamed up hotter than ever.

"You do as you're told," she cried, catching Jessica by the shoulders and trying to shake her. "You say you want to work for a livin'; prove it by waitin' on your betters."

Jessica set her teeth hard, broke from the quavery hold and rushed away. At the steps she stopped, smiled bitterly and shook the dust from her feet. Over her shoulder she called clearly, "Mother, meet me at the big gate in an hour; by then I shall know exactly what we can do."

Ten minutes later she stood in the Wakefield yard facing Jimmy, with her heart beating so it half suffocated her. She had so dreaded to tell what must be told—to ask the help that was imperative. It was not much, only to carry her mother and their scant belongings to the poorhouse. Any shelter would be better than the Cole roof. There was nobody else she could ask. Jimmy was the only friend within walking distance—moreover, the single person to whom she could bring herself to make such appeal. She was, in a way, bound to make it. She had promised, when she denied him that dearer promise, to call on him if she found herself in need of him. Now she was blessing him silently that he had not asked anything; had listened only to what she cared to tell and said afterward, with a little soothing touch on her hand: "You did right to come to me, Jessy. Of course I'll take you anywhere you may want to go."

"You, you must only send us. Black Billy can take us in the wagon. Grandma will be so angry if she knows you helped us escape," Jessica had answered, but at that Jimmy olny smiled.

Very shortly he made her sit down on the bench under the big elm and went away whistling, to reappear, all in a whiffet, driving a spanking pair, which drew a double seated vehicle spick and span.

"I think we'd better make the trip a quick one," was all he said in answer to Jessy's expostulation.

Almost before she knew it she was sitting beside him, bowling along the turnpike at the team's best pace. As quickly her mother was gathered up, and, the hand luggage properly bestowed, Jimmy amazed Jessy by bidding her sit behind, adding, "I want to talk to mammy—and these horses dont' let me turn my head for any considerable time."

Jessy began to feel desperately lonely—she could not even divert herself by watching the dazzle of the flying spokes as the wheels spun round. Jimmy was driving very fast, and keeping to the turnpike. It must be he meant to take them through town—that, no doubt, accounted for his choice of a rig. She knew he hated a shabby outfit—especially upon Saturdays and court days. It might be he had business that could not wait—but somehow she felt that he was unkind to think of anything but her extremity. Then she sank into a sort of daze, wondering dully how it would seem to find herself a pauper, duly committed. She had not thought of that before—of course there were legal forms before they could claim the last refuge of the destitute, and would not the authorities get back at grandma? She had a dim idea that well to do folk had to answer for their near kin.

No doubt that was what Jimmy was speaking about—he was talking low and eagerly to mamma. Yes, he was turning the horses toward the court house square. In a wink they drew up there, and Jimmy, springing down, held out his arms to her. "You know there are—arrangements—will you trust me to make them?" he asked very low.

Jessica could only bow her head; speech was beyond her. Jimmy looked at her, his eyes tender, yet mischievous. "I want to commit you for life to a poorhouse of which I am keeper," he whispered. "Mamma is willing. What do you say?"

"Nothing," Jessica said, but as she said it she laid her hand in Jimmy's strong clasp, and dropped her long lashed lids to veil a rush of happy tears.

THE FIRST EASTER MORNING.

"The seed is the word of God,"
And the Word is God's dear own;
So the seed one Friday noon
In a garden by Him was sown;
And there it remained at rest,
Alone in that dark, dismal tomb,
Till dawn of Easter morn
With its sunshine scattered its gloom.

His grave was the only place
Where He rested His aches away;
He slept on a stormy sea
But they woke Him then in dismay;
Friends laid Him weary and worn
As a victim beneath the sod,
But He rose on Easter morn
A weariless, infinite God.

Pittston, Pa.

The soldiers of Caesar watched
At His grave with spear and sword,
But angels hushed them to sleep,
And guarded the tomb of their Lord;
And when the first Easter morn
Did usher the world's brightest day,
They heard Him stirring within,
And rolled the great stone away.

There's a grave in the garden, friend,
Where the choicest of flowers bloom;
The pleasantest path, my friend,
Will take you, like Him, to a tomb;
But on the first Easter morn [bar,
Christ moved from within its strong
And its sting ever since we scorn,
For its portals He left ajar.

J. V. STEPHENS.

Old Welsh Homes.

Wales is rich in relics of past ages, not the least interesting of which are the old families whose unfortunate descendants are compelled to seek a livelihood in a more or less humble calling. Many push their fortunes abroad in the colonies, but a luckier star may preside over the destiny of others, which decrees that they dwell in the house of their fathers, albeit much reduced and bereft of its glory.

A case in point is Llanwddan, an old thatch roofed house in the village of that name; a picturesque cluster of cottages near Colwyn Bay. The house dates from at least the time of Charles II., and was for many generations the residence of a family named Salusbury.

One of them named William Salusbury added much to the historical associations of the family by translating the Bible into Welsh. Ill-fortune, however, followed later, the whole of the estate, some four hundred acres of land, passed out of their hands, little by little, involving the family in ruin. The house, a few ancient deeds and a coat-of-arms, are all that are left, even the family name has disappeared.

A short description of the house and its environment will be interesting. There is no noble feature of architecture to mark it from other thatched cottages: sparrows find a home in its weather-worn walls and roof, and year after year rear their brood. But there is charm about its rugged gables, which its modern window frames and door can scarce dispel. Within, save for a few slight changes, there has been no alteration in its original architecture. Its axe hewn beams, its foot-worn flags and massive fireplace have weathered the innovating influence of advancing years. A coat-of-arms hangs on the wall in strange contrast to its homely surroundings. The family also possess certain ancient deeds concerning family affairs, with stamps and seals appended, but with the quaint old English writing almost illegible with age. The oldest deed was drawn up in the reign of Charles II., another in 1700, and another in 1735.

The house contains eight rooms, some of them very small, mere cupboards in fact. A secret chamber of small dimensions built in the chimney is now used as a storeroom for fruit. Originally, it was doubtless intended for a far different purpose.

Recently members of the Baptist communion met here for worship until the chapel which now stands in the village was built.

The environment of the house is picturesque and pleasing. It stands by the roadside, but away from the main street. A brook of clear water runs by, not many yards from the door, where children on their way from school stop to fish for minnows and play at sailing ships.

Misfortune has reduced its pride, but has not robbed it of its human interest. It stands conspicuous from modern dwellings; a link with the past. Strangers may glance and pass it by without a thought of the interest that lurks around; of men who lived and strove and passed away.

BLODAU CUDD AR FAES AWEN, gan y Parch. G. Penar Griffiths, Pentre, Abertawe: Dolgellau, Hughes a'i Fab, Swyddfa'r Dysgedydd.

This little volume furnishes sketches and choice pieces out of the works of the less known poetical writers of Wales. The names he brings forward are more or less old-fashioned rhymesers who have succeeded in producing some very creditable and entertaining poems, some of them of national interest. They were sons of nature simple in their rhymes, but tender and pathetic in their unpretentious poems. Mr. Griffiths has succeeded in making an interesting collection of this class of poetical writers with brief selections out of their works. The short biographical sketches and choice extracts make the volume very entertaining and reminiscent. Old disappearing memories are revived, and in this beautiful book the dead are raised again in incorruption. There is nothing in any language more tender and pathetic that some of these songs which came out of the hearts of their writers.

COFIANT MRS. FANNY JONES, gweddw y diweddar Barch. John Jones, Talysarn gan O. Llew Owain, Talysarn, gyda rhagdraeth gan y Parch. O. G. Owen (Alafon), Caernarfon: Argraffwyd gan Gwmni y Cyhoeddwyr Cymreig.

The beautiful biography of Mrs. Fanny Jones, widow of the Rev. John Jones of Talysarn, who in his days was a widely known preacher in Wales, was in competition at the Eisteddfod held at Talysarn, May 24, 1906, for which Mr. Owain was awarded a prize of $5. The subject given out ran as follows: The Life, Character and Influence of the Late Mrs. Fanny Jones, of Talysarn." Four biographies were received, and the one which now appears in book form was adjudged the best. In the award, the adjudicator said that the biography was worthy of one of the best women that the Principality ever produced. It was thought fit to have the biography published, and it deserves a wide circulation. There is no doubt but it will be welcomed by a wide circle of Welsh readers who have known of her celebrated husband, and of those who were acquainted with Mrs. Jones and her relation with religion in Wales. In his Preface, the author states that he had several facts and incidents pertaining to Mrs. Jones's life from far and near, but that he was chiefly indebted to his own mother who was intimately acquainted with the subject of the biography from childhood. The book is divided into the following chapters: Introduction; Who she was; The coming of John Jones to Talysarn; The kind of woman she was: As a mother; Her character; Her qualities;! Her kindheartedness and tenderness; Her piety; The influence of her life in the neighborhood; Her death and burial. A striking illustration of her goodheartedness is given. She was a thorough teacher in her home, and she was never fearful of the future of those she had grounded in the principles of Chris-

tian life. She used to call the young children into her home to teach them lessons out of the Bible, and put them to read out of the Scripture when she would expound it to them. The following is a verse she taught to the boys and girls who visited her home:

Cod yn y boreu,
A meddwl am fyw,
Dyro ddwfr ar dy wyneb
Fe fendi dy liw;
Dwed dy bader,
Cyn profi dy fwyd,
Rhag ofn i'r hen Satan
Dy ddal gyda'i rwyd.

"Y Drysorfa" in its March number takes up the latest excitement in the theological world in Wales, viz. the New Theology as expounded by the Rev. R. J. Campbell in his pulpit in the City Temple London, and on the lecture platform. The Welsh people take such absorbing interest in theology and religious affairs, that an attack such as Campbell's is, on the orthodox theology, could not be let to pass without a good sound outcry from pulpit and press. It seems nevertheless, that a good number of Welsh theologians are silent and wary because many of Campbell's declarations are ambiguous: new, but not essentially subversive of the old opinions. Many of the arguments contra are merely the bandying of words. After his promised book shall have been published, we may be able to express ourselves more definite and positively on his teachings. There is much cry hitherto but little wool. We think that it is a mistake to disparage a man merely for the reason that he differs from the old way.

"The Nationalist" is a new non-political magazine for Wales. In its preface to the reader it says: "Nationalism is wider than sect and deeper than party. This magazine directly and specially aims at fostering among the Welsh people of all sects and all parties a true national spirit. It will encourage the study of the language and literature of the Welsh people, and will promote the development and extension of the educational system of Wales on national lines." "The Nationalist" strikes at the greatest obstacle to the avancement of nationalism in the Principality. Sect and denomination and religious sectionalism is dear to the heart of the Welshman, for he has been fed on it for ages. The contents of "The Nationalist" are: Our Point of View, Comments on the Questions of the Day; Celtic Notes; the Founder of the Royal Literary Fund; the Romance of Picture Buying; Review of Books; Translations from Victor Hugo; Bygones. There is a wide opening in Wales for good magazines in the English language for old and young; but to thrive they should pay especial attention to the best interests of the Welsh people. "The Nationalist" in its first number strikes the right keynote. It is published at the Empire Book Depot, 1a, Frederick St. (off Queen St.), Cardiff, S. W. Price threepence.

The Monthly Treasury: A summary of its contents for March is as follows: A Parish, A Point and a Power; Prayer; A Nocturn of Heroes, or a Student's Experience; Some of the Beauty-Spots of Wales; The Cradle of Genius; The Sweetness of Work, Table Talk and Chats with Little Ones. "A Small Seed and a Great Fruit" is an interesting article describing briefly the origin and growth of the Y. M. C. A. founded by Sir George Williams. He was born on a farm, in Somersetshire, in 1821, where he spent 13 years of his life. He left home in 1835, and spent six years at Bridgewater in a drap-

er's shop. He went there a careless, godless, and a swearing young fellow, but he became a very good Christian and a well-known leading benefactor of his age. He was called "the ideal Christian layman." He died in 1906. He spent 65 years in London, and died in the 85th year of his age. He was knighted by Victoria.

The Frontispiece to March "Cymru" is a picture of Dic Shon Dafydd, our national Welsh apostate, returning home after sojourning a short time in London, during which period he lost his native tongue. He has been so metamorphosed or rather transmogrified that his old acquaintance the gander is suspicious of his appearance. When his old mother accosts him in the old Kymraeg, he expostulates impatiently, "Tim Cymraeg! Hold your bother, mother, you can't speak to me!" Dic is the bete noir of the Welsh wit, for there is no one so ridiculous in the eye of the patriotic Welshman than Taffy turned Johnnie Bull. Among the articles and papers on a variety of subjects are A Continuation of the History of Wales; Dr. Joseph Parry; the Religion of Dafydd Jones, of Trefriw; the Opinions of Robert Owen on Religion; Robert Kyffin; the Poets of Cardigan; Books and Authors, &c.

The advance sheets of Arthur L. Linn's new book, "Prince or Madman?" now in the press, indicate that it will meet the popular demand for works of fiction wherein the reader finds "something doing" from start to finish. The story gives the adventures of a party of Americans in Germany during the summer of 1903. As one enthusiastic reviewer of the MS. said, referring to future readers of the book, "This will keep them awake!"

WHEN THE BIRDS COME NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds come North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's vein turns crimson—
And the birds come North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds come North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds come North again.

—Ella Higginson In Every Other Sunday.

Dyfed has written twenty-four englynion against the new theology.

In the churchyard of St. David's Cathedral there is a tombstone in a state of good preservation which bears the date of 1100.

A new edition of the Welsh Bible is at present in course of preparation at the Oxford University Press.

Both Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Reginald M'Kenna—the two Welsh Cabinet Ministers—were born in 1863.

The only bishop, Anglican or Roman Catholic, who issues his pastorals simultaneously in English and Welsh is Bishop Mostyn.

An epitaph put up seventy years ago at Llantrithyd says: "She was the youngest daughter and thirty-sixth child of the late Benjamin Howell, Esq., in this county."

Cardiff has a public house to something like 900 of the population. Aberayron, a midget town on the Cardiganshire coast, has a public house to every 78 of the population.

Dr. John Rhys, principal of Jesus College, has accepted an invitation to represent the University of Oxford at the opening in April of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.

Welsh barristers have been in luck's way during the past twelve months. Three have been made county-court judges, a fourth has been made chairman, and a fifth a member of a Royal Commission, and a sixth, already promoted, has been sent to Hong Kong as Attorney General.

Welshmen play a prominent part in Colonial life and it is not surprising to see familiar place-names duplicated. Dr. J. Bufton, a Welshman who occupies a large place in Tasmanian life, tells us that there are several Welsh place-names in Tasmania, e. g., Swansea, Carnarvon, Pembroke, Glamorgan, &c. Swansea is one of the oldest towns on the East Coast.

Mr. Glyn Davies the custodian of the Welsh Library at Aberystwyth, is a grandson of the famous preacher, John Jones, Talysarn. Mr. Davies was for some years a pupil of Kuno Meyer at Liverpool University College. He is a good angler and yachtsman, and as a result of a few years' sojourn in New Zealand has a fair knowledge of the Maori language.

Some doubt as to the composer of the Welsh hymn-tune, "Caersalem," is set at rest in a recent "Cerddor." The famous tune was the work of Robert Edwards, who "started the singing" in the Bedford Street Chapel in Liverpool for many years, and afterwards in the Princes Road Chapel. Forty-seven years ago a presentation was made to Mr. Edwards and a con-

temporary report of the speeches made on that occasion shows conclusively that he was the composer of "Caersalem."

The old mansion of Ucheldre, Anglesey, has just been sold to the Roman Catholics, and it is stated that it is to be converted into a monastery. It was in the yard of Ucheldre that Mr. Evan Roberts conducted some of his services in connection with his Anglesey mission, and that the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached when on his way to Ireland.

Sir Frederick Bridge is an admirer of Welsh singing. "It is a fact," he once said in a lecture, "that the modern vocalist and instrumentalist are shocking sight-readers." "What about Wales?" someone in the audience called out. To this, says "P. T. O.," Sir Frederick mader eply. "The Welsh have marvellous singing; they not only breathe together, but I believe they wink together."

Miss Gwynneth Bowen, the four-year old mayoress of Cardigan, was born on July 14, 1902. She is a charming child and advanced for her age, and appears to be already fully alive to the duties of her exalted position. It is owing to the regrettable death of her mother, the wife of Mr. Evan Bowen, the mayor-elect, in 1904 that little Miss Bowen finds herself a mayoress at an age when she still plays with her dolls without loss of dignity. Mrs. Bowen was a daughter of the late Mr. Evan Thomas chemist, Newport, Mon.

Fewer Welshmen follow the sea nowadays than was the case twenty or thirty years ago. This is particularly the case in Cardigan and North Pembroke, districts long celebrated for the excellent mariners they produce. Twenty years ago the majority of the boys at places like Aberayron, Aberporth, Llanon, St. Dogmells, and Newport took to the sea as a matter of course, but this is not the case at present.

Dr. Macnamara has been surreptitiously learning Welsh. When the National Union of Teachers' executive met recently to receive the doctor's resignation and to fill him up with congratulations on his inclusion in the ministry, Mr. Tom John concluded his speech with "Ti wyddost beth ddywed fy nghalon" ("Thou knowest what my heart sayeth"). When Dr. Macnamara was making his speech in reply he turned to Mr. John and said: "Pob llwyddiant i'r Cymry" ("All success to the Welshmen").

The Feis Ceoil Association has just issued the syllabus for the eleventh musical festival, to be held in Dublin next May. There will be choral competions, competitions for large and small string orchestras, and competitions for ensemble and solo, vocal and instrumental work. Amongst the adjudicators will be Mr. Ivor Aikins, Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan, Prof. Hans Wessely, and Mr. Oscar Beranger.

It is related at Swansea just now that a late Swansea alderman was the only man who ever managed to put the late Mr. Whiteley, the Universal Provider, "into a corner" when asked to supply an article. He inquired whether every sort of refreshment was to be had on the premises, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative said, "Then please give me a pound of laverbread." The proprietor and the staff had to confess not merely their lack of the article, but their ignorance of its substance, nature, and quality.

Penllwyn Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, Aberystwyth, founded in 1790, boasts several quaint charities, which are set out in an illuminated scroll that hangs in the vestry. One is a sum of 220p. left in 1809 by "Lewis

Jones, Cacaubach, Cwmrheidiol," partly to be expended "in the purchase of oatmeal to be distributed to the various poor families on St. Stephen's Day." Richard Jones, of Fronsaint, Parcel Canol, has also left 150p., the yearly interest is to be spent teaching poor children, and also in oatmeal to be distributed on Christmas Eve, and, "if any surplus remains after paying for the oatmeal, it is to be laid out in the purchase of mutton, to be distributed in like manner."

Sir Marchant Williams is about to publish a volume of Welsh poems, bearing the title, "Odlau Serch a Bywyd." It sounds more musical in English—"Lyrics of Love and Life." Sir Marchant is the first Welsh knight for more than two centuries who has made an extensive use of the Welsh language in literature. Other baronets and knights, however, have been able to speak the language in quite modern times, as the late Sir Thomas Lloyd, Bronwydd, and the present baronet, Sir Marteine Lloyd: the late Sir Love Jones-Parry, Sir John Jones Jenkins (now Lord Glantawe), Sir Watkin Wynn, Sir Pryse-Pryse, of Gogerddan, and many others.

Mr. Thomas J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Allow me to say that during the last few years "The Cambrian" has been very considerably improved both in appearance and matter. I have always regarded the "Drych" as being a good Welsh newspaper, one of the most noteworthy things about which is the correctness and purity of the Welsh therein used. —W. H. Jones, lawyer, 4th Nat'l Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

The three best hated men at the time of the Revolution of 1688 were James II., Jeffreys and Williams. Williams is the least known of the trio. As apostate Solicitor General, his services were retained by the Court for the prosecution of the seven bishops. Jeffreys and Williams were thus referred to in a contemporary ballad:

Both our Britons are fooled,
Who the laws over-ruled,
And next Parliament each will be plaguily schooled.

How far has Wales been pasquinaded by Landor and Green and other writers because of these two renegades?

The following is the "Hir a Thoddaid —Beddargraph" to be placed on -the tombstone of the late Mr. Robert Isaac Jones (Altud Eifion), who was associated with the late Rev. Dr. Silvan Evans in the publication of the old "Brython." It was the poem which was awarded the prize at Tremadog the other day, and is the work of Mr. Elizeus Williams (Eifion Wyn), of Portmadoc, the well-known lyric poet:

Hybarch hen oeswr, burwych hanesydd
A'r hawddaf, hynaf o feirdd Eifionydd;
Trist you a daenant trosof adenydd—
Cwsg awdwr eurddawn, cwsg wedi'r hirddydd,
Am dy ffawd a grym dy ffydd—erys son
Tra cyrau Eifion yn gartre crefydd.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Jan. 26—King Alfonso suspends the Spanish Parliament, and new elections on the State and Church issue are expected.—George A. Burnham, Jr., the convicted Mutual Reserve Insurance official, is taken to Sing Sing prison.—Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, clergyman and author, dies at Stockbridge, Mass.

Jan. 28—Some 200 lives are lost in a fire-damp explosion in a mine at St. Johann on Saar, Rhenish Prussia.—The Interstate Commerce Commission, in a report to Congress, severely denounces the business methods of the Standard Oil Company.

Jan. 30—The governor of the political prison in St. Petersburg is shot dead on the street. The assassin escapes.

Jan. 31—The so-called Theatrical Trust is indicted in New York for conspiracy in restrain of trade. Six managers are named in the indictments.—Grover Cleveland is elected chairman of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, at $25,000 per year salary.

Feb. 1—President Roosevelt expresses his hearty approval of all that Rear Admiral Davis did in the Kingston incident.—Mrs. Russell Sage announces a gift of $1,000,000 to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y.

Feb. 2—King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrive in Paris, traveling under the names of the Duke and Duches of Lancaster.

Feb. 3—The presence of the police alone prevents a riot at the Church of the Holy Apostles, Paris, where the "French Apostolic Church" is inaugurated with the aid of Archbishop Vilatte, head of the independent Catholic movement in the United States.

Feb. 4—Mrs. Russell Sage gives $1,000,000 to the Emma Willard School for Girls at Troy, N. Y.

Feb. 6—The German Government expects that from 187 to 210 of the 397 members in the new Reichstag will support its colonial policy.—A concession is signed for a national bank in Persia, which is to collect government revenues and pay all national expenditures—Admiral Nebogatoff, who surrenered his squadron to the Japanese, is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment by the Czar.

Feb. 7—John D. Rockefeller gives $32,000,000 to the General Education Board.—Viscount Goschen, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Admiralty in England, dies at his home.

Feb. 9—Thousands of prominent English women join in a great street demonstration in favor of woman suffrage.

Feb. 10—Charles Taft, Mayor of Kingston, dies from injuries sustained in the earthquake.—The Persian Assembly sends a virtual ultimatum to the Shah, demanding that he declare himself a constitutional monarch.

Feb. 12—The British Parliament is opened by King Edward, who proposes in a speech reform of the House of Lords and of Ireland's government. He also pays tribute to America for her assistance to the sufferers in the Kingston earthquake.—The Joy liner Larchmont and the schooner Harry Knowlton collide near Block Island, the former sinking with heavy loss of life.—Ex-Governor Frank W. Higgins, of New York, dies at his home in Olean.

Feb. 13—The President sends a message to Congress advocating laws to deal with the public land question.—Professor Brashear, of Allegheny Observatory, reports the appearance of the largest sunspot seen in years.

Feb. 14—General Kuropatkin's history of the Russo-Japanese War, which the Russian Government had confiscated, has been made accessible. It contains amazing revelations of the incapacity and inefficiency of those in charge of the preparations for and conduct of the campaigns.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

REV. ROBERT HUMPHREYS.

Sunday, February 17, 1907, religious services were held at the C. M. Church at Youngstown O., to install the Rev. Robert Humphreys as new pastor of the church. He came there from Johnstown, Pa., where he had labored successfully for years and had become highly respected by the people of that thriving town. Mr. Humphrey is a native of Llanfairfechan, Carnarvonshire, N. Wales, but he has been educated in this country, and he commenced to preach at Hebron Church, Chicago, under the direction of the Rev. John C. Jones, a preacher of much power. By reason of Mr. Humphreys' relation with Hebron, Mr. Jones was induced to participate in the installing services, when he preached with marked influence. A regular installing ceremony was held in the afternoon under the presidency of Mr. Jones, when several ministers and church officials took part to extend a cordial welcome to the new comer. In the evening session, the three Welsh churches of Youngstown met together in the M. C. building to unite in an effective meeting, when Mr. Jones preached in English.

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MRS ELEANOR FRANCIS.

Mrs. Eleanor Francis was born on a farm in the parish of Darowen, in the year 1827, and when 23 years old she met her future husband at Llanbrynmair, N. W., and they were soon married at Cemaes, Montgomeryshire: and in May, 1852, they left their native country for the United States. The ship that carried them over to New York was the "Britannia," and the journey took them five weeks.

After a rough passage they landed safe, whence they proceeded to Carbondale, Pa., reaching that town on the morning of the Fourth, where they wondered at the explosion of powder and the noisy celebration which they had never heard of before. There they remained for two years, Mr. Francis working in the coal mine, where he broke his arm. Soon they decided to leave the coal region migrating to La Crosse, Wis., preferring to farm and enjoy life above ground in the sunshine, for hitherto they had only been used to farm-life.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis, like many more who moved West at that time, went to Minnesota, where they had a world of trouble in clearing and building a home among the wild denizens of the Wild West. The country was new, in the completest sense, and to a people used to life in Wales was new in a wild sense. There was no chapel, no schoolhouse, no store, no grist-mill, no blacksmith shop, and no place where furniture could be had. So the settlers had to build their own furniture, bedsteads, etc., which must have given them a wide experience. "Our young people," writes Mrs. Francis, "what do they know of the endless trouble their parents had in settling in this country and building a home for themselves?"

Mrs. Francis lived through excited times, when the settlers lived in great fear of their lives, but she seems to believe that the Red Men had some-

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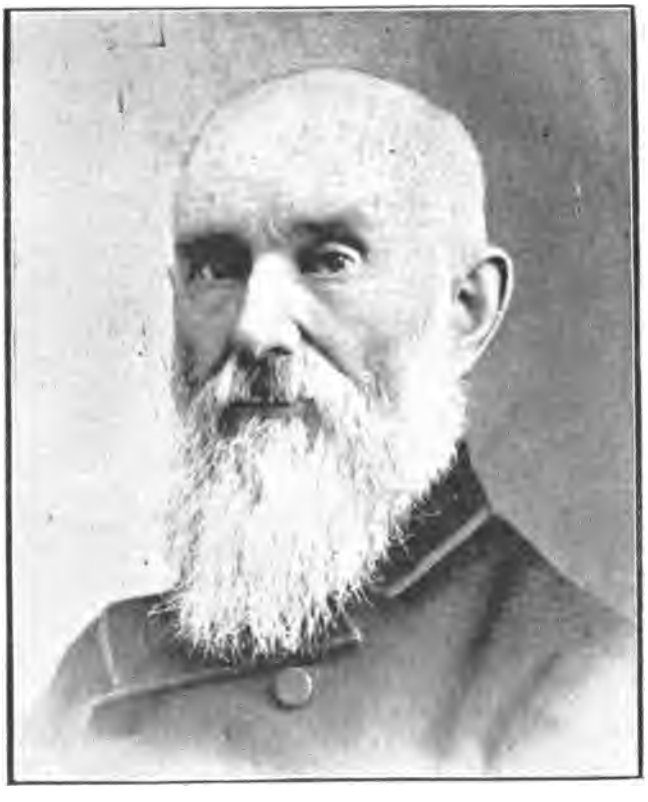
Mrs. Ellinor Francis.

Rev. Robert Humphreys

Rev. Thomas Howell Jones

Robert W. Hughes.



JOHN M. PRICE.

times cause to wreak their revenge on the white man by reason of his treachery and cruelty. They were often robbed and wronged beyond endurance. Many a time these Red Men would come to her home, and never hurt her, neither did she fear them. The Red Men knew their friends. Mrs. Francis later saw 40 hanged together at Mankato.

After 11 years there, they moved back to Bethel, La Crosse, and from that place to Dawn, Mo., then to Wales, Iowa, near Red Oak, where they resided for 25 years, and where the children were married and left the old home, and where Mr. Francis died in his 85th year, after a married life of 54 years.

They had a stormy life journey all through, but they had 12 children, of whom six survive; and the grandchildren number 40. Three sons are living on their farms at Carrol, Neb., and one son is in business, and one daughter lives at Red Oak. So Mrs. Francis is also nearing the end of her life-journey, in comfortable circumstances, but she mourns her old partner. She is now residing with her widowed daughter at Home City, Kas., and in her 80th year of her romantic career. She is a member of the Sunday School since she was a small child; because, she says, her mother used to carry her to Sunday School before she was able to walk. Mrs. Francis has also been a constant reader of the "Drych" since 1852. Mrs. Francis belongs to a large number of excellent Welsh women who deserve the greatest honor for their heroic worth.

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JOHN M. PRICE.

John M. Price, who departed this life at Kingsbridge, N. Y., February 5, 1907, was a native of Dowlais, Glamorganshire, S. W., where he was born April 8, 1828, the son of Thomas Price, a native of Brecon and Eleanor Tucker his wife a native of Gower, near Swansea, Glamorgan. John M. Price married Mary Roberts, of Tredegar, in Bedwellty Church, May 17, 1852. The same year they left their native country for the States, and Mr. Price being an expert ironworker, went to Danville, Pa., where he entered the employment of the firm of Waterman & Beaver, manufacturers of iron rails.

He made his home at Danville for 11 years, and became widely known as a singer and musician. He was a member of a quartet composed of John Abel Jones, William Burt, William Richards and John M. Price. They sang classical music, and were known over a wide section of the country.

It is stated that through the instrumentality of this small musical circle that the celebrated Dr. Joseph Parry, Mus. Doc., and the greatest musical composer Wales ever produced, was raised out of obscurity.

In 1854 Mr. Price met Joseph, when he was 13 years old, at Danville, at a choir rehearsal, where he sang alto. They were rehearsing "Teyrnasoedd y Ddaear" and other pieces for competition at an Eisteddfod the following Christmas. It was in 1856 that John Abel Jones came to Danville, and it was soon after that the above quartet was formed.

In 1857, a severe panic in the iron business was experienced, and the mill was consequently closed. John Abel Jones in the meantime organized a class to study sight-reading, and Joseph Parry joined this class, and soon became a good reader of music. Very soon, Parry wanted to study harmony, and he was referred to Mr. Price, the only Welshman able to meet the requirements. Mr. Price consented to take Parry and give him lessons, and the work they used was Marx's Musical Composition and Harmony. Young Parry being illiterate, it was difficult to get him grounded in the principles, but once he began to comprehend, he

made remarkable progress, and soon he showed a wonderful native genius for music and composition. He advanced so rapidly that Mr. Price had to study hard to keep pace with the lad. This was in 1858-59. Then he went away to a school of music in Genesee, N. Y., where Perkins, Cooke and Bassini were teachers. In 1860 Parry had charge of the music in the M. E. church, and he quickly rose to national eminence among the Welsh in this country and Wales.

In 1869 Mr. Price moved to Pottsville, in the same State, where he remained one year and in 1870 went to Syracuse, N. Y., to take charge as superintendent of the Delano Iron Works. In 1879 he moved to Kingsbridge, N. Y., where he ended his days, respected, honored and loved.

Mr. Price was no ordinary man. In his vocation as ironworker he invented machinery that materially facilitated iron working, and he also devised many useful improvements in mechanical appliances pertaining to mill work.

As a man, he was a good type of the trustful, industrious, provident and kindhearted Kymro, and in all his hard work connected with his daily business, he loved music and poetry and the elevating spirit of good literature. At home he never talked millwork and such, but of the mental pleasures he so loved, music, literature and books.

He leaves the following children: Thomas J., Danville, Pa.; John T., Kingsbridge, N. Y.; George T., Kingsbridge; Frank S., New York City: Mrs. Thomas G. Hoskins, Fordham; Miss Janet, Rome, N. Y.; Anna Price, Kingsbridge, N. Y. The mother died many years ago. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Margaret Jones, Hengoed, near Caerphilly, Glam., S. W. The late William Price of Eynon Street, Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa., was his brother. His remains were interred in the Odd Fellows Cemetery at Danville, Pa.

ROBERT W. HUGHES (Menaifardd).

Robert W. Hughes was born in the town of Carnarvon, N. W., in the year 1846. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hughes of Newborough Street, his mother being a native of Anglesea, and sister to the Rev. Hugh Roberts, city missionary, Liverpool, England.

Robert W. received his education in the British School of his native town, afterwards entering the office of R. Roger Williams, Bank Quay, Carnarvon, as clerk, where he remained for several years. About 31 years ago while in Carnarvon, he was married to Miss Ellen Williams, a native of that town, and about 4 years afterwards the couple immigrated to the United States, landing in New York. Mr. Hughes' first position here was as bookkeeper with the Atlas Steamship Co., the superintendent of which company being at that time the now late John Roberts. Upon the death of the latter Mr. Hughes entered into the employ of the late Lewis H. Williams, builder in the city. The death of Mr. Williams was the cause of another change in the career of our friend, and he entered the services of Auchincloss Bros., cotton agents in this city for J. P. Coates of England. He was not in this position long before the angel of death visited the place and took away Mr. Auchincloss the head of the firm, which necessitated another move on the part of Mr. Hughes. He was fortunate in getting a good position in the auditing department of the Delaware and Lackawanna R. R. Co., which position he retained 14 years, until his death, and where he was highly esteemed and respected by his superiors and associates.

In April, 1905, Mr. Hughes's health broke down and notwithstanding the best medical attendance and the loving care of his wife and nieces at his home here he failed to regain health,

and in June of the same year he and his wife sailed by the Campania for Wales, arriving eventually in Carnarvon, their native home.

After a short sojourn there, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes went to Rhyd-ddu, a small place at the foot of Snowdon, but even the brazing air of that charming locality for five weeks failed to impart strength to his constitution, and he was conveyed back to Carnarvon, where he died six weeks later in the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Jones, Asheton House. He was buried at Caeathraw, near Carnarvon, and the large gathering at his last resting place on earth told of the affection and respect all had for him. The Revs. Lewis Williams of Waenfawr, and Ellis James Jones, M. A., Engedi, officiated at the house, and at the grave the Revs. O. G. Owen (Alafon) and Hugh Roberts, Liverpool uncle of the deceased, conducted the services. Amongst those present were the Revs. Evan Jones, Moriah; D. Hughes, M. A., Castle Square; D. O'Brien Owen; Owen Davies, D. D., and Messrs. Wm. Ap Rees and Thomas Jones from New York.

His body lies in the same cemetery, and almost side by side with the body of Goleufryn, Ieuan Gwyllt, Gwyneddon and William Owen, Prysgol, the author of "Pen Calfaria."

To the Welsh nation Menaifardd was known and recognized as a poet and literateur of a high order, and some years ago won many trophies at the Welsh Eisteddfodau both in this country and in Wales. He was also a good musician, and held the position of conductor at the Welsh C. M. church in New York for over 20 years. As a Sunday School teacher he was most able, and his place in that connection can not be easily filled. Through his death the church has lost one of its most useful and faithful members.

In manner Mr. Hughes was a gentleman and a Christian, of a frank and jovial disposition, and his many qualities won him many friends who deeply miss him, and who will always cherish his memory.

Beside his widow he left to mourn his loss one brother, Wm. Hughes of Columbus, Ohio, and a sister, Mrs. Falkner, in London, England, and a niece, Miss Jennie Humphreys residing in this city with the widow.

Following are englynion written after our friend by that able bard Eurog Jones:

Gwir astud deg Gristion—a dyn Duw
Yn ei daith yn gyson;
Dim mwy o'i lais i deml Ion—achosodd
Y dagrau ddwysaodd degrudd Seion.

Bardd, cerddor, llenor llawnach—oedd
Dyn llon ei gyfeillach; [na llu
Menaifardd fry mewn nef iach
Mwy gan yn fil amgenach.

—Cerniew.

———o:o———

REV. THOMAS HOWELL JONES.

The Rev. Thomas Howell Jones, Kansas City, Mo., who departed this life at his home, 1120 East 22nd St., February 4, 1907, was born at a place called "Storehouse," in the parish of Llanbadarn Fawr, Cardiganshire, S. W. He learned the trade of carpenter, and left his home for Liverpool, where he married Miss Jane Morris; and the same year they immigrated to America, settling down for some time in Milwaukee, Wis. From Milwaukee, the family moved to Oshkosh, thence to Watertown, and again to Racine; Mr. Jones occasionally acting as local preacher. Soon be took charge of the church at Long Creek, Iowa, for a year, after which he moved to Kansas City, where he was minister of a Welsh Church until its dispersion. During some years before his death he worked for the Metropolitan Street Railway Co., where his fellow-workmen respected and honored him as faithful, industrious and upright. It is said that when he settled at Milwaukee, he was required to work Sundays, so being a good and conscientious

Christian he left the town rather than perform what he considered to be sin against God.

While he was working at his trade, he was considered a well-informed man, a deep student of the Bible, and an able Christian, and when occasionally he preached, he was commended as being a good preacher of the gospel. He had also mastered the English language, which qualified him to minister to the mixed assemblies so characteristic of present Welsh churches in the States.

Above all, he was a gentleman always, and his son testified after his death that his father was the best man he ever knew, and that he could never set any better man for an example to follow. All who know him testifieu to the real intrinsic worth of Mr. Jones's character and goodness. A beautiful tribute was paid his memory by his fellow-workmen, even the young boys showing especial signs of deep respect for a man whom everybody believed to have walked his earthly path with honor and uprightness.

He leaves besides his widow, two daughters and one son: Mrs. J. B. Owens, Kansas City; Mrs. J. A. Morrow, Carmen, Okla.; Howell Harris Jones, Superintendent Swift & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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MRS. ANN HARRIES.

Mrs. Ann Harries, the beloved wife of Mr. William Harries, of Black Diamond, Washington, passed away at 11:30 p. m. on Sunday, January 27, 1907. She had been gradually failing in health for the last few years, yet she bore her affliction patiently.

A prayer meeting was held at the home on Tuesday evening, January 29, conducted both in English and Welsh. She was buried on Wednesday, January 30th, Rev. J. H. Woodley and Rev. W. Prosser officiating, together with the Rebecca Lodge, of which she was a member. She was interred at the Black Diamond Cemetery. The floral wreaths furnished by the Black Diamond Baptist Church, the Rebecca Lodge, relatives and friends, together with the large attendance, both at the prayer meeting and the funeral, the help and sympathy of friends and neighbors, was a manifestation that Mrs. Harries was highly esteemed in the community.

The Odd Fellows Lodge, of which Mr. Harries is a member, attended the funeral, and their members acted as pall bearers.

The hymns sung in the funeral service at the church were selected from Gospel Hymns, one to six complete; No. 719 "Nearer my God to Thee," No. 94 "We Shall Sleep, but not Forever," No. 108 "Shall we Meet Beyond the River," and a Welsh hymn "Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau." Miss Jennie Edwards presided at the organ. Rev. J. H. Woodley of Kent preached effectively from Revelation 14: 13, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nicholas of Tacoma, Washington, friends of the bereaved family for more than forty years, attended the funeral and took part in the service at the home, also Mrs. Watkin Evans, of Renton, Washington, a friend for the last twenty years, was in attendance and kindly assisted.

Mrs. Harries was a native of Nelson, Glamorganshire, South Wales. She was married April 14th, 1866, in Llanfabon Church. She was sixty-seven years old on November 1, 1906. She was baptized in Taff River by Rev. William Walters, and was received in the Berthlwyd Baptist Church, of which she continued to be a faithful member. The family immigrated to America in May, 1887, and resided at Franklin, Washington, until July, 1891, when they moved to Black Diamond, Washington, where Mrs. Harries united with the Baptist Church, of which she was a faithful and consecrated member. She leaves a faithful and devoted husband, a loving daughter, son-in-law, brother, sister and seven grandchildren to mourn her loss.

MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' DEPARTMENT

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5603 Girl's Frock with Guimpe, 6 to 12 years.

GIRL'S FROCK WITH GUIMPE, 5603.

The fashionable over-waist is never prettier than when worn by the younger girls, and here is a frock that shows one of the newest and latest. As illustrated, it is made of blue linen trimmed with a pretty, simple braid and is worn over a guimpe of embroidery. But this model, like a great many others of the season, is adapted to a variety of materials, so offering a wide range of choice. It can be used for wool for the simple pongees and the like quite as well as for washable fabrics, while the separate guimpe can be of any suitable material, simple embroidered net or lace for the dressier frocks, some lingerie material for the simpler ones.

The frock is made with waist and skirt. The waist is sufficiently open to reveal much of the guimpe worn beneath and is gathered at its lower edge and joined to the belt. The skirt is made in three pieces but the front gore is laid in a plait at each edge while the sides and back are gathered. The skirt also is joined to the belt and the entire frock is closed invisibly at the back. The guimpe is a separate, plain one that can be made with either elbow or long sleeves.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 4¼ yards 27, 4 yards 36 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards 18, 2 5-8 yards 21 or 1 5-8 yards 36 inches wide for the guimpe and 12 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

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THE CAMBRIAN

April

Welsh Books & Welsh Music

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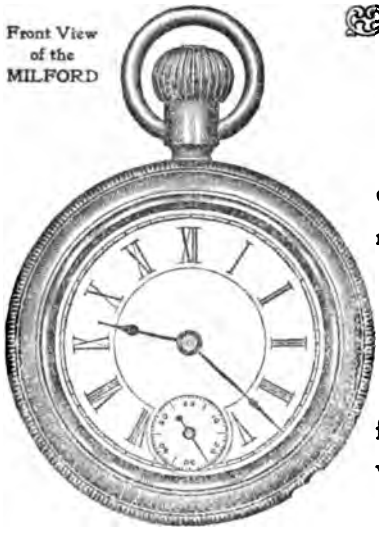

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A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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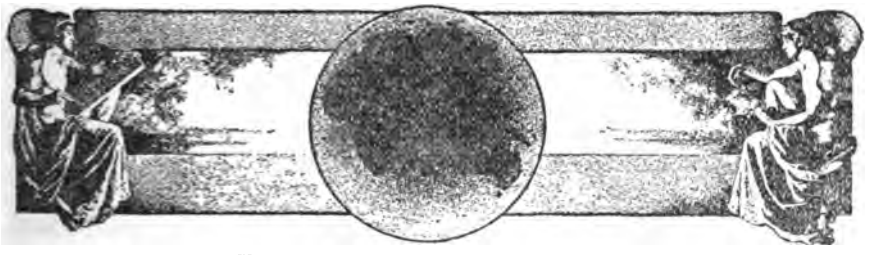

Thoughts of the Month.

Hercules at Work. There is room to believe to-day that the old-fashioned democracy, or republicanism, is a failure, and that we are sorely in need of a kind of democratic monarchism, of which our country has had a foretaste of late, and it seems that that is the correct and efficient way of carrying the principle of popular government into effect. The many-men power has been the original sin of our republic and the breeder of all our evils. Democracy has been hitherto a disorganization and a corruption of our original ideas and expectations, because it has made politics a system of spoils, and it has opened the way to all the evils we complain of. Many a state capitol has become synonymous with a den of thieves. The election of Governor Hughes is about the first instance of the thorough one-man power, invested with authority in the name of the people to enter the den and clean it out, if it needed cleaning; and it really does! The fight has begun, and if the people will back the Governor, he will surely convert it into a House of Righteousness. Albany should be the headquarters of law and order; but God knows, what it is and what it has been!

The Idea of Sin. One of the most serious drawbacks of human nature is its conservatism. Human nature is hard to convince, to educate and to change. Individuals like the Rev. R. J. Campbell and others may progress rapidly in a certain direction, theologically or politically, &c., but when they attempt to move the masses with them, they soon discover that they are not interested worth a cent. Large majorities of the people are staid and ancient in their instincts and sympathies, and their theologies and theogonies are simpler than we would think. God in their thoughts is the

most elemental idea imaginable, and even our religious friends have a very crude conception of what God is. The idea of sin bothers them very little, unless it becomes a pecuniary loss or some serious inconvenience. We know a number of Christians who laugh at or despise a drunkard, and they have never enjoyed the sensation of abomination. This really accounts for the simple patent fact that sin is so established among us, although it is a constant menace to old and young. The indifference with regard to sin is sinful; and although we may be incorrect to say that the people love sin, it comes near the mark to say that they do not hate it.

The Tide of Greed. There is a tide in the affairs of men which is not the one referred to in that oft-quoted passage from Shakespeare. This current we refer to is that mysterious course taken by the evil ambitions of men; especially by greed, whose power we little suspect until we oppose it, when we discover that it requires heroic leadership backed by a determined people to overcome it. We refer to the power of corporate wealth in our State, and in our country. In the first place, it has money which is able to corrupt all except the resolutely honest; it has the means to hire the cunning art of the best legal talent which knows the weakness of the law. This struggle is on at present in our country; leaders of remarkable intellectual and moral power are raised by God's providence, and they can triumph only on condition that the people support them heartily by their votes and by public expression of approval. Lawless greed is the greatest foe of the human family.

The King's Business. For two weeks recently Utica was deeply interested in the work of a number of revivalists under the leadership of Dr. Chapman. Services were held every day and night excepting Saturday. Large throngs of people attended all the meetings; even the noonday gatherings being exceedingly numerous. The gospel preached was simple and effective, free of all denominationalism and ceremonialism; the chief truth pressed being the accepting of the new life in Christ. Every address was devoted to impress on the hearers the all importance of the new life, as brought to light by Christ. The interest in the preaching and the singing was remarkable, and people never seemed to tire listening to the simple old story of the Cross. A good earnest preacher, telling the simple story of Christ and his love, will never fail to gain a hearing, as we could see during the two weeks the evangelists remained in Utica. Never meetings were better enjoyed; and a pleasant feature of the movement was the real interest which the young people and even children took in the work. Men who hardly ever go to church, and who little cared for religion, were attracted to the meetings, and many were really and deep-

ly won to regard the "King's Business" as something truly inspiring and enjoyable. One of the evident fruits of the movement is that religion is something apart from denominationalism and ritualism, but something direct between God and man—some personal relation between Creator and created; and the living influence is as real as air and sunshine are. There is no need of ritualism or ceremonialism; religion depends all on the accepting of the good gifts of God, spiritual life.

Listen! A peculiar and characteristic word used by the evangelists was "Listen!" Each one would point his or her finger and say "Listen!" in order to attract attention, and have the hearer think more directly of what was spoken. Ordinarily in our churches and chapels it is quite noticeable that the minister is talking to half slumbering listeners. They seem to hear the words but hardly to realize the truth they are intended to convey. The perfunction of going to church, and the respectful attention to the spoken words, and the outward conformity with church ethics during our presence there is about all that constitutes our everyday religion; but our evangelistic visitors would continually disturb our old ideas and conceptions by breaking through our old method of thinking with their "Listen!" which led us into some more real and practical thoughts than we had been used to. That "Listen" would wake a new vision, and would invite men to go deeper and farther than we were used to go. Is it not this "Listen!" that we need in our everyday life? We are so indifferent to the moral duties of life, especially of the higher life that this "Listen!" is a great necessity. In American life, religious, moral, political, social and industrial do we not need this "Listen!" to awake us to a newer and deeper and higher realization of our manifold duties to ourselves and to one another? In our political assemblies we need to hear this "Listen!" to supersede our abominable platitudes; and especially in our churches and chapels more of this "Listen!" would bring us nearer to God and to have a livelier conception of his grace. Listen more and more to what the great Spirit says and whispers! Listen!

Poacher is Protestant. A peculiar kind of criminal whom the landowner hates in England (and other parts of the United Kingdom) is the "poacher." When a poacher is caught, he is often tried by one or more of the class that hates him, viz., the landlord class, and he generally gets all that can be given him. There is no sympathy for him on the bench; although the people are naturally on his side, by reason of the fact that the game belong more to the farmer than to the landlord. It is a time-honored anomaly that the landlord claims what the farmer has to feed. The landlord's argument is that the farmer is allowed in his rent to provide for the support of

game! Suppose the cost of feeding the game would be $50, with the game consideration excluded, the yearly rental would be what it is, plus $50. It is the same argument ecclesiastical lawyers use in connection with tithes. There is no evil or wrong done but the devil can devise plausible argument as well as quote scripture to support it! The game laws in England and Wales will disappear with the disestablishment of the Church. Game laws are largely ecclesiastical.

Our Love of Evil. If we would sympathize less with criminals and evil-doers, and more with the innocent portion of the community, things would improve greatly in a few years, and the number of rogues and rascals would become less. Instead of that we are breeding a race of evil-doers by our mistaken ideas of mercy and justice. In fact we have no sentiment on the side of justice and righteousness, while our sentiment on the side of the criminal and especially the murderer is morbid and ridiculous. By pardoning the evil-doer, and practising mercifulness foolishly, we are creating in the minds of the people a belief that wrong-doing is the right thing, and that if we want to become popular and be petted (metaphorically speaking) by the public through the newspapers, we will have to be prodigal sons. Laxity in punitive morals is the creator of the enormous proportion of evil-doing in this our country. In political life, very much the same, gigantic evils grow and thrive around us inevitably, because we have no way of coping with them, our political ways being helpful rather than obstructive to our sins. The political and government machines have never been fitted together to work against the evils. Our new Governor of New York has already felt that the political machine is awfully unhandy to perform a good act for the benefit of the people. Every part of it has been arranged to work evil rather than good.

Our Bugaboos. To educate the people signifies much more than talking to them and teaching them; it means uprooting their ancient ignorances and prejudices, and especially dispelling their personal illusions. There are queer bugaboos that domineer the minds of the people. Take for instance an idea like this. If we talk of government ownership; for instance buying a railroad, say costing $500,000,000, the people begin to think how a poor man making $1.50 or $2.00 a day is going to become possessed of a railroad? That bugaboo of an imaginary difficulty will create a prejudice in his mind, without thinking for a moment that the people altogether, could buy a railroad every year without any trouble! The people of the United States spend on tobacco and intoxicants every year enough to buy the finest system of railroads in the country (barring the water contained). The people of Pennsylvania, we are sure, if they stopped drink-

ing and smoking, and wasting their earnings for a year, could buy several coal mines! If we could only get the people to quit their nonsense, goodness knows, how many things they could own in a decade! When will the people start to think on this line?

Y Mabinogion.

By the Rev. D. Powell, Liverpool, England.

II.

We must beware of regarding the four branches of Mabinogi as a collection of mediaeval Welsh nursery or fairy tales, nor, as Stephens says in his "Literature of the Cymry," as tales "written to while away the time of young chieftains." Principal Rhys has exploded these misconceptions, and shown that the old Welsh tales had a much more serious intention, and a much higher object in view. He says the word "Mabinogi" is derived from "Mabinog," a term belonging to the bardic system, meaning a sort of literary apprentice, or young man who was receiving instruction from a qualified bard. The lowest description of mabinog was one who had not acquired the art of making verse. The inference is that mabinogi meant the collection of things which formed the mabinog's literary training and stock in trade, so to say. He was probably allowed to relate the tales forming the four branches of the mabinogi at a fixed price established by law or custom. If he wanted to rise in the hierarchy of letters, he must acquire the poetic art. Thus the four branches of the Mabinogi were apparently the first step in the graduation of the scholar or poet, his matriculation, so to say. Perhaps he had to master a more extended course of Mabinogion as he proceeded to his full degree. There is however abundant evidence of the existence at one time of Mabinogion similar in character to the four branches. The story of Kulhwch and Olwen, for instances, is full of references to legends similar in character to the Mabinogi; and as Mr. Ivor B. John, M. A., says, Kulhwch and Olwen is an attempt to rejuvenate old material, coupled with a desire on the writer's part to air his own compendious knowledge of Welsh legend, and contains enormous catalogues of personages, whom it would have been folly to name, were there not some object, in the way of recalling their story, in thus naming them. And Principal Rhys says that several of the possible and impossible persons and personifications in Kulhwch and Olwen are only interesting as supplying us with the titles of sagas which have been irretrievably lost. The Triads and the oldest extant Welsh poetry lead us to the same conclusion.

The Mabinogi is mythic and legendary. It is full of the supernatural and of magic. Throughout the supernatural is the most natural thing in the world, and magic is almost if not altogether a commonplace. Its battles are fought by magicians, and the most skillful in magic are the conquerors. One person is transformed into the perfect image of another, and not a shadow of suspicion is aroused of the deception in anyone. It is a common thing for persons to be transformed into beasts and birds and vermin, either as a punishment, or in order to punish others. A number of ladies, and among them the wife of the Bishop Llwyd, Cil Coed, allowed themselves to be transformed into an army of mice in order to wreak vengeance on Manawyddan, by going at night to devour and destroy his ripe wheat and reduce him to want and famine. The incomparable magician, Math, son of Mathonwy, who could hear every whisper the wind reached, transformed Gilfaethwy and Gwydion, as a terrible punishment for their treachery, annually for three years into a couple of deer, of pigs, and of wolves in succession. After spending a year in the wild state of beasts, they were turned into human beings by the magic wand of Math, but only to receive the sentence of a further punishment in another form. At the end of the third year the two brothers were allowed to return to their natural form and mode of life.

Gwydion himself was a marvelous magician, and by his enchantment transformed some fungus, and he caused twelve chargers to appear, and twelve black greyhounds, each of them white-breasted, and having upon them twelve collars and twelve leashes, such as no one that saw them could know to be other than gold. And upon the horses twelve saddles, and every part which should have been of iron was entirely of gold, and the bridles were of the same workmanship. With these illusions, and the illusion of the gilded shields, Gwydion deceived Pryderi, Prince of Dyved, and procured in exchange for them the precious swine of Annwn, or Hades. But Gwydion was helpless in the hands of Math, the son of Mathonwy. Math and Gwydion fashioned from flowers for Llew Llaw Gyffes, the most beautiful and charming bride, and called her Blodeuwedd. But alas she conceived and enjoyed a guilty love, which led to a series of magic punishments and misfortunes. Gronw, the guilty lover of Blodeuwedd, casts a javelin at Llew Llaw Gyffes, and uttering a great cry Llew flies away in the guise of an angel. Gronw then enters into possession of Llew's lands. Gwydion discovers Llew in a miserable plight in a tree, and by a touch of his magic wand restores him to his human form, but wasted and weak. Finally Gwydion turned Blodeuwedd into an owl as a punishment for her sins, and Llew slew Gronw by throwing a javelin through the flat stone interposing between them.

"and to this day the pierced stone remains and is known as Llech Gronw." Gwydion by his magic art could make appear at will phantom fleets and armies. The magician could by his enchantment transform a smiling country into a barren, uninhabited wilderness.

Pryderi and Manawyddan, making the circuit of Dyved, "had never seen lands more pleasant to live in, nor better hunting grounds, nor greater plenty of honey and fish." One day after a feast they and their wives and retinue proceeded from the palace to the Gorsedd at Narberth, and sat on the knoll or hill forming the Gorsedd. And as they sat thus, behold a peel of thunder, and with the violence of the thunderstorm, lo! there came a fall of mist, so thick that not one of them could see the other, and after the mist it became light all around. And when they looked towards the place where they were wont to see cattle, and herds, and dwellings, they saw nothing now, neither house, nor beast, nor smoke, nor fire, nor man, nor dwelling, but the houses of the court empty, and deserted, and uninhabited, without either man or beast within them. And truly all their companions were lost to them, without their knowing ought of what had befallen them, save those four only."

The country remained for some years under this evil spell, until Bishop Llwyd, Cil Coed, was obliged to remove it in order to save his wife, who as one of the mice which devoured his ripe wheat was one night caught by Manawyddan, and about to be hanged. When the enchantment was removed everything was restored immediately to its former condition, and the country assumed its old form and beauty, and fullness and life. In the story of Branwen, the daughter of Llyr, there is a magic cauldron, "the property of which is, that if one of the men be slain to-day, and be cast therein, tomorrow he will be as well as ever he was at the best, except that he will not regain his speech." I have selected a few examples almost at random to show how full of enchantment and magic these naive old stories are. They are like fairies transporting us to the charming or the repellant land of hud a lledrith.

They do as a matter of fact transport us into, not only prechristian, but prehistoric times. We discover in them the mythology of the Celts. They are not purely mythological like the mythologoical stories of the Greeks. In their present form they are only quasi-mythological, and their heroes and heroines are neither purely human nor purely divine. We behold in them the process of the gods being humanised, and not of men being deified. The gods have ceased to be gods, but they have not become ordinary men. They have descended from the summit of their olympic, and have not reached the foot of the mount to mingle with the common crowd. Herein lies one secret of their fascination. They are not too far from us so as to be un-

approachable. They are not too near us so as to breed either indifference or contempt. They are not so far from us as the Greek Jove, nor so near as the man in the street. They are neither too mundane nor too celestial, neither too palpable nor too elusive. They stand at that distance from us which lends to them their peculiar enchantment.

I cannot within the limits of this paper discuss even superficially the myths of the Mabinogi. I shall content myself with two or three instances as illustrations, and if anyone wishes to pursue this line of study he will find abundant material for his purpose in Principal Rhys's Hibbert Lectures, and his studies of the Arthurian Legends. Take for instance Annwn, the Celtic Otherworld, or Hades. The Celts had two ideas about the realm of the dead. 1. They regarded Hades either as an island beneath the sea, or simply beyond the sea, and so we read of the dead being taken away in boats to the unknown realm. 2. The other notion equally old, or older, was that of a fairy settlement entered through a hill or mound, and located therein. In both cases Hades, or the Otherworld was a land of mystery, and between which and the land of the living there was no intercommunication. It was natural for a dim region beyond the sea to be regarded as Hades, as Gower was probably so regarded by the inhabitants of Devon and Cornwall. Any unknown part of the country could become Annwn to the poetic and superstitious Celts. Dyved was probably for some reason regarded at one time as Annwn. But in the story of Pwyll, Prince of Dyved, Dyved is not Annwn, but it evidently borders on Annwn, and in spite of the darkness enveloping it, Annwn is almost if not altogether as mundane as Dyved. The dogs of Annwn hunt a stag in Dyved. Pwyll, Prince of Dyved and Arawn, King of Annwn, exchange appearances, kingdoms and duties for one year without anybody suspecting the deception. Pryderi, the son of Pwyll, receives the valuable pigs from Arawn, king of Annwn. When Dyved became known it ceased to be Annwn but it still bordered on Annwn and was in close communication with it. Pwyll and Pryderi are mythologically dark divinities, and Pwyll is called in the story the chief of Annwn. They must in the old Celtic mythology have belonged to the same class of divinities as Arawn; that is, if they were not identical. Mr. John says that there must have been two Pwylls; one a historical or quasi historical Prince of Dyved, and the other a Pwyll who had always been considered Pen Annwn, i. e., a mythological character who had always been king of Hades. The writer of the story had evidently identified and confused the two characters. Gwawl, the son of Clud, and Pwyll, are enemies, and both woo Rhiannon, perhaps a moon goddess. Gwawl, as his name implies, is a divinity of light, or a solar hero, as Pwyll is one of the powers of darkness. So in the tale there is a

representation of the struggles between the powers of light and darkness, for the possession of the moon-bride, and it is easy to understand why she gives her heart and hand to Pwyll, and deceives, conspires against, and finally rejects Gwawl. Rhiannon has a wonderful bag which can never be filled however much is put into it. She gives it to Pwyll and instructs him to entice Gwawl into it on the plea that it can never be filled until Gwawl will go into it to tread the food down. Rhiannon's wiles succeed, and Gwawl is tied up in the bag and cruelly abused by Pwyll's men who had been in hiding. Principal Rhys says that Gwawl's putting his feet in a beggar's bag and instantaneously disappearing betrays the nature myth account of the sun setting, and reminds one of Helius, in the Greek account, descending into his cup. Nature myths are in abundance underlying all the tales of the Mabinogi, and often obtrude themselves almost undisguised. As ages rolled on the story-tellers mixed together myths and facts and fiction, and eventually, in all probability, took all for sober history. But after all the substance of these ancient tales is mythical, and incomparably older than the form given them by the story-tellers. Their historical or quasi-historical characters will probably be forever unknown, but their mythical characters are being rapidly brought into the light of day.

My object in preparing this paper was to call attention to the intrinsic beauty, the irresistible charm, and the inexhaustible wealth of material for the student, in the Four Branches of the Mabinogi in particular, and in the Arthurian legends in general. It was not my intention that the paper should be a study in the real sense of the word of this incomparable literature. If I have succeeded to whet the appetite of even one to go and regale himself of the feast of fat things, and indescribable confections, and to enjoy the beauty which is neither on land nor sea, but has its home in fairy land and magic palaces, my object is attained, and I have received my reward. Let every Cymro often visit his own enchanting land, and spend many a happy hour in its Palace Beautiful.

AT EVENTIDE.

In our hearts celestial voices
Softly say:
"Day is passing, night is coming,
Kneel and pray;"

Father, we obey the summons;
Hear our cry.
Pity us and help our weakness,
Thou Most-High.

For the joys that most we cherish
Praised be Thou.
Good and gentle art Thou ever,
Hear us now.

We are only little children
Kneeling here—
And we want our loving Father
Always near.

Take us in Thy arms and keep us
As Thine own.
Gather us like little sunbeams
'Round Thy throne.

—Marie Corelli.

Popular Talks on Law.

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CONTRACTS.

8. CONTRACTS OF INFANTS.

Infants, or minors, are persons, male or female, under the age of twenty-one years. In all but a few states, however, females become of age at eighteen. The law relating to infants' contracts is for the protection of the infant himself. He is assumed not to be able to protect himself. The age limit, twenty-one years, was fixed in the law many years ago. Perhaps were the law to be formulated anew the limit would be set lower. Young men and young women enter upon business life nowadays earlier than formerly. However, in no jurisdiction, so far as we have learned, has there been any serious attempt made to set the limit of infancy lower than twenty-one years, except, as stated, in the case of females.

It is common to hear it said that an infant's contracts are void, that one under age cannot make a binding contract. This is an unsafe statement of the rule, if, indeed, not an incorrect one. It were better to say that infants' contracts are voidable, that is, he may avoid them if he so desires; but there are even exceptions to this, as we shall see. If an infant's contracts were void neither party could be held to them, but it is clear in the law that if the infant wants the contract to stand he can compel its performance on the part of the adult dealing with him; in other words the plea of infancy is a personal privilege, and one of age who makes a contract with an infant is bound so long as the infant perform his part of the contract.

A contract that is voidable on the part of the infant may, upon his reaching maturity, be ratified by him, in which case both parties will be bound. Where his contract is voidable as is generally the case, he may avoid it before he becomes of age or at once after becoming of age, or he will be held as having ratified it.

There are instances where the contract of an infant is valid and cannot be avoided by him. These contracts are such as are made for the necessaries of life under certain circumstances. In a sense it is scarcely proper, however, to say that he is bound by his contract for necessaries. He is, strictly speaking, not bound as on a contract at all; in other words, not bound to pay the price that he agrees to pay, but only for the reasonable value.

A question arises as to what are necessaries. By "necessaries" is not meant what is absolutely necessary to barely keep the infant alive. The rule as generally stated is that the infant is bound for the value of such necessaries as are reasonably useful

in maintaining him properly considering his station in life. What, therefore, would be deemed a necessary with one person would not be deemed so with another. A poor boy not moving in society that is accustomed to evening dress, would not be held bound on a contract to buy a full dress suit. A boy whose station in life, whose associates and circumstances, require the use of evening dress, with the alternative of his appearing ridiculous, would be held bound under such a contract on the theory that the suit was a necessity. A contract for articles of mere luxury or ornament made by an infant would not be valid and binding on them.

Then, again, it must be shown, in order that a contract for necessaries be held good, that the infant was not supplied with them by his parents, guardians, or otherwise. The same rule that is stated above holds with reference to contracts for medical attendance in sickness, and for the expense of a common school education. Contracts made by the infant for these, when not furnished by the parent or guardian, or otherwise, would be upheld as valid. Food and clothing, of course, come under the rule. A contract for a college education would not be binding. In other words, whatever the infant contracts for, in order that the contract be valid or binding upon him, must be reasonable in quantity, quality and kind, and suited to his station in life, and not be furnished him by parents, guardians, or from other source.

Contracts entered into by an infant to conduct a business or relating to a business are voidable. One who pays a child money on a contract with him for service does so at his peril. The child's earnings belong to the father and not to the child, particularly if the child lives with the father. If the child, however, has been emancipated, the rule is different.

As to property generally, the infant may take property and hold it, but once it is his, he cannot make a contract selling it or conveying it that is not voidable by him.

In the matter of the ratification of a contract by one who has reached maturity, it should be stated that the ratification must be of the whole contract. One ratifying a contract made in infancy cannot ratify part and avoid part; he must either ratify all or avoid all. One who has bought property in infancy and not paid for it cannot, upon reaching maturity, keep the property and avoid the contract as to payment. And so with an infant who has obtained property on a contract; if he desires to disaffirm the contract, he must return the property. He cannot both retain the property and refuse to pay for it. If, however, he has wasted or squandered or lost or destroyed the property and cannot return it, he is not held liable for it.

In this connection it is interesting to note that in general an infant is liable for fraud, slander, assault, conversion, and other common law torts in the same way as an adult is; but

generally it has been held that when an infant falsely represents himself to be of age and thereby induces another to make a contract with him, the infant is not liable.

(To be Continued.)

Knowledge.

By R. W. Matthews.

Knowledge is more than a compendium or thesaurus of ascertained facts, appealing to and gratifying human reason. Science has been termed "facts classified," but knowledge, which includes all that human reason can intelligently interpret by dot, sign, line, figures, characters and words intelligently express, convey, embrace, understand and apply overlaps or transcends science at every point. Science is based on and received her christening from knowledge under the caption "knowledge classified."

Universal knowledge, to the creature of finite capacity, overshadows his receptivity, hence we speak of such as being boundless and the possessor of all knowledge as Omniscient. No less true than that such knowledge is the property of Deity alone, and love, the nature of angels holding fellowship with God is this truth that knowledge becomes one of the credentials of all sentient and rational creatures.

Human knowledge is a grand aggregate of truths derived from every sphere from creation down, and to which men of every school of every shade of thought have liberally contributed. In some respects, it may be likened unto a free and open sea, over which the navigator from time immemorial has sailed in quest of new truths, new seas to discover, new lands to explore and, like unto our reason, no man can fence in nor take away. To the deep thinker and minute observer, who is a close reasoner, a votary in the realms of thoughts, in touch with his immediate surroundings, while he delves into nature's mysteries, the hidden secrets of God, truth presents just such a sea, constantly spreading before him in all her varied aspects, colorings and shadings but unlike the trackless deep, he has the plat prepared by the sages of all ages to guide him.

Therefore, knowledge may be compared with the ocean that is free and accessible to all, and which supplies ample food for all that live therein; in just as ample, free and copious a manner alike unto all who so desire, does knowledge supply meat and drink, suited to the intellectual and spiritual man. Another simile: Knowledge may be compared to an inexhaustible fountain to which man has in part contributed from his in-

ception, and still continues to contribute and imbibe from and yet, notwithstanding, he remains to himself and his surroundings a mystery.

There is this also to be borne in mind that all man's discoveries in his quest for truth, which is inseparable from true knowledge, the new light shed by these on hitherto unknown forces and laws, if only in the field of chemistry, leave no place in terra firma for the theologian's *ultima Thule* or unscaleable wall from its introduction into the creeds of Christendom, this seemingly impassable barrier man has surmounted. What great things he has through knowledge achieved,and what in the future he may yet achieve, we know but in part. Indeed we know but how soon that which separate human from divine knowledge will disappear, when God's now partially revealed purposes will be disclosed.

It is the ignoramus who is immodest and not the learned man. Ignorance never invented one symbol or formulated one rule in mathematics. It has furnished no key for solution of any problem, supplied no tools for the artisan, no instruments for chemical analysis or scientific measurement. Knowledge, on the other hand, although an acquisition, an immeasurable quantity, is indissolubly associated with human progress along all lines and, so long as there are truths to be discovered, so long as there are learners who are seekers after these, so long will man slake his thirst thereat, and yet the fountain be unexhausted, and we do know that order can be brought out of chaos through the power of mind *plus* knowledge. And we also know that to enter the realm of physics without knowledge, is to invite disaster, if not death. With it, man surmounts obstacles, enters safely, harnesses Nature's forces to do his bidding, promote his own and fellow creatures comfort, pleasure, security and happiness, at the same time adding to the intellectual, material gain and betterment of all mankind.

Knowledge may also be regarded as reason's handmaid, lifting up man in the scale of being, bringing him nearer through a right conception of himself to that plane of existence his Creator intended, and which made in His likeness, continuing in His favor, he should ultimately and forever enjoy in immediate fellowship with God. With this understanding of knowledge, when rightly appreciated and applied, it is an all important factor, a priceless boon in as much as the design thereof is to promote man's greatest weal and happiness in this life and that which is to come. So that man's first lesson in knowledge is to learn to know himself, and the end consummated is to know and enjoy companionship with and thus glorify his Maker.

The logical corollary and natural sequence which involves man's intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement, involving as this does a ceaseless and endless growth, reason the predominating factor of an active and well balanced mind throughout an eternity in which man restored to

God's likeness and favor shall as a fitting climax merge into the infinite.

The summit of anticipation, which earth's profoundest thinkers the godliest of men have ever aspired unto, long anticipated, were buoyed up by in adversity lived for died with this in full view, yet in this life, but partly attained, partly realized.

The New Theology.

(A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Tinsley's Address Delivered at the Up-to-Date Club, Youngstown, O.)

By Rev. J. B. Davies.

I don't claim to be a scholar, a philosopher or a theologian; as an orthodox Congregationalist, I believe in carrying out the advice of poor John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrim fathers at Holland, who on their departure to America exhorted them: "When new truth breaks forth from this book, the Bible, always follow it." After making a perusal of Rev. Dr. Tinsley's address at the Up-to-Date Club I have come to the conclusion that his theological tenets are erroneous and misleading in the extreme and are not based on the Bible of God. Men in our days are not to be estimated by the din and noise attendant on their sayings and publications. It is easier to achieve reputation as a destroyer than as a constructor, as an incendiary than as a builder. Labor the year long to erect a house, solid, firm and spacious, and no one will stop to inspect your work or give you a word of commendation. But set fire to a building and all the inhabitants of the town will congregate to witness the blaze; and there will be more talk about one house burning than about one hundred houses building. Popularity always waits upon works of destruction. The same principle operates largely in the world of mind. Attack the cherished beliefs of mankind, attempt to undermine the hallowed faith of milleniums, contradict the affirmations of the wisest and the best of the race, and you will command attention beyond your real deserts as Dr. Tinsley has already attained here. To the fascination of this false glamor are especially exposed the young people of our city, who are in danger of mistaking a distant bonfire for the rising sun. An eminent Englishman recently said: "Those whom the age delights to honor are not the builders but the destroyers; not those who open new windows in heaven, but those who are most assiduous in their efforts to close the old ones; not those who seek to build our knowledge of spiritual things on sure

foundations, but those who are trying to loosen the old foundations or undermine them altogether."

Dr. Tinsley praises Darwin's theory of man. He calls it a "brilliant guess." What is this theory? Atheistic evolution. Now there are two kinds of evolution which are conceivably naturalistic and supernaturalistic or theistic. Darwin's theory is that which teaches the procession of all that is from some original germ or cell, wholly in virtue of innate forces called into activity by environments. It admits of no supernatural interference or Divine influence ab extra. To it whether God exists or not is a problem; and if He does exist, it means nothing. He is no good, does nothing. Eternal matter had enveloped in it the potency of all that is. Man proceeded from the animal, the animal from the fish, the fish from the tadpole, the tadpole from the eternal mud. To the theory of evolution the Bible from beginning to end, Moses no less than Paul offers consistent uniform resistance, to say nothing of reason with its mathematical proofs, and conscience with its inflexible moral principles. Science miserably fails in the adduction of proofs. Imagine a learned divine occupying an evangelical pulpit in the 20th century eulogizing an infidel theory and receiving the applause of men who are not in sympathy with the truth of God! Many German scientists oppose the Darwinian theory, among them is Professor Virchow of Berlin, who says: "We cannot teach, we cannot pronounce it to be a conquest of science that man descends from the ape or any other animal." If man be a product of the evolution of nature, he cannot be more than the sum total of all that preceded. Nothing can be evolved which was not first involved, nothing can come out this end of the evolution machine which did not go in at the other end. Hence our conclusion that man in his higher nature is the supernatural creation of God.

Again Dr. Tinsley says that the Bible is not infallible, etc. This is what infidels have said concerning it from Celsius to Robert Ingersoll. The three great champions of higher criticism such as Graf, Kuenen and Wellhausen, believe the same, and are avowed disbelievers in miracles and prophecy, to them inspiration and the divinity of Christ are but idle dreams, and Dr. Tinsley has joined their society and has enlisted himself on their side to disseminate their teachings. They deny the historic trustworthiness of the Pentateuch, Genesis is myth, fiction, legend, everything but reliable history. When the Greeks could not capture Troy by force of arms they resorted, says the story, to guile. Professing great admiration for the valor of the Trojans, they sent the latter a present of large wooden horse. Flattered by this rare testimony to their intrepidity, the Trojans innocently opened the city gates to admit of the entrance of the Grecian gift. But concealed within the wooden struc-

ture were mighty armed warriors, who rushing out under the cover of night, opened the gates for the enemy to enter. What they failed to do by force they accomplished by strategem. It is always risky to receive presents from the Greeks. Down to within a few years the higher critics were outside the walls of the Christian church, vehement deniers of the infallibility of the Bible; now they are found within its precincts, and Dr. Tinsley among the number. I predicate that the Bible is a record of inspired men, not written to teach science, history or geography, but to reveal God as a Father to man, and to show him the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. Undoubtedly mistakes are found in it and discrepancies have been discovered; but they can easily be accounted for; it has passed, as Dr. Orr says, through the hands of successive editors, underwent here and there minor changes which were unavoidable. I admit that inspiration for its own sake is of no value. The doctrine of inspiration is of value only as a guarantee of truth. If we are persuaded of the truth without inspiration, we occupy exactly the same ground as if there were inspiration. Inspiration does not make truth error, nor error truth. The doctrine of inspiration cannot make the Bible truer than it is, but to us it is a guarantee of its veracity. In the name of common sense and universal experience I venture to ask, was ever a book composed like the Bible? Was ever a book criticised like it? And still it is the impregnable rock. It contains the highest and the best code of ethics the world has ever witnessed. And in its domain there is a remedy for all the maladies of sin, no mere human intellect could produce such a book, so free from everything degrading and fantastic, so rich in spiritual truth. Surely its writers wrote it as they were moved by the Holy Spirit. Dr. Tinsley also denies the miraculous as a "manifestation of some unusual power." That is where the sceptics of our age stand. Dr. Bruce in his "Apologetics" says "that we might as well deny the existence of God as deny the supernatural in the miracles of the New Testament." Furthermore the learned doctor claims "that the doctrine of the incarnation is not unreasonable," etc. Surely it is not reasonable from his viewpoint. It is by no means denied that the world was being gradually prepared for the advent of the Christ, but the preparation was negative not positive, and a negative morality could never produce a positive Saviour. Did the hypocrisy and intense selfishness of His contemporaries engender the infinite holiness and unparalleled self-sacrifice of Him who stained the cross of Calvary with His heart's blood? Is He a product of evolution? Say what you will, before Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's cross the doctrine of evolution collapses like a pricked balloon. How then to account for Jesus Christ? By the miraculous intervention of God.

"The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the might of the highest will overshadow thee, and the holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." The birth of Bethlehem is a supernatural fact, no evolution of man, but an incarnate Logos. Who can understand this miracle? It was a mystery to Paul, is it not a mystery to angels? Surely Dr. Tinsley has surpassed Paul and the angels.

He also asserts "that the Trinity no longer means three persons in one God, but three phases of the same God."

Has not Christianity revealed the Trinity of God? When it declares that God is love, not of condescension towards inferiors, but of mutual affection for equals. God from eternity must have lived a life of companionship. In the New Testament one of the Co-equal Persons in God is called "Son," and Scripture is our only source of knowledge. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, Sonship is said to involve two mutually dependent ideas—origin and subordination. "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee." The same words cited from a Messianic Psalm, clearly indicate the Son's subjection to the Father even before the days of His flesh. The origination of the son is expressed here, "My Son" and His subordination in the ninth verse, "My God." In Philippians ii. 6, the apostle speaks of a person who took the form of a servant, as being in the form of God, "He who was equal with God thought not of grasping that equality." We infer as Origin says, "that subordination rightly understood contains a great truth," "eternal generation." Hence Christ has two natures, as John teaches, the human and the Divine. "He was a veritable man and veritable God." Frederick W. Robertson says "that the doctrine of the Trinity may appear to many as a contradiction, a puzzle, an entangled labyrinthine enigma, in which there is no meaning whatever, but the profoundest thinkers, and some of the holiest spirits among mankind have believed in this doctrine, have clung to it as a matter of life or death. This doctrine is not self contradictory. Such men as the Saints of God never could have held this doctrine unless there was latent in it the doctrine of a deep truth, the truth of God." Beyond preadventure the Paraclete of the Johannine Gospel teaches and gives to the true disciples of Christ an inward consciousness of the existence of three persons in the Godhead.

Dr. Tinsley also says that the Trinity means at present phases of God. Sabellius, a Presbyter of the third century believed the same and was excommunicated from the church because of his heresy. Now the reader can easily observe that the learned doctor's views have been resurrected and are dry bones of centuries ago, borrowed ideas from different lands, old straw thrashed over.

I claim that Jesus Christ, or the Word is personal per se. "He is from everlasting to everlasting, con-

scious of Himself as distinct from the Father, and from the Holy Spirit. He did not acquire personality by a union with human nature; the incarnation was not necessary in order that the Son of God might be self conscious. On the contrary, the human nature which He assumed to Himself, acquired personality by its union with Him, by becoming a constituent factor in the one theanthropic person of Christ, the previously impersonal human nature, "the seed of the woman," was personalized. If the Logos had obtained personality by uniting with a human nature, He must have previously been impersonal, the incarnation would then have made an essential change in the Logos, and thereby in the Trinity itself. But no essential change can be introduced into the Triune God, not even such a remarkable act as the incarnation could effect it. Not even such able and eloquent men as Doctor Tinsley and men of his school can distort or prevent this truth. And the man who denies the two natures in the person of Christ, and the three persons in the God head, is equal to him who denies God. "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father."

I should like to ask Dr. Tinsley, does he expect to have an old-time Methodist revival in his church ever by preaching to his people a phantom Christ? I can assure him that the preaching of the Christ of Socinus and Sabellius has never yet produced a revival. You must preach, Dr. Tinsley, the Christ of Paul, the Christ of the Reformers, and the Christ of John Wesley, the founder of your church, the living Christ and the Christ of to-day., and then you can expect a genuine one. The learned doctor also says "that prayer is not a begging for something." This contradicts the teachings of Scripture. Did not Jesus Christ teach His disciples to beg by saying, "Ask and it shall be given," etc.? I think the sooner the better for you is to turn out to be a constant beggar at the Throne of Grace, and afterwards you may find yourself in moral harmony with the order of God. Believe me, your latitudinarianism will never be productive of any lasting good. I hope the people of Youngstown, especially the younger element, will exercise the apostolic precept, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone forth."

MUSIC

WILLIAM APMADOC.

The great pianist, Alfred Reisenhauer, is considered the ablest improvisor of the musical world. Some time ago he gave to Leonard Liebling a few unpublished stories about Wagner and Liszt. The following story will be of special interest to every pianist who reads these notes:

The only unpublished stories which I know about Wagner, concern the days when I was studying at Weimar with Liszt, and spent many happy and never-to-be-forgotten hours with that great man and his great friend, Richard Wagner. If I tell you about him, I shall perforce be obliged to tell you something about myself.'

" 'I remember one incident above all others,' said Reisenauer, reminiscently, 'when Liszt and a few of his pupils were invited by Wagner to go over from Bayreuth to Weimar, to see one of the final rehearsals of "Parsifal." We spent several hours in that delightful manner, and when Wagner's work was over we all adjourned to the Hotel Sonne, where our host had ordered supper for our party and for several friends of his own. Eating, drinking, and smoking, we were exceedingly merry, when the conversation drifted to musical improvisation and its exponents, past and present. I offered a hypothesis which was rejected by every one present except Liszt. I explained in part what I thought any thorough musician should be able to do. A lively debate ensued, which was interrupted by Liszt, who exclaimed: "Why talk so much? Alfred will argue it out on the piano. He uses his fingers better than his tongue. Come!" And we followed Liszt to the music room.

" 'To play for the greatest pianist of his day was at any time a trying ordeal for me. But to play at this moment seemed almost cataclysmal, for Wagner's friends, of whom I spoke before, were Bulow, Lassen, Raff, Cornelius and Klindworth, all musical celebrities of the highest rank. You can well imagine that I was, ah—a little nervous.

" 'I asked for a half a dozen themes. These were written down on a piece of paper passed around by Liszt, who said: "I predict something interesting. Young Reisenauer is a born improvisator. You have, each of you, given him a theme, and he will bind them into a musical bouquet, sprayed with the fountain of his imagination.

" 'The task that had been set to me was to make a fantasy on themes from Liszt's second rhapsody (not as familiar then as it is now), Wagner's "Parsifal," Strauss' "Blue Danube" waltz, "Lorelei," the old

German folk-song, a manuscript suite for orchestra, by Bulow, and Cornelius' "Barber of Bagdad." And the composers of four of those works sat opposite me, waiting to hear me improvise on their melodies! Can you imagine a situation more trying for a young artist?" Then I began, and played on and on for nearly an hour, feeling inspired by the mere presence of my illustrious auditors, and emboldened by their interested silence. I confess I was at times in rather tight places. The transition from the "Blue Danube" to "Parsifal" presented a yawning gap that rather awed me for a moment, but—I made it. I paraphrased all the themes as a beginning, then I wove in counter melodies, then I drove the subjects tandem, then I set them against one another, then I sent them up into the thin musical blue so far that they were almost unrecognizable, then I brought them back with a few pulls at the harmonic guiding lines, and made the men dance, and prance, and show all the musical paces which aptitude and instinct of the moment suggested. Finally, I reached what I had heard Americans call "the grand-stand play," when I tossed three distinct melodies in the air, and had them all disporting themselves merrily at the same time, dressed in iridescent harmonic hues, and shot through with all the brilliant technical tracery that my youthful daring allowed me to employ. It was great sport, I can tell you, and I learned then and there that the great ones in music like a pyrotechnical display sometimes as well as the ordinary mortals. Yes, I finished, and that was something.

"Pan is not dead," writes the poet Forquil MacDonald in the Atlantic Monthly wherein he sings a poetic sonnet describing nature's awakening in the spring-time. The poet's highest form of expression is musical:

"Pan is not dead. When Phoebus takes his way
Towards Capricorn, by darkening vale and hill,
And by the streams he loves, his flute is still;
Lone are the glades where nymphs danced yesterday;
And but to grace child's tale or lover's lay
Is Arcady. Yet even as you fill
The air with lamentation breaks the rill
Its icy fetters; lambs begin to play;
And beautiful things, piercing the tender green,
Arise from death and darkness. Then among
The awakening woods ethereal shapes are seen;
Faint footfalls heard, earth's rudder sounds between;
And once again Pan's pipe hath found a tongue,
Joyous and sweet as when the world was young."

Monarchs as musicians is a favorite theme with the titbit paragraph people. It is really capable of being treated seriously, and J. S. Shedlock has made an initial attempt. He might, however, have left King David out of account. The sweet singer of Israel may, indeed, have been renowned as an executant on the harp, but we are more inclined to the view that when Saul discharged the javelin at him, it was in sheer

desperation at his amateur attempts. Alfred the Great played the harp, too. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, played the flute; Queen Elizabeth played the virginal. The present Kaiser of Germany is said to be an excellent pianist. Then there have been royal composers. Henry VIII., for example, wrote an anthem, a ballad, and various songs; the Great Frederick, just mentioned, wrote no fewer than 120 pieces. And, of course, we all remember the "Hymn to Ægir" of the belligerent potentate, "William the War God." He ranks, too among royal conductors. He has conducted a military band, and when he goes to the opera he can often be seen "guiding the orchestra" with his hand, a la Safonoff. Mr. Shedlock could have added that the Kaiser puts in twelve hours of work a day; he knows something about engineering and electricity; he can paint a picture and make a caricature; he can cook; he leads in prayer and conducts a choir; he changes his dress twelve times a day and has $500,000 worth of clothes; he bears a hundred titles and is an admiral in three of the biggest navies; he does a hundred different things and does each one nearly as well as does the expert in that particular line—certainly a royal jack of all trades.

When Dr. Roland Rogers decided to accept the position of organist and choirmaster of the Bangor Cathedral, lately, the "Weekly Mail" published the following interesting history:

"There is a dramatic side to the appointment of Dr. Roland Rogers as organist and choirmaster of Bangor Cathedral. He resigned the same post nearly fifteen years ago. Appointed in 1871, when the music at Bangor Cathedral was far from good, Dr. (then Mr.) Rogers threw himself into his work and raised the musical status of Bangor to a very high class. As a choir conductor he is familiar throughout the Principality, and under his baton many celebrated Welsh choirs sang themselves into fame, notably the Penrhyn choir of quarrymen, which won gold medals with tiresome monotony at eisteddfodau all over Wales and England. In 1891, however, Dr. Rogers came into sharp conflict with the Dean and Chapter of Bangor Cathedral. To help a young Welsh musician he consented to give an organ recital in the Presbyterian Church at Menai Bridge. On this coming to the ears of his ecclesiastical superiors he was peremptorily forbidden to carry out his promise. It is recalled in a contemporary that the doctor, in spite of the dean's veto, went to Menai Bridge and gave the recital, and the next day sent in his resignation of his post at the cathedral. The dean and chapter then met and asked Dr. Rogers to withdraw his resignation, promising to allow him the freedom he desired in future, but he refused to alter his decision. On leaving the cathedral he became

organist at St. James's Church, Upper Bangor. Now he goes back to the cathedral to succeed Mr. Westlake Morgan, the authorities having passed over 203 applicants in his favor."

"Killed by Union Limitations" is what the telegraph wires sent broadcast, as a heading to the following despatch:

Cincinnati, March 21, 1907.—The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, gathered at great pains and much expense, will be disbanded because of the restrictions and limitations fixed by the Cincinnati Musicians' Protective Association, and the National Federation of Musicians. This conclusion was announced to-day by Mrs. C. R. Holmes, president of the orchestra association, in a letter to Joseph Weber, president of the National Federation of Musicians, in which she says that "the artistic improvement in the orchestra will be impossible under the limitations and restrictions set forth," and that it will be disbanded at the end of the present season.

The musical friend, "who wields a caustic pen," from whom we quoted in the last "Cambrian," has the following editorial comments, in reply to the "letters and criticisms" received on account of previous scathing remarks, and pertaining to two editorials on "The Divine Calling:"

"It has become necessary to define our position in regard to the teaching profession. Who should teach music?

In the first place, the teacher should be well grounded in the rudiments of music. By this we mean he must have taken regular courses of study in harmony, counterpoint, form, musical terms and history, etc. He should have considerable technic and understand phrasing and interpretation. He should have the gift of imparting knowledge. He should have a good general education—much culture and cleanliness; a love for his art and for all arts; a musical temperament and magnetic enthusiasm; purposeful convictions and energetic industry; sympathy, honesty, patience, poise. We believe not one of these qualifications can be omitted without greatly impairing the teacher's usefulness. The teacher need not be a concert artist, nor is the concert artist necessarily a good teacher. There are notable cases right before our eyes of great opera stars undertaking to teach when they are no more fitted for the work than for that of stage manager. They are successful financially, however, because people still are very like their Darwinian ancestors and think that imitating a great singer will make them great. This natural aptitude for imparting knowledge is a prime essential in a good teacher.

In regard to general culture, cleanliness and intelligence little need be said. The teacher to whom we referred recently, whose pupils had not learned any of the essential rudi-

ments of the art, is a case in point. She is prominent and well known, and we called upon her expecting much. What was our astonishment to be met by a lady without collar or ribbon, dirty hands and nails, uncombed hair and a general lack of breeding and culture that was little less than astounding. A note received from her since (requesting that we cancel her advertisement) showed that she had no knowledge of spelling, capitalization, etc.—in fact, would probably belong in the third grade at school. The whole atmosphere which she created was degrading, and it is no wonder her pupils make no advancement."

The April "Musician" is a Schubert number, for which its readers will be profoundly thankful. Many portraits of the great melodic master, along with views of his birthplace, where he died, &c., and splendid articles on "Schubert's Songs," by Henry T. Finck; "The Story of Schubert's Life," by H. E. Kreblick; "Singing Schubert's Songs," by Karleton Hackett; "Schubert's Pianoforte Compositions," by Dr. Percy Goetschius; "Programs for Schubert Recitals," &c., with six of Schubert's compositions—make up a Schubertian treasure-number, for which we are indebted to the scholarly editor, Mr. Thomas Tapper. Mr. Krehbiel, in his article, quotes what Beethoven when on his deathbed, said of Schubert, "Truly in Schubert there is the divine spark," and then adds what Schumann said of him, "His pencil was dipped in moonbeams, and in the flame of the sun." Liszt called him the most poetical of all musicians, and Rubinstein winds up a rhapsody in his "Conversation on Music" with the words, "A thousand times, over and over, Bach, Beethoven and Schubert occupy the highest pinnacles in music."

Established Innocence.

By Sylvia Lewis Baldwin.

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There was no more popular young fellow in County Kilkenny, Ireland, a couple of hundred years ago than Lawrence Nevin. Larry was a bit wild and was

Famed, like Mister O'Donis, wid his head full of nothing but curls,
For breaking the heads of the boys and breaking the hearts of the girls.

But there was only one heart he cared to influence, and that belonged to Kathleen O'Grady, the youngest daughter of The O'Grady, who lived in the big castle shaped house on the hill. Though Larry came of one of the oldest families in Ireland, he was not thought a desirable suitor.

There were stories—most of which could be traced to a rival, Terence O'Toole—that Larry made his living

on the highway, a fashionable method among gentlemen beggars of that day. O'Toole was the owner of a fine estate adjoining The O'Grady's property, and he desired to unite the two by a marriage with Kathleen. Unfortunately for Larry, her father was in favor of the project. There was only one thing in the way of its consummation, and that was the reckless Nevin, whom the girl loved, but who, passing from one scrape to another, was constantly trampling on what few chances he had. True, they consisted in the love of the girl, but a daughter of The O'Grady must make a proper match.

The truth is Larry was not so bad as he was painted. A breakneck rider, somewhat given to gaming, ever ready, like all true Irishmen, for a fight, there was quite enough truth in his escapades for an enemy to build on and erect a fine structure of wickedness.

The only article of value Larry possessed was a blooded mare—Kit, he called her—that he had won at a raffle and that no money could buy from him. One evening shortly after dark he was riding Kit on the highway and suddenly remembered an engagement. He thrust his hand in his fob for his watch and, not finding it, remembered that it was in pawn for money that he had needed to help a poor beggar in distress. Just then a horse's hoofs sounded on the road ahead, and in a few minutes a mounted figure appeared.

"Could you oblige me with the time, sir?" asked Larry.

The horseman drew a pistol from his holster and, letting drive at Larry, dashed past him, calling back: "I know you, Lawrence Nevin. You may take purses on the highway, but you can't take mine."

Larry, who was untouched by the bullet, sat on his horse looking after the man in astonishment.

"And I know you, Terence O'Toole, and if I don't keep me wits I'll be hanged for highway robbery and no thanks to any one but you."

Now, O'Toole was a magistrate and would preside at the trial at which he would be the only witness. Larry took in the situation and with Irish quickness for decision made up his mind to try for an alibi. Putting spurs to Kit, he rode briskly on for a mile, took a road to his left, struck into fields over which he had often followed the fox and, lighted only by the stars, kept his mare on the run till midnight, when he reached Maryborough, which he skirted, and, stopping at a farmer's house beyond, rubbed down Kit while she was taking a small feed. From Maryborough Larry continued northward, now beginning to push the mare for a better pace. Taking an early breakfast at Tullamore, he shot across country to Kilbeggan, where he found a road to Mullingar. Thence the country was level—at last, not mountain ous—and he pushed his jaded mare on, breathing her every hour, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon rode up to Carrick-on-Shannon, having done a hundred miles since starting. Leaving his horse in a stable on the south side of the river—the animal sank down at once in her stall—he entered a wood, threw off a buff coat and breeches and donned a green velvet suit he had picked up on the way. This done, he crossed the river on foot and entered the town.

The people were all out on the green, and Larry, stepping up to the mayor, asked him the time. The mayor, drawing his watch, gave the hour and complimented Larry on his beautiful green and gold lace suit with silk waistcoat. Then Larry proceeded to make himself popular with the company.

When a few days later Larry Nevin returned to Kilkenny a bailiff clapped a hand on his shoulder, and he was taken before Magistrate O'Toole on a charge of highway robbery. He plead-

ed not guilty, and on his trial the mayor of Carrick swore that twenty hours after the robbery Larry had been in that town. He could swear to the hour, for, being asked the time, he had looked at his watch. He had worn a green velvet and gold suit, instead of a buff one worn by the highwayman. O'Toole at the beginning of the trial had taken the witness stand and identified Larry as the man who had asked for the time after nightfall on the highway with intent to rob, but when Larry proved his alibi O'Toole weakened and owned that he might have been mistaken. Larry was acquitted with great rejoicings.

The charge made by O'Toole, rendered groundless by the alibi, was a great injury to him. Larry was invited by The O'Grady to dine, and he told the whole story at the table. The O'Grady was so delighted with Larry's way of establishing his innocence that he vowed he should have Kathleen if he had to take to the road to support her.

The pair were married soon after, and Larry became a successful attorney.

On the Veldt.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

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It was the dry season on the veldt, and the grass was burned down and half covered with yellow dust. Not a kraal was to be seen or a habitation, not a tree or shrub so far as the eye could reach—only the ocher brown earth stretching away and at last ending in the same level sky lines to the north and south and east and west, and crossing the sun blistered waste one little animate dot, the canvas covered wagon of a Boer family trekking with the sheep and cattle in search of a water course that had not dried up.

For three days had the dot been moving across the waterless waste, and for three days had the sun left the thirsty sky line in the east only to glare down pitilessly until it dropped behind the equally thirsty sky line in the west, and now the tongues of the cattle were hanging from their mouths and the sheep bleated piteously, and the small quantity of water brought along for the trekkers' own use was exhausted.

By the end of the second day they had expected to find water, but the stream counted on had proved but a dusty, sun dried depression, and for twenty-four hours they had followed its course, hoping to find some sink hole from which the water had not dried. Now they were pondering the necessity of seeking the next water course yet another twenty-four hours away. If that were dry also, what then?

Other families had trekked over this veldt before them, and more would follow, for this was the annual custom. When the dry season came and burned every vestige of green from the home grazing land, the Boers would load their families into the great wagons, drawn by many spans of oxen, and, driving the sheep and cattle before them, seek the water courses that had not dried up. And there they would remain as long as the drought lasted, until weeks of steady and violent rains should- come and transform the dry, barren veldt into a tropical garden. Then they would trek back home.

Long before the sun rose for a new day of burning heat and thirst the dot of wagons and animals was ready for departure. But even as it began to crawl away from the river bed that was dry toward the one that might contain water, several of the mounted Boers who were circling about the cattle descried something less than a third of a mile away.

In the dim light they at first thought it a wild animal, and examined their rifles; then, as the object drew near, they made it out to be a man, and that he was on foot instead of horseback. But it was not until he had approached to within a few rods that they discovered he was very young, scarcely more than a boy, and that he was an outlander.

Now there is nothing more obnoxious to a Boer than an outlander or uitlander—alien. He feels that their coming into the country threatens his institutions, and that the very object of their coming is wrong. The treasures of the earth belong to the earth, and should not be wrested away. The bustle and desire for change, for wealth, for investigating, even the progressive ideas of these outsiders are causes for suspicion and dislike. So when a cheery "Hello!" came from the wayfarer their answer was but a gruff and unintelligible grunt.

All this time the train was moving forward, but slowly, for oxen or plodding travelers. The boy was obliged to pause for the animals to pass, and he watched the long, straggling line with the interest of a newcomer. After the cattle and sheep and their guard came the creaking, unwieldy wagons, with their inspanned oxen. Beside the first of these wagons rode a large, broad faced man whose white hair and air of authority proclaimed him the head of the family. As he came opposite the boy stepped forward.

"Hello," he called again cheerfully.

The man looked down at him, his face hardening, but he stopped.

"Well," he said harshly, "what do you want? Isn't it a little strange for a boy to be crossing the veldt without a horse?"

"Oh, I don't know," the boy answered carelessly. "I walked up from the coast three months ago. You see, I didn't have money enough for a horse and a good outfit, and I needed the outfit most. Besides, I was raised on a farm and am used to walking. A man I met carried my outfit to the mines, and I pegged on behind."

"And now you are going back home empty handed?" the Boer asked, sarcastically.

"No, indeed," quickly. "I didn't come here for fun. I'm going to college some time, and that takes money; and I've got half a dozen brothers and sisters who are planning for different things. It was easiest for me to leave, so all of them put in their savings toward my expenses. Of course I don't expect to get rich," frankly, "but I shall work hard to take back enough to get us all a good start."

The Boer grunted.

"Why are you going back, then, without your outfit?" he demanded.

"Got to have something to eat," the boy answered easily. "I went to the mines first, but the only opening was to work for somebody else or to buy a claim at a fabulous price, so I shouldered my outfit and struck off prospecting. I kept it up three weeks, and now," his eyes flashing eagerly into the grim ones above him, "I believe I've found a spot that will turn me in a lot of money. But I'm out of provisions and must go back after a supply. I don't suppose you have any you would sell?"

"No," shortly, "but where's your outfit?"

"Oh, I've concealed that in the sand. I guess it'll be all right. Anyway, there was nothing else to do. But I didn't stop you to talk about myself,"

coloring a little. "I wanted to say that your cattle are awful thirsty. At home we would drop everything to furnish such cattle with water quick."

The Boer's face relaxed somewhat.

"Even if there was no water between four days' journey?" he asked contemptously. "You uitlanders, who would do all things, can make rivers as you need them, I suppose?"

"There is the water course only one day's journey behind you," the boy retorted, "and your cattle show they were not attended to there. No matter the hurry a man may be in, it is a crime to neglect beasts as you have yours."

"The water course behind was dry, as this is, and as the next one may be," the Boer said. "My teams have not had water in three days, and God knows what may happen if the next river bed is like this one and the last."

The boy's face paled suddenly.

"The river dry," he gasped. "Why, I counted on getting water there. I've only just enough with me to last one day." Then he forgot himself in concern for the cattle.

"You must turn back toward the place I've found," he cried authoritatively; "it's only five or six miles away. There's a hole in the river bed that has water, and it's thirty yards or more across and several feet deep. It will be enough to supply your herds for some weeks. And beyond it are three or four miles of good grazing where the soil has not yet become dry. If you keep on this course the cattle will all perish."

The Boer had straightened up, preparatory to riding on, but at this he turned sharply.

"Water," he cried, "and plenty of it." He raised his hand to his mouth and called to the men in front. One of them rode back. To him he gave a quick, peremptory order. Then he turned back to the boy.

"Do you understand what you have done," he demanded. "This place you have discovered will need water to work it, and if we use that, as we doubtless shall, you will lose all the benefit of your discovery for this season."

The boy threw back his head as though to ward off the insinuation.

"The cattle need the water more than the land," he returned. "If the water is gone when I return with the provisions, I can go and prospect somewhere else, and perhaps come back after the rains set in. The folks at home would not want me to put by money at the expense of suffering."

The Boer leaned down and held out his hand.

"It is well," he said simply. "You will go back to the basin with us. We do not sell provisions, but we have plenty which we will give you. And it may be," with a friendly twinkle banishing the last trace of hardness from his eyes, "that we will be able to advance the success of your object here."

FIELD OF LETTERS

Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., of Bootle, has compiled an elaborate Memoir of the late Rev. Edward Morgan of Dyffryn. It contains innumerable details of interest, which have been carefully arranged. It abounds in quotations and letters, which make excellent reading, and all are properly placed. This biography is a great storehouse of information on matters of manifold importance, such as the Rise and Progress of the Pastorate in North Wales, the collection of the Endowment Fund of Bala College. With reference to these two subjects, there is sufficient material to make up at least one separate volume. Had it not been for the device of inserting the quotations and correspondence, in smaller type, the volume would have been a huge one. As it is, it consists of 580 pages, and will be a permanent monument of the exact painstaking and indomitable perseverance of the accomplished and talented author.

The Rev. Edmund O. Jones, in a most thoughtful and instructive lecture he recently delivered at Liverpool, pointed out, as one of the flaws in Ceiriog's exquisite Pastoral "Myfanwy Fychan," his reference to the baby's nose, and added that the reference was an error of judgment on the poet's part, as the nose cannot by any possibility lend itself to poetic treatment. May we ask Mr. Jones if the following lines be not more or less poetical, and may we also ask Mr. Jones to be good enough to tell the name of the writer of the lines?

By that dear brow, where innocence reposes,
As soft as moonlight sleeping upon snow;
And by that nose, the model for all noses
Which dignify the human face below,
And only fit to smell the sweetest roses
I love but thee! I love but thee!

Mr. Morris Jones, the professor of Welsh at the North Wales University College, is preparing for the press a volume of poems, which will be published, as a matter of course, in Wales —nay, nay, we must crave pardon, for on closer examination of the prospectus we find that the book is to be published by Messrs. Fox Jones and Co., of Oxford, that the paper used for the first fifty copies will be Japanese vellum, and that the paper used for the next 250 copies will be what is known as "Aldwych Hand-made." The prices will be one guinea and 12s. 6c.

Little, Brown & Co.'s Publications.

Little, Brown & Co. are adding this month thirteen new titles to their list of popular cloth-bound editions of recent copyrighted fiction (12mo.. 75 cents each), as follows:

"Curly. A Tale of the Arizona Desert," by Roger Pocock; "The Rainbow Chasers," by John H. Whitson; "Justin Wingate, Ranchman," by John H. Whitson; "A Knot of Blue," by William R. A. Wilson: "The Head of a Hundred," by Maud Wilder Goodwin; "Sir Christopher," by Maud Wilder Goodwin; "The Weird Picture," by

John R. Carling; "A Prince of Lovers," by Sir William Magnay; "Sweet Peggy," by Linnie Sarah Harris; "Journeys with Dumas," translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley; "File No. 113," by Emile Gaboriau; "My Lady Clancarty," by Mary Imlay Taylor; and "Where the Tide Comes In," by Lucy M. Thruston.

In Ellis Meredith's "Under the Harrow," a bright and wholesome story of half a dozen talented young people and their struggle up the heights of Mount Parnassus (New York), there is an underlying motive in a more serious vein, dwelling upon the euthanasia theory of permissible suicide. While it is made entirely subjective, it furnishes a strong dramatic climax and yet leaves a problem for the reader to solve. "Under the Harrow" has just been published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Ellis Meredith, and one of the best known women in Colorado, has been honored by being asked for her portrait to place in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris. A section of the library is to be devoted to the work of women, and in it will be put the manuscripts, books and other literary productions of women. Among the American writers Miss Meredith has been selected as the representative of western writers. Miss Meredith's literary den is unique, inasmuch as it is located in a business block in Denver, and is said to always be in perfect order.

In her new novel, "Jenifer," announced for publication on April 27th, Lucy Meacham Thruston has for the central character a young man named "Jenifer," who, beginning as a poor boy, depended upon himself, discovers kaolin, buys the land from one who is unconscious of its value, and selfishly makes his own fortune. The awakening of his conscience and the acquisition of deeper conviction of duty and human responsibility give the chief motive of the book. Mrs. Thruston is best known as the author of "A Girl of Virginia" and "Mistress Brent." She is a Baltimore author.

Eliza Calvert Hall, the author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," just published by Little Brown & Co., is a well-known Kentucky woman, who is not without experience as a writer, although this is her first book. Nancy Huston Banks, the Kentucky author who wrote "Oldfield," but a stranger to Eliza Calvert Hall, has pronounced "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" "a faithful portrayal of provincial life in Kentucky, but something more than that, too, for the universal note, which marks the value of all creative writing, sounds on every page."

A guest of one of the hotels in the Grand Canyon, Arizona, recently showed some of the illustrations of the Havasupai Indians in George Wharton James' book, "In and Around the Grand Canyon," to some of the members of that tribe of Indians. One of the older Indians returned to the hotel twice to ask to see again one of the pictures showing Havasupai girls seated in a semicircle, playing the game called "Hu-ta-qui-chi-ka," and finally begged the guest, in broken English, to give that particular picture to him. It appears that his sweetheart, now dead, is among the copper-colored girls in the group, and as the Indian's eyes filled with tears when he recognized her, and as he begged so piteously for the picture, this guest wrote to the publishers of the book for a print of the illustration. It is needless to say the publishers of "In and Around the Grand Canyon" complied with the request.

What an Englishman calls "blue blood" is known to a Welshman as 'gwaed coch," or red blood. In both cases the adjective suggests purity, health, strength and courage.

Appropriately enough, the Protestant Church at Hughesoffka, South Russia, where the resident Cymric colony and other Britishers engage in worship, is named after and dedicated to the memory of the Welsh patron saint, St. David.

Time works wonders at the mouths of some Welsh rivers. Long after the Romans left Carmarthen there was a castle miles nearer the sea than that of Maridunum. It was called Abertovey, its object being to guard the mouth of that river. No vestige of it remains today.

This is how "Gwili" sang after Wales' victory in the football field:

"Os d'wed y Sais i Gymru Wen
Pan ddaeth Diwygiad golli'i phen;
Ar ol y fuddugoliaeth fawr a gaed,
Pwy dd'wed na chadwodd hi ei thraed."

Heard at a Cardiff shop (according to "Y Cymro"): Customer: Do you sell comic papers here? Shopman: No, but to-day's paper contains a full account of a meeting of the Welsh Church Commission. Customer: Oh! that will do. I only wanted something to amuse me during a railway journey!

The number of Welshmen who have been or are connected with the public observatories of the Empire is small. The first name that occurs is that of J. W. Thomas (Arfonwyson), who was an assistant at Greenwich some sixty years ago, and who also published in Welsh an almanac and several books, including "Trysorfa yr Athrawon" (1837). Another is Mr. R. Llewellyn Jones, M. A., of the Madras Observatory—a native of Talybont, Cardiganshire. A third is Mr. R. F. Griffith, who is connected with the Adelaide Observatory, and has done important work in connection with the establishment of a Meteorological Department for Australia.

The slate quarry district of Abergynolwyn, near Towyn, has lost one of its oldest characters and landmarks in the person of Mr. Hugh Roberts, who died on Saturday morning. Mr. Roberts, who had attained the age of seventy-six, had spent his younger days as a quarryman at Brynegiwys Slate Quarries, and during his leisure hours frequently contributed to a Welsh weekly journal, "The Banner and Times of Wales." He was also a well-known bard, being known as "Hen Idris." He was a staunch Liberal, and had taken an active part in the political warfare of the county for the last half century.

The Rev. T. Charles Williams, M. A., of Menai Bridge, in the "Goleuad," gives a readable account of an afternoon he recently spent with the Rev. John Roberts, of Taihen Anglesey, an

ex-moderator of the Calvinistic Methodist General Assembly, who for many years has been confined to his room. Mr. Roberts, among other things, expressed the opinion that the late Principal Edwards's "Davies's Lecture" on "The God Man" is in some respects one of the most unsatisfactory books he ever read. It seemed as if it made the whole of the plan of salvation to rest on the meaning of words.

Perhaps the most remarkable medley of Welsh and Latin in Welsh literature is the "Ode to Mary" in the manuscript of Lleywelyn Sion of Llanegwydd, written towards the close of the sixteenth century. Such lines as these occur, where "Latin" and Welsh are strangely mingled in "cynghanedd," vocabulary and spelling as may be seen in the Iolo MSS.:

nwnc vidamus, et ploramus
adoramus, daear rwymau
et codamus, ut vidamus
te lawdamus tal di ammau.

These, in the words of Milton, "would have made Quintilian stare and gasp."

On the summit of Llanwrdderw, on the Cwmdauddwr hills near Rhayader, a large stone, bearing a rudely-carved cross, marks the spot where Einion Clyd, lord of Elfael, and Morgan ap Meredith, a Breconshire chieftain, were basely assassinated in A. D., 1177, at the instigation of a Norman noble, whom Einion Clyd had unhorsed in a tournament. The stone stands about five feet out of the ground, is about eighteen inches wide and nine inches deep, and leans slightly forward. It is, however, in a very good state of preservation, and the outline of the cross can be distinctly traced upon it. According to the earliest historians of the district, the stone has occupied its present position for several centuries.

On the road leading to Aberaeron, in Cardiganshire, may be seen a low, thatched cottage, the birthplace of James Hughes, Methodist preacher and poet. Hughes was in early years a smith, but eventually became pastor of Jewin Chapel, Aldersgate. Here, in 1837, he published a commentary on the New Testament. His salary was £50, and once, so it was said, the deacons wanted to reduce it to £40, so as to give £10 to a Mr. John Lewis. Hughes thereupon addressed to his deacons these quaint lines:

Fifty pounds was once my pay
For my preaching night and day:
Forty pounds is now my all—
They robbed Peter to pay Paul.

And the reduction did not occur.

The Grand Old Man of the Church in Wales is Archdeacon Bevan, of Brecon. He is one of the most scholarly men in the whole of Wales, an author of at least two books of European reputation and of articles in "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible." He has also written a standard work on the Diocese of St. David's and several pamphlets on Church defence. Writing of him in the "Children's Pearl," Canon Camber-Williams says: "How shall we tell the children of the 'Pearl' about his learning? He speaks several languages. Once, while staying at the same house with him, I heard him talking Dutch with a lady whom we met there. Many people know French and German; few know Welsh and Dutch as well." The archdeacon comes of an old Glamorganshire stock.

Old graduates of St. David's College, Lampeter—of whom there are many hundreds in South Wales, while hundreds of others are scattered the wide world over—have reason to feel proud of their alma mater. No college outside Oxford and Cambridge has had such a galaxy of brilliant men on its staff—such as Dr. Perowne (late Bishop of Worcester), Dr. Jayne (the

present Bishop of Chester), and Dr. Ryle (the present Bisnop of Winchester). Dr. Harold Browne (late Bishop of Winchester and Dr. Rowland Williams have been equally eminent. In the chapter on "Literature and Social Progress" in the eleventh volume of the encyclopedic "Political History of England," now being published by Messrs. Longmans—a work written on the co-operative plan by recognized experts—the authors (Dr. Brodrick, the late warden of Merton College, Oxford, and Mr. J. K. Fotheringham) write: "It was only in the reign of George IV that anything was done to provide for university education for those who were unable to proceed to the ancient seats of learning. But the movement, once started, progressed rapidly. The oldest of the university colleges, as they are now called, is St. David's College, Lampeter, which was founded in 1822, mainly through the exertions of Dr. Thomas Burgess, Bishop of St. David's, who was supported by many others among the Welsh clergy." After Lampeter came the London and Durham Universities, and, after a long interval, the various colleges and local universities which are now thick on English soil. Thus in antiquity Lampeter is more venerable than any of the colleges, except the ancient foundations of Oxford and Cambridge.

"From Band Boy to Mus. Doc.," was the appropriate title of an article which appeared lately in the daily issue of an English journal and which erlated to Mr. Albert Williams, bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, who received the degree of Doctor of Music at the University of Oxford recently. Mr. Williams is a native of Newport, Monmouthshire, where he was born in 1863, and losing both his parents when a child, he has had to work his way up step by step from the very bottom of the ladder. From the bandmastership of the 10th Prince of Wales' Own Royal Hussars, he succeeded Mr. Winterbottom in the Royal Marine Artillery and Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, senior, in the Grenadier Guards—acknowledged to be the blue ribbon of the British army in that connection. He has adjudicated more than once at our eisteddfodau, the latest occasion being this year's national at Carnarvon. Dr. Williams is as genial and unassuming as he is thorough and capable; and Welsh musicians will wish him a long and successful career —for his own merits, and "er mwyn yr hen wlad."

Which was the abode of David Morgan, the Jacobite? It has been declared that he resided at Cefn Fforest, Mynwent y Crynwyr (Quaker's Yard). "G. M. P." of Treharris has another view. "The house in which he lived when arrested," he writes, "was Pen Craig Daf, the adjoining farm house, now owned by Colonel Lockwood. The particular room—a small loft over the porch—in which Morgan was caught can be seen to-day, the other part of the house having been altered." "G. M. P." is the fortunate possessor of a photograph of the house as it originally stood.

Now that hymns and hymn-singing are receiving attention in Wales, it may be of interest to place on record the history of one of the most famous English hymns, and its relation to Wales. "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was written at Wrexham in 1819. The author, Reginald Heber, was staying at the time with his father-in-law, the then rector of Wrexham. Dr. Shipley, the father-in-law, had to preach a sermon in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts on a certain Sunday. On the previous day Heber, Dr. Shipley, and a few friends were sitting in the rectory library, when the rector

asked his son-in-law to write something for them to sing in the morning —something appropriate to the subject of foreign missions. Heber, fifteen minutes later, read aloud to the surprised and admiring group the verses of the now most celebrated hymn, which is sung by every section of the Christian Church, and is translated into many languages.

"Schrecklich! Dass ist zuviele!" is the comment of "Y Cymro" upon Dr. Strauss's demand for three hundred pounds for adjudicating upon the choral singing at the Swansea National Eisteddfod. Evidently "Y Cymro" thinks that the Welsh language is not forcible enough to do justice to its feelings on the subject!

No fewer than five hundred sacks of shamrock passed through Holyhead this year, and destined for all parts of the world for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. We have not heard of a similar demand for leeks for St. David's Day. By the way, shamrock was offered for sale by flower sellers in the streets of Cardiff this year. Has this been known before?

There are many things about coal-pits little guessed by those who have never been under-ground. One of them is (says a Monmouthshire miner) that if a collier takes a whiff at a pipe the fumes spread in the workings to a surprising degree. Or if one should eat an onion, the same curious circumstance is noticed. Of course, the reason is found in the limited air space, and, no doubt, the degree varies according to the ventilation of the mine.

There is one school in Wales where the children hold a concert with a Welsh program from beginning to end once a year—on St. David's Day. It is the council school at Llancrwys, Carmarthenshire, where Mr. Dan Jenkins is headteacher. Every year Mr. Jenkins is able to get new Welsh songs set to well-known tunes for the children to sing. The concert is probably unique in some respects in the history of Welsh elementary education.

There is no mention of "Sul y Blodau" ("Flowering Sunday") anywhere in old Welsh literature, and the probability is that the custom is of modern origin. It is certain that the placing of wreaths, crosses, and so on, of flowers on graves is quite of modern growth. Sixty or more years ago the custom was observed in many country districts of cleaning and trimming graves on the Saturday immediately preceding "Flowering Sunday." The placing of flowers upon graves is a custom which has grown up in the age of the florists—a town institution altogether.

How many "sirs" in Wales are able to speak Welsh? We have Sir W. T. Lewis, Sir Marchant Williams, Sir John Puleston, Sir Griffith Thomas, Sir Watkin Wynn, Sir Marteine Lloyd, Sir William Preece, Sir John Williams, Sir Pryse Pryse, not to mention any others who are amongst the number. To the number must be added Sir James Drummond, for he addressed a Llansawel meeting in Welsh the other day. Sir James will be a valuable acquisition to the Carmarthenshire Council if that authority, like Carnarvonshire, decide to conduct the proceedings in Welsh.

Lying on the banks of the River Tawe between Ystradgynlais and Abercrave there is a large lump of coal which probably weighs a couple of tons. The lump is oval-shaped, and a curious story is told as to its origin. The older villagers state that years ago a flood carried the lump of coal down the river until it got to its present position. The flood was unable to carry it any further, and there it still remains on the bank, a source of curiosity to the casual pas-

ser-by and a testimony to the honesty of the neighboring villagers. In many a place people would surreptitiously chip a piece off occasionally, till in the course of time the lump would wholly disappear.

King Arthur is probably the greatest Welsh character known to all nations that have a literature, and his name might be used to designate the order, cross, medal, or badge, not only to commemorate his name, but also to make known to other nations how much they are indebted to Welsh romance and literature, his name being the most suitable for adoption in connection with the deeds or achievements so distinguished.

Dyfed, the Archdruid, at the St. David's Banquet in Cardiff, spoke in terms of disapproval of the suggestion that the University of Wales should participate in the control and management of the Eisteddfod, one of his grounds being that the University is not yet sufficiently national in spirit and its aims.

"Elved," in his new lecture on "The Bard and the People," deals with the influence of the poets on the life of the Welsh nation, and describes how their songs enter into the hearts of the people and reach the poorest in the land. He states that Owen Glyndwr was a Socialist before his time, who fought for the people, and whose bard, Iolo Goch, was the first to write songs for the people. The greatest revolution Wales has ever seen, Elved says, was when the people were given the Welsh Bible, and were able to sing the Psalms in their native tongue.

The speech of the Hon. D. W. Williams (United States Consul) at the Cardiff Cymrodorion dinner was the expression of a cultured mind, and will be long remembered by those who heard it. His love of Wales, the land of his fathers, is an inspiration, and his reference to the fact that he learned to read the Bible in his mother tongue in a Welsh Sunday School in Ohio tells its own tale of the patriotism of the Cymry across the seas. By the way, the Consul's comment upon the old nursery slander, "Taffy was a Welshman," &c., recalls the verse written by an American on his first visit to Wales:

I went to Taffy's house,
And what do you think I saw?
Cleanliness and godliness,
And obedience to the law.

Statistics show that 1905 was a record year in the iron and steel production, not only of Great Britain, but of the world. In Great Britain it was 9,592,000 tons, or 1,000,000 in excess of 1904. In this enormous yield Wales played no insignificant part. With mills, as at Dowlais, turning out 3,000 and even 4,000 tons of rails per week, and a furnace in the same locality which in another year will double the yield of the largest in the country, one is reminded of those early days when furnaces made 50 tons a week only. Even in 1819 the average yield of pig iron at Cyfarthfa was only 65 tons per furnace. In 1857 this had been increased to 120 tons per furnace, and the output at all works has been progressing ever since. It is under consideration by ironmasters that the largely increased use of girders, which Germany has been quick to foresee, will be followed by a similar expansion in this country, and that as the wood supplies are shrinking, and there is a likelihood of a scarcity of pitwood, steel will before long come into use as a substitute. Reports from Staffordshire, where it has been tried with success, are promising.

It was with deep-felt sorrow that musical Wales learnt of the passing away of Mr. Taliesin Hopkin, at the house of his sister, Cymmer, Porth, on Sunday evening, December 9th, while

yet in his prime, humanly speaking, he having been born at Mountain Ash in 1859. The love of song—the "hen dragwyddol gan"—is evidently more or less inherent in the stock from which he sprang; and those who had the pleasure of being acquainted with his brother, William Hopkin, have not ceased to regret his early and calamitous death by drowning, while a most promising musical student at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth; a sister also being highly esteemed as a talented soprano singer. Taliesin Hopkin's career may be taken as largely typical of our amateur Welsh conductors as a class A child of the Dissenting Chapel and the Sunday school, of the tonic sol-fa singing class, and the eisteddfod, he grew little by little, and ultimately advanced so as to be able to wield the baton effectively himself—to be a "leader" in a higher sense than that of merely beating time and waving a stick. His fidelity as leader of the singing at the Congregational church with which he was connected for so many years; the successes which the United Porth and Cymmer Choir and the Male Voice Choir, under his conductorship, have to their record, at leading local, provincial, and national eisteddfodau; the oratorio and other performances by the choir, supported by orchestral accompaniment—largely due to his initiative and effort; and his acknowledged talent as a cymanfa conductor, do not need to be mentioned in detail here. Wales is the poorer to-day for having lost Taliesin Hopkin, but is the richer for having possessed him, for the work he accomplished within his sphere, and for the example which he has left to those who may follow.

San Francisco.

BEFORE APRIL 18, 1906.

In somber silhouette, against a golden sky,
Francisco's city sits as sunbeams die;
The serrated hills her throne; the ocean laves her feet;
Her jeweled crown the western zephyrs greet;
Their breath is fragrance, sweet as wreath of bride,
In Winter season as at Summer-tide.

AFTER APRIL 18-20, 1906.

Clothed with sackcloth strewn with ashes,
Seated on a desolated throne,
'Mid the spectral walls of stately domes
And the skeletons of regal homes,
Francisco weeps, while west wind thrashes
Through the wreck of mansions stricken prone
By the rock of earth and sweep of flame
Which, unheralded and unbidden, came
In the brightness of her pride, full blown,
And at the zenith of her matchless fame.

Oakland, Calif. TALIESIN EVANS (TAL. O EIFION).

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THOMAS L. THOMAS.

Thomas L. Thomas, one of the best known teachers of vocal culture in Baltimore, Md., died of pneumonia at his home, 101 East Monument St., February 19, after an illness of five days. A short biographical sketch of his career appeared in the "Cambrian," dated June, 1906.

Mr. Thomas was born at Cefncoed, Merthyr Tydvil, South Wales, but came to this country when 17 years old. The rich qualities of his voice attracted attention early and he studied under well-known teachers, among them being Mr. Alfredo di Giorgio. He conducted a number of private classes and was choirmaster at several churches. In this capacity he was connected with the Church of the Messiah, Gay and Fayette street for 15 years. Leaving this church about 11 years ago, he led the singing at Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church for a decade. At the time of his death he was choirmaster of Grace Methodist Episcopal Sunday School and of East Baltimore Station Methodist Episcopal Church. During the Christian Endeavor Convention in this city in July, 1905, he conducted one of the choruses. Mr. Thomas leaves a widow, Mrs. Cornelia A. Thomas, and a little daughter. Miss Margaret Thomas, of Washington, was his sister.

The funeral took place the following Friday at 3 o'clock at the Church of the Messiah, and the remains were laid to rest in the Baltimore Cemetery.

Mr. Thomas was not only a vocal teacher, but a fine inspiring singer, and was a typical specimen of the Welsh music-loving man, who loved music not so much as an art only, but as a godly gift, and a delight of his heart. As was stated in the "Cambrian" very quaintly. "He was a musical Falstaff; not only a singer himself but also the cause of singing in all around him.' Tom is mourned by a wide circle of friends and admirers.

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DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN RICHARDS.

Our readers will be pleased to be introduced pictorially to a prominent physician and active Christian who is honored by the people of Denver, Colo., and by all who know him. Dr. Benjamin Franklin Richards was born at Carbondale, Pa., October 16, 1851, of Welsh parents, Humphrey Richards, and his good wife, Jane Richards. His father was a brother to Cadwaladr Richards, proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, Greenwich St., New York, headquarters of Welsh immigrants for many years. Dr. Richards' father died when the subject of our sketch was in his seventh year, from the effects of an explosion of powder, leaving a widow and six children. His mother struggled bravely to hold together and support the family. Three years after the sad accident to the head of the family, the home was removed to Providence—North Scranton, as it is now called.

When nine years old, the boy, Benjamin Franklin, began to work in the coal mine, getting 45c. a day; but soon he began to do better, because he was energetic and ambitious. He narrowly escaped death several times, because coal mining is a perilous avocation.

When young Benjamin was 14 years of age he was converted, and became a

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Mrs. Catherine Prytherch and Family

Rev. Rowland Jones, Middle Granville.

Dr. B. Franklin Richards.

Thomas L. Thomas.

Rev. Dr. John Pugh.

Christian, and was baptized in the Lackawanna River, in mid-winter, two men being employed to remove the ice to make room for the immersion.

He went to New York, where he learned carpentering, which calling he followed for some years. It was there also he married his wife, who is also a physician. They have a son who is gaining prominence as a doctor.

Dr. Richards studied and graduated from a medical college in South Michigan, and when in his 28th year, he moved to Grand Rapids, Mich., where he pursued his studies for five years. Prostrated by overwork, he resolved to take a trip to Europe, where he visited Ireland, England, Wales, Germany, France, Holland and other parts. He resided a short time in Rome, where he was greatly interested in the seat of Rome's ancient greatness.

On his return, he went to Chicago, where he undertook to superintend a mission consisting of 641 beds, with a chapel attached capable of seating 250. He was appointed superintendent and chaplain, and the "Mission for Homeless Men" was inaugurated. Dr. Richards succeeded so well with this work that he had an urgent call to establish a similar mission in San Francisco, Calif., and an institution was started on Commercial St.

He came to Denver two years ago, where he takes especial interest in the Welsh community, Church and Sunday School, which he attends in order to re-master the Welsh tongue. He is greatly honored by all.

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MRS. CATHERINE PRYDDERCH.

Mrs. Catherine Prydderch is a sample of our best class of Welshwomen, who have the heroic spirit, who may be depended upon to work out their social and religious salvation, wherever they are placed in the world. Mrs. Prytherch was born at Fron Deg, Llandyfrydog, Anglesey, N. W., September 15, 1834. She was married to Mr. Hugh Prytherch, Llangefni, in the same county, April 22, 1861, and he came over to America in 1873, settling in Utica, and affiliating with the Moriah Church. Mr. Prydderch was a man of exceptional ability, and especially well versed in the Scripture. He had been a deacon before he left Wales, and so he was a valuable accession to his church in Utica. Mrs. Prydderch with a family of her three little sons were sent for to join the father, but while they were crossing Mr. Prydderch was taken seriously sick, and in three weeks after they landed, he died. At the time of their father's death Hugh W. was 11, Robert W., nine and Wm. C. five. The bitter disappointment and subsequent experience did not dishearten her, for she through hard work and the assistance of Providence succeeded in bringing the boys up an honor to the community. Hugh W. is now a prosperous merchant in Binghamton, N. Y., and is also a useful member of society and an active Christian, with whose family his mother makes her home. Hugh is deacon, treasurer and trustee of the Presbyterian Curch. It may be said to the good credit of Moriah Church that a number of Mr. Prydderch's associates when a young man in Utica have become successful men in other towns and cities and continue to reflect honor on the church that raised them. Mrs. Prydderch (the mother) visits Utica occasionally, were she has two sons and a host of old friends who are always glad to welcome her. She enjoys excellent health, and we wish her many years of happiness.

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THE REV. JOHN PUGH, D. D.

For his great life work, the evangelisation of the densely-populated districts of his native land, John Pugh was in many respects singularly qualified. A native of North Wales, he was converted in Pembrokeshire, educated for the

ministry in Breconshire, ordained at Newcastle-Emlyn, Cardiganshire, 1873, began his ministerial work in Monmouthshire and found the great work of his life in Glamorganshire.

In the little village of New Mills, Montgomeryshire, where he was born in 1846, he was brought up by his parents as a strict Calvinistic Methodist, and became a full member of the cause there when barely out of his teens. He celebrated that event by holding gospel meetings in the open air among his neighbors. Then in 1860 the family removed to Pembrokeshire, where the late Mr. David Davies of Llandinam—afterwards M. P. for Cardiganshire—was at the time constructing bridges on the Pembroke and Tenby Railway. Here John Pugh and his father found employment. Mr. Thomas Charles Edwards—afterwards the eminent principal of Aberystwyth and Bala Colleges—then a young man, was engaged at the time as a missioner to the navvies employed at this work, and it was to his ministrations that John Pugh always attributed his conversion. Mr. Edwards found in young Pugh a willing and zealous helper, and the taste he then had of aggressive mission work influenced the whole of his after life, and eventually led to events which have left an indelible impress on the religious history of Wales. Yielding to the urgent requests of his friends, the young convert became a candidate for the ministry with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. Thus, after preparatory training, he in 1869 entered Trevecca College, where he spent three years. In July, 1872, he received a call to the young church at Park place, Tredegar, passing, as is customary with the Calvinistic Methodists, his synodical examination 12 months later. When he went to this important centre in the Monmouthshire coal and iron field the little church had only a membership of 16, but after close upon nine years' hard and devoted labor (1872-81) Dr. Pugh had increased the number of members to 400, with a Sunday School mustering 450 children. During his pastorate, too, a large and handsome church was erected.

One of the features of his pastorate was the aggressive temperance movement he initiated and the open-air Gospel services he organized. Often in later years John Pugh was heard to declare that the real birthplace of the Forward Movement was "the square around the clock tower of Tredegar."

Whilst at Tredegar he was asked to accept the pastorate of a church at Brecon, but at this particular period depression and poverty prevailed in and around the scene of his first ministry, and he declined the "call."

When the commercial prosperity of the Tredegar district had again been restored Mr. Pugh was induced to take the charge of St. David's Church, Pontypridd, where he labored with unceasing energy, and the work he accomplished there during his eight years' sojourn in the town (1881-9) is gratefully remembered to-day. When it is stated that St. David's Church commenced with a membership of 13, and had at the close of Mr. Pugh's pastorate 200 adherents, with crowded congregations every Sunday, it will be recognised that his labors were there attended with marked success. In Pontypridd as in Tredgar, Mr. Pugh was a gallant leader in temperance work. He took up the Good Templar Movement in 1872, was the first deputy of Monmouthshire, and had the satisfaction of seeing as many as 1,500 Templars at Tredegar. At Pontypridd his constant and consistent opposition to the liquor traffic brought him into conflict even with the magisterial bench, and on one occasion, when the Bench demanded an apology and he declined to offer it, he was in imminent danger of being committed to Cardiff prison for contempt. Happily, the magistrates allowed the matter to drop.

After a residence of eighty ears at Pontypridd, Mr. Pugh in 1888 received two invitations to pastorates, one in Glasgow and one in Cardiff. He was sorely tempted to migrate to Glasgow, where his devoted friend and prototype, the Rev. W. Ross of Cowcaddens Free Church was engaged in aggressive evangelistic work, but, happily, the claims of Cardiff prevailed, and in 1889 Mr. Pugh was ordained minister of the Clifton Church, in Newport road. A few weeks later the Forward Movement was born. In close vicinity to Clifton street is the now densely populated district of Splott and East Moors, which was then being opened out. Mr. Pugh at once arranged for a series of evangelical services to be held here when but little religious provision had then been made. His efforts were crowned with such success that what is known as the Roath United Mission was started three months after he commenced, and many hundreds joined the churches. From a canvas tent, which was Dr. Pugh's first attempt at founding a centre on the East Moors, a commodious hall was erected on July, 1892, with accommodation for over 1600 persons. This was the nucleus of the Forward Movement, which was filled at every service, Dr. Pugh resolved to devote the whole of his energies to the pushing forward of this movement. He thereupon resigned his pastorate of the Clifton street chapel, much to the regret of its members, and secured as colleague the well-known missioner, the Rev. Seth Joshua.

Dr. Pugh was in many respects a remarkable preacher, and wherever he went he was immensely popular with his flock. He combined in himself all the elements of an active preacher, a home missionary and an evangelist. His visits to the homes of the poor were always attended with beneficial results He had a kind word for everyone, and his presence in some of the hovels of his districts cast a kind of halo on the few who listened to him, and his cheerful words, his sympathy with the suffering, and his earnest appeal to those on the downward grade left a more than temporary influence on those he addressed. In the pulpit he was endowed with all the fire of his race. Few men were his equal in his earnest appeal to those whom he addressed. Out of the Forward Movement sprang many social agencies, such as the Women's Branch Social Wing, of which Mrs. Pugh is president, and the Treborth Home for Women in the Salthead district of Cardiff. In addition to the army of evangelists and works connected with the halls, the women's branch employs nurses and sisters for work among the poor and submerged.

In 1896 Dr. Pugh visited South Africa, accompanied by the Rev. W. Lewis, of Pontypridd, and on his return applied himself with much success to stimulating the denominations in Wales to make better provision for the Welsh in that Colony. In 1890 he represented his denomination at the Pan-Presbyterian Council held at Washington, D. C., and was subsequently honored by one of the American Universities with an honorary degree of D. D. In August, 1905 he was elected Moderator of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Calvinistic Methodist Association, and in that capacity presided over the autumn meetings of that body, held at Bargoed.

Acting under medical instruction, Dr. Pugh in 1905 made arrangements for a prolonged tour through Egypt and the Holy Land, and accompanied by Mrs. Pugh he left England for that purpose. Soon, however, after his arrival in Egypt he became so ill that he had at once to return home.

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REV. ROWLAND JONES.

Rev. Rowland Jones, late of Middle Granville, Vt., is a native of Merionethshire, N. W., and came to this country

when a young man, and worked in the mines for years; but being inclined to ministerial work, and having studied hard to qualify himself he was accepted as local preacher, and was subsequently called as pastor in Ohio and Vermont. His last charge was at Middle Granville, Vt., where he ministered for seven years with much fidelity and satisfaction to the Welsh population. Although Mr. Jones never had much education, he has labored faithfully to prepare his mind for the work, and he is a hard student of things pertaining to his work, and has become an effective speaker. He was highly thought of by his church; and in order to pay him a becoming tribute of their love for him and their gratitude for his labor among them, by the Welsh ministers of Vermont in their meeting of April 2, presided over by the Rev. J. W. Morris, a resolution was unanimously passed expressing the regret of the churches at Mr. Jones's departure for Ohio, after his good work among them. Mr. Jones will make his home at Oak Hill, O.

A United States army recruiting officer in a little Missouri town recently received the following letter: "Deer war boss: I reed in the cansas citi times tat yu want me. I can reed, rite and use the inglich lengwedge all rite. I weigh abaud 165 pownds end I am neerly to yards long, my karakter is all rite to. i was never in gale, exept once in the callaboose, but i never stole nothin. i reckon i cen kill 20 indians in one day, or spanyards too if i hafto. if yu send me som mony so I can come i jine sure, im strong as a bull and teres nothin de mater with me only a blak i, but i can see all rite. yurs for business."

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IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lip had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped:
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old, familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely—let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Feb. 15.—Alexis Aladyin, organizer of the Peasant party in Russia, arrives in New York.—Giosue Carducci, the Italian poet and critic, to whom the Nobel prize for literature was awarded last year, dies at Bologna.

Feb. 17.—The British steamer Heliopolis sinks the British steamer Orianda in a collision off Wales. Fourteen persons on the latter boat are drowned.

Feb. 19.—The French Chamber of Deputies, by a majority of 301, sustains the liberal policy toward Catholics advocated by Mr. Briand, the Minister of Education.

Feb. 20.—The Boers win a majority of the seats in the election for the Transvaal Parliament.

Feb. 21.—Mr. James Bryce, British Ambassador to this country, arrives in New York.—The mail steamer Berlin from Harwich, England, to Rotterdam, is wrecked just off the Hook of Holland, and about 150 persons perish.

Feb. 24.—Cubans parade at Havana and present an appeal to Governor Magoon for the abrogation of the order prohibiting cock-fighting.

Feb. 25.—Ambassador Bryce is received by President Roosevelt at the White House.

Feb. 26.—Lord Curzon urges the Unionist party to undertake the reform of the House of Lords on the lines laid down by Lord Newton's bill.

Feb. 27.—The House of Commons, by a vote of 198 to 90, approves the principle of disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in England and Wales.

March 1.—A bill of equity is asked at Concord, N. H., by the son, granddaughter and nephew of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, for an accounting of her financial affairs.

March 3.—John C. Spooner, senior Senator from Wisconsin, sends his resignation to Governor Davidson.

March 4.—Seventeen million acres are added to the forest reserves by proclamations issued by President Roosevelt.

March 5.—The second Russian Douma is opened. The opening is made the occasion of a great revolutionary demonstration by the people of St. Petersburg. Mr. Golovine, leader of the Constitutional Democrats, is elected president.

March 6.—Mr. Golovine, president of the Douma, is received by the Czar.

March 7.—Signor Gallo, Italian Minister of Justice, dies in Rome.

March 7—E. H. Harriman declares that he will make co-operation between the railroad and the people his chief aim.

March 8.—The British Woman Suffrage Bill is killed in the House of Commons.

March 9.—John Alexander Dowie dies in Chicago.

March 12.—The captain and more than 100 of the crew of the French battleship Jena are killed by the explosion of her magazines in a Toulon dock.—Jean Casimir-Perier, former President of France, dies in Paris.

March 13.—Secretary Taft orders the literal enforcement of the eight-hour law on all government contracts.

March 14.—Lord Curzon is elected Chancellor of Oxford.

March 16.—Helicon Hall, seat of Upton Sinclair's colony near Englewood, N. J., burns. One resident is killed and seven are injured. The money loss amounts to $35,000.

March 18.—Four leading Nebraska cattlemen are sentenced to jail for land frauds.

March 19.—Thomas Bailey Aldrich dies in his home in Boston.

March 25.—Teguelgalpa, capital of Honduras, is captured by the Nicaraguans.

Senator Foraker offers to engage in joint debate with Secretary Taft on the coming political fight in Ohio.

March 28.—The New York Assembly, by a vote of 118 to 21, passes the Prentice Bill for a recount of the votes in the last mayoralty election in New York City.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

"The world raises its loftiest shaft to the man who 'delivers the goods.' "

"I hear that you called me a land shark," said the real estate dealer, hotly.

"Yes," said the customer, "and I desire to apologize for it. The lots you sold me are under water at high tide. You're really a marine shark."

However, even this concession did not seem to restore the entente cordiale.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Charon, the boatman of the Styx, was thought by many to be of Irish blood. For invariably, as he was casting off from the hither shore, he would call out, to his cargo of souls:

Now, then, look alive!"

This was doubtless as near an approach to an Irish bull as the then state of civilization permitted of.—Puck.

"Why can't I get my number?" demanded the man.

"Line's busy," replied the telephone girl.

"I don't believe it."

"It's so, just the same. Some cowboys have borrowed it to hank a horse thief with."—Louisville Courier Journal.

"Doctor, want to thank you for your valuable medicine."

"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased."

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Heinrich Conreid was talking about old-fashioned concerts.

"Some of the hits directed at those concerts were merited," he said.

"One hit, and a good one, was made by an old Chicago millionaire. He called upstairs to his dauhgters:

"What a time you girls take getting ready for the concert! Look at me, a bit of wadding in each ear and m all ready."

Miss Snowball—On wnat dou you base your theory of the equanty of all races?

Sam—Al men belong to the genus homo, and are therefore homogeneous. —Princeton Tiger.

Miss Snowball—"On what do you base your theory of the equality of all races?"

Sam—"All men belong to the genus homo, and are therefore homogeneous."—Princeton Tiger.

One of the kaiser's favorite dishes is German beefsteak with mashed potatoes. The usual menu at the imperial table consists of soup, fish, meat, vegetables and cheese. The wine, either from the Rhine or the Mosel, is always served in unlabeled and open bottles.

A Methodist negro exhorter shouted: "Come up an' jine de army of de Lohd."

"Ise done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In der Baptis' church."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yoh ain't in de army; yoh'h in de navy."—Harper's Weekly.

Noah was superintending the stowing away of the animals in the ark.

"I don't want to get into trouble with the humane society," he said, "but this live stock has got to stand a little closer together—that's all there is about that."

Keenly realizing, besides, that an ark shortage was worse than a car shortage, he thanked heaven that there was no Interstate Commerce Commission to meddle with his transportation business and proceeded to turn one of the two giraffes end for end to economize space.

Blobson—"Ha Ha! Here's an article which says that before the close of the twentieth century we shall see women driving engines on our railways."

Mrs. Blobson—"Well, why not? Don't you think they would do it well?"

Mr. Blobson—"In some respects, perhaps. They would keep a good look out, anyway."

Mrs. Blobson—"Why so?"

Mr. Blobson—"Because they would have their heads out all the time to show their new bonnets."

There was recently exhibited in the office of "The Indianapolis News" a sweet potato shaped like a duck, body, head, bill and all. It was raised on the farm of Andrew White, about eight miles from Indianapolis. The sweet potato, which is about eight inches long, bears such a striking similarity to a small duck that hundreds of persons stopped to wonder and exclaim, seeing it in the window of "The News" building. Comment was divided between calling the exhibit the "sweetest little duck you ever saw" and a "perfect duck of a sweet potato."

Mr. Justice Bigham seems to have a sound knowledge of Welsh. Aber Bach was mentioned in his court in London one Monday. Then the following conversation occurred:

Mr. Justice Bigham: "What is Aber Bach?"

Mr. Sankey: "I am told it is a mixture of Hebrew and Welsh words."

Mr. Justice Bigham: "Well, is it a man or a river?"

Mr. Sankey: "Oh, a man."

An Irishman one time thought he would spare enough money for a chicken dinner. So he hied himself to the nearest restaurant and proceeded to order his dinner.

"Oi'll have chicken," said Pat to the waiter.

"Would you like it smothered in onions, sir?" said the waiter.

At this, Pat, with a crash of his fist on the table, exclaimed, "No, be jabbers! Give the poor divil a chanst. Ring its neck!"

A banker was urging a young man to put his money in a saving fund where he would get compound interest on it, and in the course of his argument he used a telling fact.

"One cent," said he, "put out at compound interest on it, and in the course of his argument he used a telling fact.

"One cent," said he, "put out at compound interest at the beginning of the Christian era would amount to—How much do you suppose?"

"Oh," said the young man, "a hundred dollars or so."

"To-day," said the banker, "it would amount to over $200,000. And at simple interest what do you think it would total up?"

"About half that?"

"At simple interest it would reach only $1.10."

MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' DEPARTMENT

HINTS BY MAY MANTON.

For the convenience of its numerous readers THE CAMBRIAN intends devoting several magazine pages to the publication of descriptions of the celebrated May Manton Patterns. The illustrations and descriptions are presented to the readers of THE CAMBRIAN with care and accuracy such as can be acquired only by years of acquaintance with the Fashion World and wide experience in practical designing. The suggestions presented will be both accurate and practical suggestions of the most stylish and useful garments of the hour. The designs are not extravagant creations which would require the originality of an expert to work out, but thoroughly practical in every respect.

5624 One-Piece Kimono, Small, Medium, Large.

ONE-PIECE KIMONO 5624.

To be Made With or Without Seam at Centre Back.

The simple negligee that involves very little labor in the making is the one that is apt to appeal to the busy woman while this one also is so graceful and charming that it is to be desired quite apart from any question of the labor involved in the making. In the illustration it is made of pretty figured batiste and is trimmed with banding of plain color that matches the design, but it can be utilized for almost every material that is appropriate for garments of the sort. It is very pretty made from cashmere or challis finished with bands of ribbon; is very attractive in Japanese crepe that is always admirable for these semi-Oriental garments, while among the simpler washable materials there is almost infinite choice to be found.

The kimono is made with sleeves and body portion in one and can be cut either with or without the seam at centre back. In either case it is known as the one-piece style, the seam being used only to avoid piecing at undesirable places when the material is not wide enough to cut satisfactorily on the fold.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 yards 27, 2½ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide without the seam; 3 yards of any width with the the seam and 5¾ yards of banding.

The pattern 5624 is cut in three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding to a 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

CHILD'S APRON 5606.

The genuinely protective apron that can be worn either with or without the frock beneath is the one that is apt to be the most needed for the active small child. Here is a very pretty and dainty little model that is simple at the same time and that can be used for the tiny boys as well as for the girls up to six years of age. In the illustration it is made of percale finished with a little frill of lawn and with fancy stitching, but it is appropriate for linen, for cham-

bray, for gingham, for lawn, indeed, for all materials that are used for aprons. If a still plainer garment is desired the hems and edges can be stitched by machine but the touch of hand work is always attractive and really does not mean any excessive amount of labor.

The apron is made with front and backs and is finished at the neck with a roll-over collar. There are convenient

5606 Child's Apron, 2, 4 and 6 years.

patch pockets on the front and the sleeves are full enough to be worn over those of the dress with ease and comfort.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is 2¾ yards 27 or 2⅛ yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern 5606 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery).

SEVEN GORED SKIRT 5622.

There is no skirt more satisfactory for general use than the plain gored one. It is adapted to wool, to silk and to washable materials, it can be trusted to launder without losing its shape and has the very great advantage of being always worn. This one is cut to flare

5622 Seven Gored Skirt, 24 to 36 waist.

gracefully at the lower portions while it is plain over the hips and allows a choice of inverted plaits or gathers at the back. Also it can be trimmed in a variety of ways. As illustrated the material is one of the pretty light weight wool suitings with braid applied over each gore. But it is already time to be thinking of linen and pique suits and the model is admirable for both, while such materials can be braided with great success and with a peculiar effect of smartness, the braid being applied over any preferred stamped design. Again, there can be piped bands of the material applied either in straight lines, extending round, or in separate ones terminating in each gore or wide braid can be used after any fashion that may be liked.

The skirt is cut in seven gores, these gores being carefully shaped to give the fashionable full effect at the lower edge and is joined to the belt. When gathered the closing should be made at the centre back, but when inverted plaits are used it can be made either at that point or beneath the plait at the left side.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 8¾ yards, 27, 5 yards 44 or 52 inches wide when mater-

ial has figure or nap; 6¾ yards 27, 3½ yards 44, or 3 yards 52 inches wide when it has not, with 7 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

The pattern 5622 is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 29, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inch waist measure and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an adidtional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery).

———:o:———

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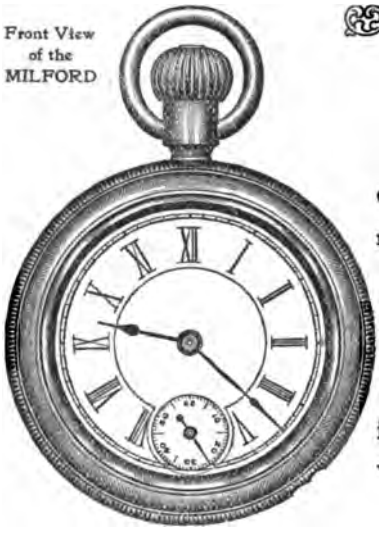

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A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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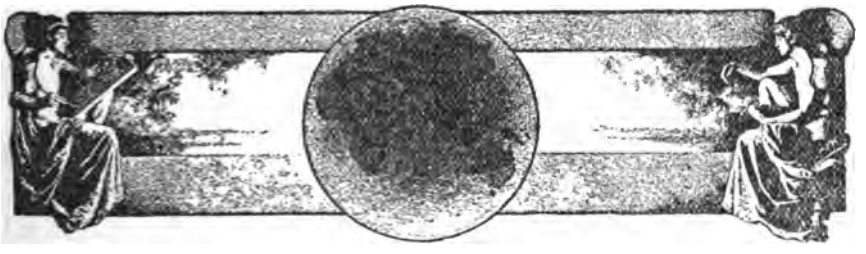

Thoughts of the Month.

Religion a Service. There is room to believe that our religious convictions are too superficial to control society to any practical extent. The chief notion in the ordinary Christian's head is to place himself through outward profession on the side of religion, and the too common belief is that a mere profession of the kind is satisfactory. That is the mythological view and conception of our relation to God. The Christian as revealed in the New Testament, is altogether deeper and more real. To profess is mere hypocrisy, unless the reality is performed. If a debtor promises to pay and doesn't, the creditor would not consider him any more on his side than formerly; in fact, he thinks less of him, because he is now more than a debtor, he is a liar. The religious question reduces itself to this: We are followers of Christ to the extent that we perform His commandments. It does not suffice to speak well of religion; it does not suffice to attend church with regularity; it does not suffice to say "Lord, Lord," as the Pharisees have loved to do through the ages; but the Christian must do better than the children of the world; he must ignore their rules; he must not combine with trusts, nor become a member of corporations who despoil the public, he must abstain from wronging his neighbors in the way selfish people do. He must differentiate from the evil ways of his age, even at a pecuniary loss to himself.

Peace with Justice. The National Peace Congress met in New York recently, and the International Conference will meet in the Hague, next June. People differ widely as to the serviceableness and practicableness of these Congresses and Conferences. However, they may serve to show how the peace-wind blows. The peace movement divides

itself to two sets of advocates; one wants peace with righteousness; the other peace at any rate. Now, peace with honor was the cry in Europe, years ago; and honor, the kind of honor which nations have, is enough to upset any peace-movement. Honor may mean selfishness or caprice. A few years ago, the Czar of the Russias, came out as an advocate of peace; but shortly, he was entangled in a miserable war which almost upset his empire. His conception of peace was peace with robbery. He was caught in flagrante delicto, and had to disgorge ignominiously. Empires and kingdoms have not conscience enough to work for the right kind of peace—the peace that will last, based on righteousness. We may as well expect peace without justice as harvest without sunshine. Peace is the end of things. Justice is the walls, and the roof, and the furniture, but peace is the home, which is the general result.

Rich but Poor. Gipsy Smith has been summing up the failings of church members in the States. He finds them moral but not spiritual; refined but not godly; ornamental but not useful. The evangelization of the world is not their business. That last remark is quite true and far-reaching. If saving souls could be made a business, the United States could be evangelized in a few years. The great drawback in the gospel is that it is not a business; it is not anything like the things of this world. A business-like people is more likely to obstruct a spiritual religion than to help it. A man absorbed in worldly business cannot think very long or very hard on spiritual life. The worldly man and the business man may help to build churches and furnish them in a visible sense, but they lack the spirit that saves. All worldliness is short of "the beginning of the creation of God." A church of the kind may be rich and have need of nothing, and yet be wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked. There may be a Rockefeller [illegible] yet with all his millions [illegible] be no eye-salve to anoint [illegible] of the blind!

Christ and People. The Church which was commissioned to judge and convict the world is today judged by the world. That is the greatest disgrace of the ages. If it were not for the Christ at the head of it, the Church would have been dishonored and rejected. It is honored to-day for His sake. He is the salvation of the Church, as of every sinner, and it behoves the Church to draw nearer to Him, as one who has betrayed Him by not following His footsteps through the ages. Conspiring with the State to justify its wrong doing was the great falling off of the Church. For ages the two combined into a trust to oppress the people for whom Christ had died. In Russia, of late, we saw the Church supporting the villainy of the government in the East; and state-religions have always (as the

playwright says) "sung Te Deums every time a country is robbed or a people despoiled." The Church and the State should be as separate to-day as Christ and Pilate were of yore, and the Church should side with the rights of the people against the trusts, the corporations and the politics of the age. Jesus is on the side of justice, and we want the Church Universal on that side.

The Wasteful and the Needy. It is time for Christian nations to quit glorifying themselves for what they haven't done. If what we hear of the people of Japan is true, it would be proper to send a commission over there to discover the secret of their cheap way of living. Americans are about as extravagant as any people in creation. It is said that a professional man in Japan can live, with his wife, in comfort on the sum of $250 a year. In Utica he could pay his rent with $250. It costs an American much more to live with discomfort, because everyone is after as much as he can get of the poor man's prosperity. Everyone leads a wasteful life, and that weighs heavy on the man who works for wages. If a poor man gets an advance of 25c. a day, his benefactors around him, the landlord, the grocer, the dry goods man, the coal man, et cetera, will advance their claims on him so as to leave to him a balance of less than he had before. His prosperity is often a curse unto him. How can we devise things so the poor shall not feel their poverty, and that the well-to-do may turn over what he wastes foolishly to help the needy?

A Serious Plague. Every age and every land have their peculiar disease, and the American disease or rather plague is graft. It seems to be epidemic. The cases that come to light are mere symptoms. We shall never come to know how much we suffer from it, because our doctors are in it along with the patients. By doctors we mean our legislators. The new capitol building in Harrisburg, Pa., is a lamentable case. On an undertaking estimated at $6,000,000, the structure and furnishings have run up to $13,000,000, a clean profit to the despoilers of $7,000,000. The bronze supposed to be "pure," turns out to be "cast iron." A bootblack stand valued at $125, was sold to the State for $1,619. Each bill was multiplied by from 4 to 6 before presentation. The bootblack stand was multiplied by almost 13. The mutiplication table had to be enlarged to answer the purposes of the grafters!

Grace and Greed. It is not so much the danger that the ungodly love of money makes a small minority rich but that it makes the great majority poor in more sense than one. Money oiling is at the root of every evil in the land—it corrupts not only the food but the morals of the people. It dethrones righteousness, and rules the heads and hearts of Christians as well as pagans.

Thereby the devil becomes king on earth, although we may foolishly believe otherwise. Every evil imaginable follows in its train. This money making is conscienceless and hypocritical; it will do anything to justify itself; it will profess religion, it will help religion along financially; it will do any and everything to gain the good will of the church, and the consummation devoutly wished is gained when the preacher has been persuaded that the rich man is the godly man, and when he has become resolved never more to mention Zaccheus or Dives!

Sheep and Shepherd. Immigration will soon become a serious problem, a problem which the United States will have to attend to, if it will seek its own salvation. Immigration is the symptom of a disease which afflicts the world, and when the States shall have seen what ails the world, it will have to put a stop to it and do a little mission work. One way to stop immigration will be to put an end to the rule of the few for the benefit of the few. If landlordism were abolished in Ireland, Wales, Scotland and England, and all other countries, and the good of the people cared for and attended to, foreigners should not need cross the ocean except as visitors to see their friends and relatives on this side. Russia has room enough for those who have immigrated to America, and hundreds of millions more. What drives the miserable over here is not lack of space, but lack of grace. Wal[illegible] accommodate a cour[illegible] more if she were no[illegible] scienceless landowners w[illegible] more of sheep raising and game than of the sons and daughters of the land. Landlordism has been the Adam of many a paradise, and it should be expelled in order to restore the world to what God intended it to be, viz., a habitable home for the people. The land should be the people's and the Lord their Shepherd.

Twm o'r Nant.

By Cadrawd.

There are several biographies of this celebrated Welsh character, but the best is that he wrote of himself, which he published in the "Greal" (1805). As a man he was one of the most energetic, and no amount of poverty or difficulty could dishearten him. As a poet, he has been termed the Welsh Shakespeare, but unhappily, he bears no semblance to the great bard of Stratford-on-Avon, but that he wrote plays.

Twm's genius was only brilliant in certain directions—is pointed wit, and his bitter sarcasm; the weight of which he used to denounce the

grievances which existed in Church and State, and to correct local abuses; to expose shams, unveil hypocrisy, and trample under feet all kind of oppression. He was abhorred by the indolent clergy, the selfish landlord and steward; they were at all times the marks for his arrows.

During a long wearied life, he followed the occupation of a timber carrier, migrating from place to place wherever there was work to do. Having got himself into difficulties with his greatest bugbear, a lawyer in Denbighshire, he migrated to a more genial climate—to that of the Vale of Towy, and for some years he carried timber from Abermorlais to Carmarthen. His employer had hired the walk Turnpike Gate for 103p. per annum, and Twm receiving the tolls for his maintainance, and that of his family, and paying the rent in carriage of timber.

He states that he carried larger timber than the people of Carmarthen had ever seen on wheels before —large trees from 150 to 200 feet— the largest of all, which he had christened "the King of the Forest," measured 244 feet, for which he had paid according to contract, sixpense per foot. When he was loading the "King," the people from town and villages gathered together around him, as if he was playing an interlude. Some time after he had conveyed the "King" safely to the Carmarthen Key, he was met on the road by three Montgomeryshire bailiffs, who at once commenced taking possession of his horses and wagons, and they took them to a public house in the town. This greatly annoyed him, that they would not consent to let him take his horses home, and settle affairs in a quiet way.

This ended in a squabble between Twm and the bailiffs, and there was a tug of war. He pitched into two of them single-handed, and had both to the ground, and continued beating them. The third bailiff, noticing the treatment which his friends were receiving at the hands of the bard, went behind him, and with all his might started to measure Twm; but it so happened that an old servant of Lord Dynevor came to his assistance, and the fight was ended. The bailiff engaged some constables, and with them the renowned Twm o'r Nant was made secure. However, he was not friendless, for one of the town magistrates of Carmarthen told him to be calm, and keep as peaceful as he could, promising that he would try and get matters smoothed for him the next morning; and he says that happily he came out of the dilemma much better than he had expected.

Some time afterwards he took a lease on a piece of ground in Llandeilo, and built a public house on it, which hec alled the "Six Bells." His daughters looked after the business, which he called the "Six Bells." His timber merchant for whom Twm was carrying, built a small vessel of about 40 tons burden, at a distance of about a mile from the Towy, and he intended to get it launched by men

pulling it on wheels on a certain day. He sent to certain four churches to announce the day the ship was to be launched, saying that plenty of meat and drink would be provided for all who would attend and lend a helping hand. Twm went as a spectator to witness this great feast; and when he arrived, the meat and drink were all consumed, but the ship had hardly been moved. It had been pulled off the blocks, and landed into a ditch, to the no small discontent of the merchant.

Twm came to the rescue, and agreed to launch the ship for 25p., which he did in the most satisfactory manner, but never received a penny of the money. During his stay in Carmarthenshire, he was engaged in carrying wood from Allt-y-Cadno, Cil-y-cwm, Myddfai, Fforge, Llanedi, Llandyfan, Pontardulais, &c.

Finally, the timber merchant was made a bankrupt, and robbed the poor bard of over £50 of his hard earnings, which compelled him to leave South Wales for his native place, without a wagon or a horse, and the only alternative he had was to compose an interlude, which he did under the title, "The Four Chief," or "The four pillars of State," namely, the King, the magistrate, the bishop, and the farmer. At this time he solicited names of subscribers toward publishing "Gardd o Gerddi," and 2,000 copies were published ultimately at Trefecca, in 1790, at the cost of £52.

There is no doubt that had the bard of Nant been blessed with liberal education, he would have attained a high proficiency in the dramatic art, and would have been perhaps Wales' most universal genius as a dramatic poet. As it is, his style is too careless, and his diction too rugged, and his language too commonplace; but at the time he wrote, his dialogues were well received; and when acted were very successful in several parts of the Principality.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO MRS. R. JONES, PLAINFIELD, N. Y.

The flight of years on subtle wing,
The hours speed by but memories cling,
To bygone years;
The childhood days when we were young
So full of joy as life begun.

Time leads us on life's fitful way,
And childhood seems but yesterday.
O! happy days,
When we were free from worldly cares
But age forsooth crept unawares
And brought life's noon.

And thus doth time's relentless hand,
Bring hastening years, its magic wand
E'er leads us on;
We reach life's prime and contemplate
The serious tasks that now await
Maturer years.

With earnest hearts, we take our place
And try to do by God's bless'd grace
Our duties well;
Life's joys and sorrow come in turn
Each phase a test that we may learn
His holy will.

His guiding hand hath led the way,
Our strength renewed each dawning day
By grace divine;
The hope which buoyed the bygone years
By which the pain, the cares and fears
Were sanctified

The fleeting years are almost done,
Our days have reached their setting sun
Life's eventide;

And tho' the night obscure the skies,
To-morrow's glorious sun shall rise
In everlasting day.

New York. K. W. G.

The Young Sergeant.

Morgan P. Jones, Sandon, Ohio.

The fitful glimmer of camp-fires chased the deep shadows lurking in the "Black Swamp," and the chill wind drove shower after shower of sparks over the drenched figures stretched around the fires. The heavy breathing of the prisoners assured the sentries as they paced to and fro that they were fast asleep despite the rain, and an occasional howl betrayed the proximity of wild beasts.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Sergeant Scott, addressing the young commanding officer, who like himself was wide awake.

"I think that I'd feel far more comfortable if Captain Smith or one of his lieutenants was at the head of this expedition instead of me," was the reply. "Of course, I realize that they were all sick when we started; nevertheless I think the major might have found an older and more experienced man to place in command of these one hundred men and four hundred prisoners if he had tried."

"I guess the major knew what he was doing. Leastwise he made no mistake in this instance so far as I can see. I am afraid, though, this heavy rain will not mend matters in these interminable swamps."

Night passed, but in that dense and trackless forest twilight still lingered. Breakfast time came, but no breakfast. The ceaseless downpour gave a cheerless aspect to everything but the sputtering camp-fires, and even these could no longer be enjoyed, for the boy commander now gave orders to resume the march, orders that were reluctanly obeyed by the prisoners.

"This certainly is interesting," remarked Sergeant Scott in an undertone. "Seems to me we couldn't get into a worse tangle if we tried. I wish someone would send us a good breakfast, don't you?"

"There goes a deer; I'll give you leave to shoot it," replied Sergeant Raper. "Missed it, by Jove! Why man, if I couldn't do better than that I'd go without breakfast the rest of my life."

The day's march improved neither the condition nor the temper of the men. Most of the time ankle-deep, and part of the time knee-deep in water, stumbling over concealed roots and creepers, and harassed by thick undergrowth their progress was aggravatingly slow. Without guide or compass, with the sun veiled by dense clouds their ideas of direction became confused, and wandering hither and thither in the howling wilderness they naturally became bewildered and lost. So that when at nightfall a halt was made on one of the slight limestone ridges which at intervals traversed the "Black Swamp" roll-call revealed

several guards and prisoners missing.

With everything reeking with dampness fire was a luxury to be eagerly desired, but by no possibility to be obtained, and with only the memory of vanished viands any bygone feasts to tantalize rather than appease ravenous appetites brute instincts bade fair to strangle the distinctive attributes of man. The larger game, which, after the fruitless shot of the morning, seemed to disappear to parts unknown now that Stygian darkness enveloped the famished men howled, growled and splashed all night long within exasperating distance of the camp. It any of the men slept it was from sheer exhaustion, and if any of them dreamt it was of comforts that seemingly would never be theirs again.

Such of the prisoners as could not sleep were in an ugly mood, and when they spoke it was with a snarl or a growl equal to that of the wild beasts that besieged the camp.

"I've had more than enough of this fool business," growled one. "Starvation in a dungeon would be a blamed sight better than this."

"Keep still," was the sarcastic rejoinder of another, "haven't you heard of 'Babes in the Woods?' It isn't everybody that has the honor of having a kid for a master of ceremonies!"

"Can't you fellows enjoy a feather bed when you have one?" asked a third. Don't you know Paradise when you see it?"

"I think I'd know roast beef if I saw it," added the first speaker.

"Seems to me you ought to be satisfied with bear meat," retorted the second. "There's plenty of it around here, and it isn't spoiled either."

Sergeant Raper and his men fared no better than the prisoners. Indeed, of the two their plight was the less enviable, as in their case the fear of attack was added to hunger and discomfort. Already one or two attempts had been made to steal upon them unawares, but the rustling of the dead leaves with which the ground was covered rendered them abortive.

The next day and night were a repetition of the preceding twenty-four hours, and on the morning of the third day in the swamp young Raper awoke to the realization that the guard had been reduced to twelve men and the prisoners to a hundred. Shivering with cold and maddened by the gnawings of hunger the prisoners were in an uglier mood than ever, and perceiving the weakness of the guard they became openly mutinous.

"Forward, march," commanded Sergeant Raper.

The prisoners stood shoulder to shoulder in a solid sullen mass. Not a man of them moved a single inch.

"Men, you'll gain nothing by disobedience to my command," asserted the young officer with an intensity of voice and expression that showed he was not to be trifled with. "You have suffered nothing that we have not. You are not more anxious to find a way out of this trackless wild-

erness than we are. You have been taken in a fair fight. Why, then, should you disgrace your king and his flag by unsoldierly conduct? Forward, march!"

No one heeded the command. Sneer and defiance appeared on every face. The guards lined up beside their commander and facing the mutineers noticed this with flashing eyes and clouded brows, and the order to make ready was no sooner given than each man had his bayonet fixed and gun cocked.

"I will give you, men, just five minutes to make up your minds whether you will obey orders or not," added the young officer, addressing the prisoners, at the same time taking out his time-piece and holding it in his hand.

The announcement was greeted with a chorus of derisive laughter that sounded almost demoniacal in the solemn hush of the dense and gloomy forest.

"One minute!" cried a clear and fearless voice.

"He's a good actor if he is a kid," admitted one of the mutineers in a deep undertone.

"He's mighty good at bluffing; but he can't scare us worth a farthing," was the contemptuous reply.

"Two minutes!" echoed and re-echoed through the woods, and when the voice ceased only the saucy bark of a gray squirrel was heard.

"Three minutes!" declared the same voice, while a long crow ominously uttered its warning in the distance.

Four minutes! But one more minute is left. All who are willing to act as honorable prisoners of war step this way."

The prisoners moved not a muscle, nor even exchanged a whisper. So far as Sergeant Raper could see, all were as stubbornly rebellious as ever. It looked as if nothing could prevent bloodshed now. The brave young commander was facing the greatest ordeal of his life, but he was determined to do his duty.

"Time's up. Present arms. Take aim and—."

"Hold on!" cried a brawny Scotchman, stepping out of the first rank. "I've had nought to do with this mutiny, nor will I die like the fool that perisheth!"

"Nor I, nor I," exclaimed a chorus of voices, and the next moment half of the prisoners followed the Scotchman's example. Sergeant Raper had won, and supported by the loyalty of his own men and the co-operation of the most sensible among the prisoners he at length found a way out of the "Black Swamp," secured plenty of food and in due time safely reached his destination.

The New Theology.

(A reply to the Rev. Dr. Tinsley's address delivered at the Up-to-Date Club, Youngstown, O.)

By Rev. J. B. Davies.

II.

Many efforts have recently been made to reduce the first chapters of Genesis into myths, and to reconstruct human history on the supposition that man began his career as a savage. Dr. Tinsley and men of his school, ignore the traditional hypothesis and attempt to make it of no value, and hence that the Bible account historically is not trustworthy, and that, therefore, mankind began their course in a state of barbarism, and not in a state of civilization. Under the stress of the evolution theory, theologians of repute are endeavoring to get, not as much, but as little, meaning as they possibly can out of the early narratives of the Bible. Marvelous is the ingenuity which is shown in proving what the early saints did not know and did not believe. Indeed, one begins to wonder what it is Christianity requires us to believe. According to a certain class of influential theological writers, it does not require us to believe in the first eleven chapters of Genesis as Dr. Tinsley teaches, neither does it require us to believe in the infallibility even of the Lord Jesus Christ. Is it a healthy tendency of the modern theological mind to be thus continually endeavoring to reduce the Christian faith to a minimum, to be always asking, not how much, but how little, we may believe? as Dr. Tinsley does. The impression left upon my mind after reading Dr. Tinsley's addresses is that there is a distinct fall in the moral temperature the moment he touches the supernatural—all enthusiasm seems to die out. The supernatural in all his address he reduces to the lowest minimum possible, but I see not why the supernatural should be admitted at all, unless it be admitted to some purpose. Preaching of this kind any sane man will say can never save the world, nor lift the church to a higher plane in the spiritual life. It is claimed by some, that in a scholar, in whom the critical temperament has been highly trained, much enthusiasm is not to be expected; and yet the lack of it is a serious disqualification to understand Moses or interpret Isaiah—men whose moral nature was all aflame with the fire of God.

Dr. Delitzsch, in his commentary on Genesis, says that "the historicity of the Pentateuch is to him a cardinal article of faith." The existence of the tabernacle, the prevalence of the chief festivals, and the institution of the Aaronic priesthood from the Mosaic age he unhesitatingly accepts. The orations attributed to Moses in Deuteronomy he considers not to be inventions or dramatiza-

tions, but literary enlargements of authentic discourses of the lawgiver; just as the discourses of the Lord Jesus in the fourth gospel are by the evangelist drawn out, and their inner meaning evolved thereby into greater clearness. Dr. Delitzsch continually refers in his writings to national traditions as furnishing reliable material to the more recent compilers.

Though he does not say whether he means oral or written traditions, yet we are justified in concluding that he comprises both. Canon Driver also drops hints which would imply that this is also his standpoint; yet he does not separate himself with the same decision as Delitzsch from the Wellhausen school. In the theory of Delitzsch orthodox theologians could, from the point of view of doctrine offer no great resistance; for, though admitting that the present form of the Pentateuch is post-exile, he yet strenuously maintains that the substance of the legislation and much of its language stretch back to the Mosaic age, and that the books are, therefore, historically credible. Delitzsch agrees in essence with the orthodox view, and is in direct antagonism to the theory of Wellhausen, so enthusiastically espoused by the late Robertson Smith of Oxford, and also by Dr. Tinsley and his school, who attempts the reconstruction of Israelite history. I do not imagine for a moment that the traditional view does not need rectification, our views perhaps of most of the doctrines need rectification from time to time. What is protested against is not its rectification but its total subversion. What is the modern analytical view? That the books of the Pentateuch (or Hexateuch), with the exception perhaps of Exodus 20 and 23rd chapters were not composed until about the time of the exile—a little before and a little after therefore, long subsequent to the transpiration of the events whose history they record. In the Pentateuch are ascribed from seven to twelve successive authors, and the critics profess ability to apportion to each his share of the work, even to the dividing of a sentence in half. The authors living between the age Hezekiah and Ezra, projected their own ideas into the bygone times, so that Genesis and Exodus do not portray the patriarchal and Mosaic ages, but the times of the writers themselves, who painted on the canvass of the past the ideas of the then present.' In order to do the higher critics full justice I will show their method of procedure: "First, the Elohistic narrative. Next the Jehovistic story book." But this division does not meet all the exigencies of the case. A third writer has to be invented, who partakes of some of the characteristics of both the Jehovist and Elohist. These three contributors are distinguished by the letters E. J. and J. E. A fourth or fifth or sixth is the Deuteronomist, and others who write in his spirit, marked by the letters D, D1, D2. But the combined labors of E and J and J E and the D's did not come into

their present shape at once. We have to distinguish as separate works (1) the Priestly code comprising Leviticus and the allied portions of Exodus and Numbers, and this again is subdivided into P1, P2, P3, according as they wrote in the Priestly spirit. (2) The book of the covenant, comprising Exodus 21 and 23 and other passages relating to covenants represented by Q meaning four. (3) Deuteronomy, and according to some a book of holiness. It is also thought that some other fragments and interpolations may have gone to make up the whole.

And then, finally, there is R, the redactor or editor of the whole Hexateuch, and successive redactors, as R2, R3, etc. In the name of common sense and universal experience, I venture to ask, was ever a book composed like that? Was ever a book criticised like that? It reminds me, when a boy, of the criticisms passed upon the song, "God Bless the Prince of Wales." On its publication such was its popularity that it provoked the hostility of a number of critics. The composition was declared to be devoid of originality, a fragment of a bar being found in a certain oratorio, another combination of two or three notes found in another song, till at last the leading comic papers gave the over acute critics their quietus by solemnly undertaking to find every single note in music previously published. Thereupon the charge of plagiarism fell flat, and the song lives, second only in popularity to the national anthem. Not dissimilar is the method whereby the higher critics have conducted their analysis of the Pentateuch. The common sense, not only of the mass of readers, but of trained critics in other departments of literature, is shocked, and signs are not wanting that American, British and continental scholarship is veering round, a reaction, it would seem, has already set in. English Episcopalians and other Christians called Bishop Colenso an infidel bishop on account of his writings on the Pentateuch.

The best scholars of the age believe that the Pentateuch is substantially the work of Moses and his helpers. He was an eye and ear witness of al the transactions recorded in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, consequently there is no mystery as to the materials for, or, the manner of their composition. But as Genesis deals with events in the remote past, in its preparation he must have resorted to another method. What was that method? No theologian ever imagined that he received the patriarchal and antediluvian history ready made from heaven. The view of all sane theologians is that Moses wrote the book under the same conditions as other historians. He did not receive historic truth by revelation, he had to search for it like all other investigators. He gathered information from folk-lore and oral traditions, collected whatever documents he could. Genesis is then a compilation. Why not? Is not all history a com-

pilation? And the more the original authorities are allowed to speak, the more faithful and reliable the history. I claim that Moses is the first Biblical writer, but not the first inspired man. The authors of Holy Writ were not the only inspired men of antiquity. Inspiration was not confined to writing, it extended to feeling, thinking, speaking and acting. Enoch and Noah in the antediluvian world and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in patriarchal times were all inspired men. Genesis is an inspired record of inspired men.

In the progress of the centuries the book was frequently transcribed. Considering the character and material of ancient writing, it was inevitable that mistakes should creep in, and it is possible, may be probable, that explanatory notes were added to make clear to the copyists contemporary to them which would appear obscure. Ask the Greek philosophers who made Chaos, and they cannot answer. Address the question to Moses, and his answer is prompt, decisive and unfaltering: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." How came Moses to think those high thoughts, to see clearly where the ablest thinkers of antiquity perceived nothing but dense darkness. Undoubtedly God spoke through His servant Moses, or through his ancestors who transmitted to after times this high conception of God.

Deny divine inspiration to Moses, and he becomes forthwith one of the greatest enigmas of history. Refuse his divine revelation and how to account for the first verse in Genesis? Fichte says that the first verse contains more true wisdom than all the folios of ancient philosophy. Andrew Fuller declares that a child can learn in five minutes in this verse, more than all the ancient sages ever knew. How to account for it? The supernatural cannot be suppressed. Men of rationalistic proclivities like Dr. Tinsley, revel in the occupation of enumerating the disagreements between the two creation narratives, in order to discredit their historical trustworthiness. All admit that the author of Genesis was a learned honest man, is it conceivable that he would join together two narratives, which on the face of them contradict each other, which any schoolboy could detect, but which he could not see. The supposition is preposterous. Whatever the author of Genesis was, he was neither a fool nor a knave. The contradiction is superficial, the harmony deep, real. The order of the creative work in the first chapter is (1) vegetation, (2) animals, (3) man. In the second the order runs (1) man, (2) vegetation, (3) animals, (4) woman. The last in the first chapter is first in the second. The two accounts refer, not to the same work of creation, but that the first relates to the creation of the earth in its totality, and the second to the special preparation of that portion of the earth where human history was to find its starting point. And when the two accounts are minutely examined, it is

found that in the first chapter the Hebrew word employed is ha-aretz, signifying the earth as a whole, and in the second adamah, denoting that "region," "land" or "field" where mankind represented by their parents, began their chequered career.

Be the author of Genesis who he may, he is not such a simpleton as to place palpable contradictions in the forefront of his history. Difficulties there are; but difficulties are not discrepancies. Dr. Tinsley says that, "It is probable that Jesus accepted the Pentateuch just as His contemporaries did." If this is true, why did He preach the sermon on the mount? This teaching attempts to prove that Jesus was a hypocrite and an imposter. Did He not recognize the Pentateuch as genuine and authentic in His teachings? Did He not often refer to them as such and cite passages from them? Is Jesus Christ a fraud? Is He a liar? Then good-bye to His religion. If He is false in one particular, why not in all? We have no security. The foundations are swept away, for everything centers in Him and depends upon His truthfulness. If He is not "The Truth," then our hope is gone. Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die. We may dismiss our fears and look to Jesus with unshaken confidence. His teacnings will live when Tinsleyism will be buried in eternal oblivion. "Heaven and earth will pass away; but My words shall not pass away."

The Real Arthur of History.

By James Main Dixon, University of Southern California.

In Wales a singular devotion has ever been paid to the ancient tongue and music of the Principality, and here has been the peculiar home of genuine literary enthusiasm. No religious and sectarian troubles have soured the temper of the Celtic portion of the people, but as Protestants in a snug little corner of a Protestant country, they have cherished their own particular ideals, and kept the glamor of a glorious past alive among their hills and havens.

Oxford is the natural school of learning for Welshmen, being situated not far from the Welsh border, among a population that has a strong Celtic strain in its composition. Indeed Jesus College in Oxford is definitely a Welsh institution, founded and maintained for the benefit of young Welshmen. For long its library retained on its shelves invaluable Welsh legendary lore about Arthur and other Celtic heroes—now transferred to the Bodleian, and the college was in a peculiar way the home of literary idealism.

Through Copleston and other noted Oxonians, Matthew Arnold became fascinated with the literary devotion of Welshmen, the spiritual

strain among them, the single-mindedness with which they followed the concerns of the higher part of man. His typical Celt is the Welshman, whose delight is in a grand Eisteddfod, where the country meets to listen to its bards. He drank in the fascination of Wales; "Wales where the past still lives, where every place has its tradition, every name its poetry, and where the people, the genuine people, still knows this past, this tradition, this poetry, and lives with it and clings to it."

Undoubtedly the little principality was greatly favored when it gave to modern Europe its typical hero of romance, the peerless Arthur. There was a time when the higher culture and the purer religion found a home in the West, on the green slopes of Cumbria and Hibernia. The Britons were driven down from the shores of the Clyde and the Solway by invading Angles and Picts, and their bards sang songs of wailing and long regret by the Welsh Clwyd and Teify. Other bards came from the South, driven out by the yellow-haired invaders, and thus Wales received the cream of the literature in a wide district. Gradually their champion Arthur, who had valiantly faced the heathen invaders, was received as the type of a Christian hero. At Norman and Angevin courts these lays of a glorious past were received with favor. A grandson of King Henry II., the hapless Arthur, whose mother was Constance of Brittany, received the historic Celtic name. Three centuries later when a Welsh Tudor ascended the throne of England, he, Henry VII., gave to his eldest boy the same Celtic name. Again it was not fated to be borne by a ruler, for Arthur, Prince of Wales, lived only to be the husband of Catherine of Aragon, and then died.

Wales has thus contributed at least one thing of priceless value to the literature of the world; she has given men their romantic ideal in King Arthur. It is now exactly 1370 years since the brave leader of heroes died fighting against a combination of pagan enemies and traitorous men of his own stock; for Modred turned against the great king and guide the hand that had benefited him. The last battle took place on the historic field of Camelon.

It is but natural that, as Arthur's deeds were sung by Welsh bards, the localities where he fought gloriously should be placed not far from the great rivers of Wales, the Wye, the Teify and the Severn. But investigations rigidly carried out go to show that he went north to the shores of Tweed and Forth to find out his enemies and rout them; and that finally he died within sight of the same historic fortress beneath whose walls Robert the Bruce won his greatest victory.

Arthur was a Christian hero, and is reported to have visited the Holy Land and brought thence a bit of the holy cross. He belonged to that portion of the Keltic people who had come under the civilizing influence of imperial Rome; and, when the

legions were recalled in the fifth century, these hapless folk were left alone to confront terrible enemies. There were four branches of the Kymric people, all of whom had learned the arts of civilization; the Kymry of Strathclyde in the north, whose territory stretched from modern Glasgow to modern Liverpool; the Welsh Kymry between the Mersey and the Bristol Avon; the Kymry of the Land's End, the Cornishmen; and the Armorican Kymry of Brittany.

When the Roman legions, after guarding a wall stretching from the south to the Clyde, and another wall stretching from the Solway to the Tyne, marked southward, abandoning imperial York, and Chester, and Lincoln and London, and finally saying farewell to Albion at the white cliffs of Dover, two enemies faced the native Britons. The Saxon warriors by the ill-advised policy of the weak Vortigern who brought them in as allies, began to press westward and northward, and the red-limbed Caledonians and Picts of the north pushed south from Fife and the Lothians. It was against a combination of Pict and Saxon that Arthur was called upon to struggle, and he proved himself worthy of the leadership with which he was intrusted.

The Kymry, whose existence as a people was threatened, now met in council; and their generals or chiefs chose a commander in chief, or gwledig, to grapple with the task. And so Arthur became Arthur Pendragon, dux bellorum, Kymric generalissimo.

Arthur moved north with his army and, crossing the Solway, seems to have met the enemy somewhere in Ayrshire, on the banks of the Irvine, not far from the spot where Bruce won the first of his victories against the soldiers of Edward. It is a historic district, full of memories of patriots and martyrs from William Wallace to the Covenanters who fought at Drumclog; and made memorable in poetry by the songs of Burns. Victorious on the banks of Irvine, he continued his march northward, crossed the Clyde, and fought the foe under the shadow of Dumbarton Castle, the old Alclyde, chief fortress of the Strathclyde Kymry. At the head of Loch Long stands a mountain bearing the name of Ben Arthur, a witness to the great deeds of the hero. Thrice again did he fight in the romantic vale of Severn, and was always victorious over the pagan allies.

Then he struck east in order to deliver a blow at the Picts in their own territory. They met him not far from the town Falkirk, on the river Carron, and were again defeated. Now moving southward, to help the oppressed Kymry in the Tweed region, he fought a battle in upper Tweeddale, which for long was commemorated by standing stones and tumuli. These were removed a century and a half ago under the direction of Sir Walter Scott's father, who was factor of the estate and had no use for old stones of this kind, antiquated rubbish, as he considered them.

The eighth battle seems to have been fought somewhat to the east. A legend still connects the Christian hero with St. Mary's Chapel near Stow, where he placed the relics he had brought from Palestine. In succeeding ages, bloodstained men used to seek this sanctuary, and do penance there for their misdeeds.

Again he had to turn westward, to meet a threatened assault, and fought a ninth battle at Alclyde, known even in the time of David the Second, Bruce's son, as "Castrum Arthuri" (Arthur's fortress). From Dumbarton he pushed in a northeasterly direction to Sterling, and on the banks of Forth, made so famous by the exploits of Wallace and Bruce, he won his tenth fight. The next battle is probably that which has preserved for us his name, in Arthur's seat, the grim mount which keeps guard over fair Edinburgh. The name of the city at that time was Mynydd Agned, or the "Painted Mound." He was still in Pictland, for the Picts had pushed south into the Lothians. The last battle of this magnificent campaign was fought in Monte Badonis, which seems to indicate Bowden Hill near Linlithgow. With this crowning triumph Arthur disappears from history for twenty-one years.

He divided the country thus wrested from the invaders among three of his chiefs, Urien, Arawn and Llew or Lothus. To the last named, Lothus, was given the territory around Edinburgh, Linlithgow and Haddington, since known as the Lothians, or Loth's district. It was a son of this Loth, the traitor Modred, who became a pervert to heathenism, and joined with Picts and Angles against his own Kymry. Arthur, now no longer in his prime, marched northward to meet the new combination, and fought a bitter fight on the Carron, near Falkirk, in which both he and Modred perished, as the chronicler states in his quaint Latin, "Erat gweith camlan in qua Arthur et Medrant coruere."

So passes the Arthur of history, and the Arthur of legend and romance takes his place:

"But now farewell. I am going a long way
With thee, thou seest—if indeed I go—
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

The Arthur of history passed away because the scenes which witnessed his victories came to have other associations. Southern Scotland was securely held by the incoming Angles; viz. Danes from Cumberland, and by the Gaels from Kintyre. Myntyn Agned became Edinburgh, the fort of the Anglian prince Edwin, and the most northerly output of the Sassenach; Kenneth and his dhuiniewassals crossed into Ayrshire and won a great fight near Dalmel-

lington, and the Christianity that these men came to profess had its center at Iona, the home of the Irishman Columba.

Where do we get our historic Arthur? The answer is, in the books that had come down to us from Welsh writers. First and foremost comes the four ancient books of Wales, printed from MSS, which lay dormant until the time of Henry VIII. They consist of the Black Book of Carmarthen, The Book of Aneurin, The Book of Taliesin, and The Red Book of Hergest. While containing a mythological and prophetic element, they have a basis of solid history, and represent the labors of four bards, Merlin, Aneurin, Taliessin and Llywarch Hen, all of whom are placed in the sixth century. If they were living then, they must have been contemporary with King Arthur. Possibly, however, their compositions were not finally brought into literary form till the first half of the seventh century. The hero appears in them with no mediaeval or feudal admixture, such as might be expected had a later hand, living in feudal times, vamped or adorned them. Arthur is made no mediaeval Christian hero, the pearl of knighthood, but is described simply as the deliverer of the northern Cymry from their Pictish and Anglian enemies. Gildas too, on whom we depend, wrote his Historia and Epistolae less than half a century after Arthur's crowning victory at Caer Badon. He seems to have been a chief's son, born somewhere near the Solway. Lastly comes the Historia Britonum of Nennius, generally supposed to have been a Welshman, who lived somewhere about the beginning of the eighth century. His history, originally written in Welsh, was later translated into Latin.

Scholars like Skene, working on these literary remains and using the wealth of philosophical research, placed at the disposal of investigators in the last fifty years, have been able to sift fact from legend, and eliminate the historic Arthur. The traditions of this historic Arthur died out in southern Scotland, leaving no topographical indications in place names. Arthur ceased to be associated even with the Eildon Hills, whence at one time he was expected to issue forth with his knights. Gael and Sassenach brought in new traditions, and all the old life was overlaid. The bards went south to Wales, and Arthur's territory was transferred to the banks of the Severn within ken of his own people, and not too far from mystic Brittany.

Popular Talks on Law.

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CONTRACTS.

9. CONTRACTS OF INSANE PERSONS AND DRUNKARDS.

Our readers who have followed this series of talks will have learned the rule as to the contracts of persons not yet of legal age, to the effect that generally speaking an infant's contracts are voidable by him, with the one great exception that where under certain circumstances he makes a contract for the necessaries of life it is good.

The law with reference to the contracts of insane persons and drunkards is based upon the same theory as is that of the law with reference to the contracts of infants—namely, that the law ought to protect the weak or such as have not sufficient mind, against the strong or the mentally sound. Insanity, generally speaking, is a weakness or derangement of mind. It is such a state of mind that the person afflicted cannot think rationally, is incapable of protecting himself or his property, and cannot foresee the results of his acts. In this sense an idiot is an insane person.

In order for one to make a valid contract he must understand its terms and give his assent to them. An insane person, generally speaking, is incapable of understanding and of giving rational assent. It would, therefore, be the height of injustice to hold a person to a contract made during his insanity.

There are cases, however, where persons are insane on some one subject, and perfectly sane on others. Such persons are called monomaniacs. Or, they may be insane upon all subjects but one. If this condition can be clearly proven the law will hold the person to his contracts made in relation to matters concerning which he is entirely sane. There are persons who, while nominally insane, are sane at intervals. If a contract can be proven to have been made during an interval of sanity it will stand. It is even held that where one has general capacity he will be held incapable if, when he made the contract, he labored under a delusion as to the particular matter which enthralled his judgment and will.

We have learned that infants are bound by contracts for the necessaries of life where these are not furnished them by parents or guardians or otherwise. The same rule holds with reference to insane persons and idiots. In the case of infancy the necessaries must be such as concern his person, as, for instance, medicine, food, clothing. In the case of the insane, however, the contract may be such as concerns his estate or property as well as his person, the contract holding if it is shown to be necessary for the preservation of the estate.

Generally speaking, an insane person's contracts are not void, but, as in the case of infancy, such contracts are voidable, that is, he may carry them out or not as he chooses. However, such contracts are binding upon him if, after his reason has deturned, he affirms them, or if during his insanity his guardian or those having legal authority over him ratify them. If the person after becoming sane, or if his guardian, before he becomes sane, disaffirms a contract, and refuses to abide by it, he must return whatever he has received on the contract provided he can do so. He cannot disaffirm the contract and keep the proceeds. He may disaffirm the contract without returning anything if what he has received is lost or has in any way passed out of his control.

The following exception to some of the rules stated must be noted: When a guardian or a committee has been appointed by a court over a person adjudged to be insane his contracts from that time on are void, excepting where they are for the necessaries of life, and then he is bound, not on the contract, but for the reasonable value of what he has purchased. It should be said, too, that where one has been adjudged insane his contracts, even though made at lucid intervals, or while such judgment is in force, have no binding effect.

Where it is a question whether or not a person was insane, the jury will be instructed to look into the nature of the contract and the influences that led to the making of the contract. They will be asked to consider whether it was fair or just; whether the consideration was adequate; whether the other party knew of the mental derangement; whether the other party sought an advantage in consequence of such knowledge; whether there was any undue influence used or fraud; whether the supposed insane person had advice—what was its nature and who gave it to him. These questions being answered the jury will be asked to declare whether or not the contract was the offspring of a sane mind. The sane party to a contract will be held whether he knew of the insanity of the other person or not, if the insane person, or his representatives, so elect.

Drunkenness is a species of insanity, and while it is not a good defense to a criminal charge, it may be pleaded as a defense in a suit on a contract made when the person sued on the contract was drunk at the time he made the contract. It follows, therefore, that a contract made by a person when drunk, if it can be proved that at the time he was bereft of reason, is voidable; it makes no difference whether the drunkenness was voluntary or involuntary.

The same rule holds good with reference to the matter of the necessaries of life as in the case of insane persons, a drunkard being held liable to pay for the reasonable value of the necessaries of life used by him when drunk. He may, when sober, return such as he has not consumed and dis-

affirm the contract to that extent. If he keeps what he purchased during his drunkenness an unreasonable time after he becomes sober he will be held to have ratified the contract. The contract of an habitual drunkard is good if made in a sober interval. Mere drunkenness will not impair a contract. To have the effect of impairing a contract it must be proven that the party was non compos mentis at the time. Insanity brought on by long-continued drunkenness does not differ in legal effect from any other sort of insanity.

(To be continued.)

The Mission of the Ghost.

By Chas. J. Fuess, Utica, N. Y.

It had begun to be whispered about that the old Babbitt house, that grand old mansion on the hill that had lain tenantless and crumbling away for so many years, had been visited again by the ghost of its former owner, who ten years before had in some strange and unaccountable manner lost his life there. This restless spirit had for many years haunted the premises, but during the past several years had lain apparently quiet, and the neighbors were beginning to feel assured that it had at last found peace and rest and would trouble them no more.

Giles Murray, on his way home from an unhappy evening with his sweetheart, had seen the milky, almost transparent form of a bent, weary-looking, oldish man come walking decrepitly from the decaying ruins of the once magnificent home of old man Babbitt, and apparently beckon as if seeking converse. With the leaden memory of a painful interview in which he had confided to his sweetheart his intention of setting himself adrift on the world in search of wealth, an interview in which sweet Maidee Tyler wept a wealth of bitter tears, Giles in terror turned and fled from the approaching apparition. When he related the next day the adventure which had befallen him he learned from his father the story of the man whose phantom he had undoubtedly seen. His father further stated that had he had sufficient courage to stand his ground the shadow might have imparted to him knowledge that would bring him life-long happiness.

Giles cogitated his father's words deeply, and by an indefinable impulse resolved to go again the next night over the same route and ascertain if there were an iota of possibility in his parent's suggestion. So with half conviction that the incident had been but an hallucination of his already overtaxed mind but with an intention to stand his ground at all hazards, Giles went over the course of the previous night.

When for a second time he ap-

proached the dismal ruins made doubly uncanny by a shimmer of moonlight reflecting dully from the windows, he waited in hesitation the approach of the ghost, with chills chasing one another up and down ' is back, and his hair assuming a tingling, suspicious sensation. It came wearily and slowly, yet with an unmistakable dignity. When within easy reach it motioned Giles to seat himself on a nearby stone.

In supulcral tones, as one might imagine issuing from a grave, the figure spoke,

"Young man, your present state of mind and life intentions have called me irresistibly from an uneasy grave. I can not rest at all quietly to see you, with a life of great promise and success assured if you will rightly strive and persist, take such an ill-fated step as you propose to take. I must advance a warning.

"Fifty years ago I was a young man like you, poor in all but health, youthful vigor and ambition. I wanted only an aim and success was but a matter of time. In the same town as I lived a rich man whose son was in love with the same girl whom I had chosen to pay my respects to. At first Jane favored me, and I think that I should have won her had not my rival taken a new tack and taunted me with my poverty. It struck deep, did that arrow, and I vowed that if any efforts of mine, lifelong though they might be, would make me his equal in worldly wealth the attaining of that goal must be my immediate aim.

"I then threw all my efforts in that direction and endeavored to attain riches. From a happy, contented young man I became a nervous, discontented, struggling 'machine.' From then also the attitude of my sweetheart changed. By almost superhuman efforts I amassed a considerable fortune, and came to lay it at her feet. But, ah, she looked upon me with favor no longer. Measured from the standard which I had chosen and sought I was beneath my rival. Questions arose as to the honesty of the methods I had employed to gain my wealth, and I saw the girl I loved and whom I really believe loved me better than the man she married, wedded to my rival.

"It was a bitter day for me. Led by a sordid desire for gain I had sacrificed what was the promise of life-long happiness, and had earned bitterness, which was worse than death. My wealth taunted me. As much of it as I possessed, it could not buy me one moment's real pleasure; it could not remove one ounce of the oppressive weight that held my spirit down dead. No, and now that every bit of the happiness that life had held in store for me had fled in the marriage that broke my heart, there was no incentive to live. Hating myself, I just barely existed. My wealth grew apace. By some old flaunt of fate I got control of some of the interests of the man who was responsible for my wretchedness. I pressed him, but he would not give in. Then in a fiendish moment I resolved to crush him. Re-

venge might in a measure satiate my wronged nature. So with all the powers my wealth afforded and urged on by wicked revenge I soon had my victim at my mercy. But he was no craven. I thought he would plead for mercy on his knees. Then I could laugh at him, and scoff him. But he gazed upon me scornfully, indifferently almost. Then came his wife, once the creature of my heart, the emblem of my dreams. My eyes must have shown some appealing expression since for a moment she was relenting. Then came back the old flash I knew so well, and she was forever gone from my life.

"In ending let me say that I did not crush them as I fiendishly expected and intended to. I didn't care. I had no desire except for quiet, the quiet that comes only from death. That night, arranging my things so that the act might be attributed to an outsider, I committed suicide. In the midst of all the splendor that wealth could buy I premeditatedly took my own life, hating the world and life and thirsting for the darkness and quiet of the grave. Young man, think again before casting all aside in a struggle for gold. Good night."

At the last words the specter with a gesture as though brushing tears from a sorrow-stricken, sad face began to fade, and in a few moments nothing remained but the memory of those tragic words.

Giles with the weight of serious thought upon him plodded slowly homeward and betook himself to a troubled rest.

Calling upon his sweetheart the next evening after wisely thinking over his future plans, he addressed her thus,

"Maidee, could you be happy with a man who had no money?"

"Why, Giles, what question," she uttered, in surprise. "Why, only a few weeks ago Tom Watson whose people, you know, have an immense fortune, proposed to me, and I ——."

"And you what?" was the excited interruption.

"Well, I told him I didn't like him, and couldn't marry him if he had all the money there is."

"Maidee, I'm not going to take that trip I spoke of night before last. Do you think you could take me without much money?"

"When I marry I shall marry for what a man is not what he has."

"Maidee, is there anyone you could take without looking very far?"

"Yes, Giles."

"Who?"

"———"

"Me?"

"——Yes, Giles."

* * * * *

Wedding bells were ringing not long after for these two sweethearts, and the ghost, his mission seemingly fulfilled, has disappeared for good and for all.

The Spirit of Milo.

By Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

Chap. I. The Dream of Peet McAdin.

"I will, Milo, me boy, I will." Then he threw his muscular arms across the couch on which he lay, and grunted and groaned as he struggled to bring himself to a sitting posture. After adjusting himself and rubbing his eyes vigorously, he looked rather wildly around the rough cabin, and then stared into the fireplace.

"What are ye fussin' about, Mac?" inquired his partner, who was reading a nickel novel by the light of a candle.

"Pard, I'll find it, I'll find it—as sure as fate I'll find it. Good for brother Milo," was the answer.

"It's dreaming ye are, Mac. Fall back on yer blankets an' finish yer nap. I never saw the likes of you to strike it rich in yer dreams," were the words of his partner, accompanied by a broad smile on his rugged face.

"Never a dream, pard, never a dream. Its as real as the shining sun. Its a bonanza, I tell ye. I feel like starting this very night, pard, an' will ye come?" said Mac, with an intensity unusual for a man of his characteristic calmness. It aroused the partner somewhat, who said, "An' sure I will, Mac, ol' boy. Ye never found this lad retrating yit. Ye can wager on him any day."

"It was brother Milo, Mike," said Mac, "and he took me to the very ledge, an' it was rich, ye may believe me. Let us get ready without delay."

Such was the conversation that passed between Pete McAdin and Mike Carrington in their log cabin on the north fork of the Coeur d' Alene river. They were old, experienced miners of the generation fast passing away. They prided themselves on being part of the forty-niners, the royaltv of the Pacific coast. They knew what it was to make and lose fortunes, and the exciting life of the prospector, with all its privations, was to them more desirable than the luxuries of a gilded palace. They had prospected from California to Cariboo.

With thousands of others, Pete and Mac had been drawn to northern Idaho by the reports of rich placer mines on Pritchard Creek, or North Fork of the Coeur d' Alene river. Historians have not yet recorded the hardships endured by these hardly toilers of the dirt. The most of them followed the Indian trails from California to Eastern Oregon, and thence to the Snake river, following it to Lewiston, Idaho, then to Coeur d' Alene lake, then up the picturesque valley of the same name. They had to go in companies well organized and well armed and ready to resist the attacks of hostile Indians, which were not infrequent.

These advance guards of civilizaton carried their packs with them

across wide valleys and over high mountains, and into narrow canons, blazing their way through thick forests in their search for the precious ores.

These men, like hundreds of others at the time, were waiting for the opening of spring.

It had been late in the autumn before when they reached Murray, the metropolis of the North Fork. They had been able to work for a few weeks, and their anticipations had not been realised, so, with the others, they cursed old man Pritchard, the discoverer of gold, for someone had to be cursed.

Pete McAdin had spiritualistic tendencies. In fact, he thoroughly believed in communications from the spirit world. His words at the opening of this story were in response to what the spirit of his brother Milo, deceased, had told him. "I believe him, I believe him. It was my good brother Milo. How I loved him. He was a good boy, and I love him still. An' he loves me, too, an' wants to help me, Mike," said Mac.

By this time Carrington—who had no sympathy with spiritualistic ideas—had become serious and anxious to know what McAdin meant.

"Tell me all about it, he said, an' can it be real, Mac? An' sure enough its not foolin' me ye are, is it?'

"Its no foolin, Mike, but gospel truth. I saw my brother Milo an' heard him speak as clear and plain as I see and hear you. He told me to get up and pack, an' go south, an' follow the South Fork for some miles beyond the prairie, and then turn up south up the canyon, an' follow the stream for two or three miles. He took me to the very ledge, Mike, an' by thunder, it was rich, an' I'm agoing, Mike." The flash of his eyes testified that he was terribly in earnest.

Mike took his pipe from one pocket, his knife from another, and proceeded to make preparations for a smoke. In a subdued tone he remarked, "I never heared the like on't before." By this time Mac had hastily dressed, and as he jammed his old hat down low over his forehead and opened the cabin door, he said, "I'll hunt up the mules an' be ready for an early start. Ye'll attend to the cooking, Mike."

Chap. II. Mike Carrington's Catastrophy.

After a busy night of preparation they were ready to start before dawn the next day. Mike went into Dutch Jokes saloon to obtain what miners often deem a necessity, both as a heater in winter and a cooler in summer—a flask of whiskey. It was with some hesitancy that Mike gave an abridged version of his story to Dutch Joke. But the burly Hollander became interested at once. "Let me in," he said. "I'll grub-stake you, Mike, an' do it big, too, if ye give me halves." A bargain was made which resulted in an outfit far more complete than Mac and Mike had counted upon. It was decided to fill a boat with provisions, in addition to packing the two mules.

Mike was appointed to navigate the boat down the river. Although having had considerable experience along that line on other streams, he knew nothing about the treacherous courses and rapids of the tortuous North Fork river, for the trail over which he traveled into the country only touched the river in a few places where all was calm.

But Mike started bravely and confidently. He sat straight and proud in the boat, with paddle in hand, and said to Mac, "Ye'll have to git a move on ye if ye don't want yer pard to git there a week ahead of ye."

There was a run of sixty miles to the mouth of the South Fork. "I'll get there aisy in two days, he said to himself, if no hook or crook interferes." The boat glided along easily and smoothly, and Mike felt as proud as a monarch as he changed his paddle from left to right and back again. No exertion was necessary to guide the boat, so that he became almost lost in ecstacy as he witnessed the beauties of nature around him, amid perfect silence except the noise of the rippling waters and his own paddle. The pleasant situation recalled memories of long ago, when he rowed his boat on Lake Killarney, and he unconsciously whistled an Irish song.

So it continued for several hours, making life a delightful dream. Rather than interrupt the progress of his pleasant course by stopping to eat, he placed crackers within easy reach, and fed upon them as he glided along. After satisfying his appetite, followed by a vigorous puffing on his black pipe, the scenery began to assume greater picturesqueness and awful grandeur. Precipitous mountains towered high on each side, and the channel became narrower and narrower, and the course of the stream more tortuous, and he was moving on the current with a more rapid stride than he realized. Without being fully conscious of it, Mike was exercising his muscular arms, and indeed his whole body, with all possible violence. It was no more a pleasure trip, for there was no time to look to the right or the left, as guiding the swift-moving boat demanded full concentration of all his faculties. Mike Carrington's cleverness and ingenuity in guiding a boat came into full play, and no captain of a four-master in a storm on mid-ocean ever applied himself to his task with greater vigor and self-forgetfulness.

All the words uttered by him were, "An' sure enough I'm makin' good time." The boat had not only the rapids and narrow winding stream to contend with, but great logs were piled in places, making the channel hardly wide enough for it to pass through. Faster and faster the boat glided, or rather plunged along, and Mike, with big drops falling from his eyelashes, with closed mouth, grasped tightly his paddle, and changed it from hand to hand with a dexterity worthy of a master boatman. As fast as one critical place was passed by a hair's breadth escape, another came into sight in

quick succession. But Mike was not a man to lose his equilibrium even under such trying circumstances as these, and he was justified in saying to himself, "Ol' Mike is shtill masther of the sitooation."

But soon following this self-complacent moment something happened which Mike has never been able fully to describe. It was something as follows. After guiding the boat successfully, and Mike refers to it proudly as something that but few navigators could do, through a narrow and indescribably winding channel, going with lightning speed, he saw before him a pile of logs, and a glimpse, he thought, of a narrow channel on the right, and while attempting to steer the boat that way, "quicker'n lightin'," he says, "I was staggered, an' heard a thunder-clap, an' I was a goner."

The boat struck a log lying across the channel, and the velocity with which it moved made it bound back several feet, and then it sank like a rock, and floated under the logs, never to rise again.

Mike struggled in the icy water, grappling with the logs for some time, and only after a desperate effort did he succeed in rescuing himself. After spending a few minutes prostrate on the bank of the river Mike was fully recovered. and looking around, exclaimed, "If not on deck, I'm on land, and it saines to me that I'm monarch of all I survey. By g——, my boat and provisions are drowned, but thanks to the Holy Mary I'm on the land of the livin'." And he crossed himself reverently, something he had not been doing with especial regularity for some time. "There's one consolation, he said, an' that is I've made foine toime, so far. But my navigating is over for to-day, sure enough, an' Mac may be there before ol' Mike yit."

Chap. III. The Two Miners Meeting.

While the dauntless prospector gazed with amazement upon the scene of disaster, a cold chill began to crawl along his spinal cord. "By jabers, said he, "I better be a movin'." After satisfying himself that it would be useless to attempt to recover any of his lost goods, he moved on in search of a trail, saying with almost a sigh as he went, "My gun an' all is gone."

Pushing himself through thick brush for some time, he struck a faint trail. Finding that it followed the course of the river southward, he took it and walked as rapidly as he could in that direction. Serious thoughts possessed him as he trudged along on the narrow trail.

He had made splendid time until his misfortune. Half the distance had been covered. But there were thirty miles more between him and the South Fork, and all over a rough country. Mike had travelled about an hour when he came to an extemporized shack, about twelve by ten, probably put up by prospectors in the fall or during the winter. The logs were about ten inches in diameter, and the walls about five feet high on

one side and seven on the other, covered with brush and wild hay. There was a fireplace in one corner, the logs having been thickly daubed with clay, with an opening in the roof for a chimney. Mike took possession of the cabin, and at once proceeded to make a fire, being more anxious for dry clothes than anything else. He took one of the blocks and sat with his back to the fire, and began to think that he was quite a fortunate fellow after all. He took off his coat and shoes and stockings and placed them as near the fire as he could, then he found some rags on the cot, which he wrapped around his feet. After a while he found himself quite warm and comfortable, and began to survey his new quarters with more care. In the corner behind the door were hanging two sacks. Taking them down, he was surprised and pleased to find that they contained flour and bacon.

Mike was above troubling his brains as to why or how it came there, and was ready to appropriate it as the prophet Elijah was the widow's handful of meal. By a little searching he found a tin pan, and in less than an hour was enjoying his bread and bacon before the bright fireplace.

The night was spent in the lonely cabin undisturbed.

Before dawn Mike was through with his frugal breakfast and ready for his day's journey. As soon as it was light enough to follow the dim trail he started. According to his expectations, the trail led away from the river, eastward. This indicated that he would soon get to the main trail on the North Fork, along which Mac and the mules travelled. Despite the great struggle of the day previous and the discomforts incident thereto, he pressed on at a good rate. About the middle of the forenoon he began to think that the surroundings appeared familiar, and suddenly an old camping-ground came to sight.

Mike sat on a log, and after liberally sprinkling the ground with tobacco juice, he proceeded mechanically to whittle his plug and fill his pipe, and soon the white smoke curled around his shaggy head. He surveyed his surrounding, and said, "Mike Carrington is not out of the worruld yit, you bet. I've covered more 'n half the ground to the South Fork." He really chuckled as he continued, "Ah, Ah, I believe I'm ahead o' Mac, for I see no fresh mark of a mule goin' south. With no mishap, he ought to reach this camp by noon."

The thought proved exhilarating, and lifted him from the log, and he took the pipe from his mouth, and a great cloud of smoke proceeded therefrom, followed by an apparent attempt to see how much ground he could cover with his spittle. As he estimated the distance made, a harsh voice was heard, "Git along there, Dick." Mike was startled. "By Holy Mary," he said, if Mac isn't a comin'." At that moment a pack mule emerged from the thick woods into the camp.

(To be continued.)

The Late Wm. J. Rhees, Esq., of Washington, D. C.

Rev. J. T. Griffiths, Edwardsdale, Pa.

Monday morning, March 18, 1907, after a long illness, the above excellent and notable man died at his home, 2440 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C. Mr. Rhees had been unwell for years, and had it not been for the most tender care of a truly devoted wife and children, and the ablest medical attention possible, it is believed that he would have died long before he did. His wife and daughter Flora had taken him early in the winter to Florida in order to prolong his life, and they had only been back in Washington one week from Aiken, South Carolina, when his spirit returned to God who gave it.

Mr. Wm. J. Rhees was born in Philadelphia in 1830, and was a son of Dr. Benjamin Rush Rhees and Mrs. Margaret Grace Rhees. Dr. Benjamin Rush Rhees was one of the founders of Jefferson Institute, Philadelphia, and one of its first faculty. He was also a son of the noted Morgan John Rhees and Ann Loxley Rhees, who were among the most distinguished Baptists of Wales and America of the 18th century. Dr. Rush Rhees, President of Rochester University, N. Y., and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, New York City, belong to the same family. So that Wm. J. Rhees was a grandson of the above Morgan John Rhees and Ann Loxley Rhees, and it is certain that the grandparents and parents were well honored in this grandson.

Dr. B. Rush Rhees died when comparatively young, when William was but a mere boy, hence his boyhood days were spent chiefly with his grandmother, Mrs. Ann Loxley Rhees, in Philadelphia, and it is evident that he had all the educational advantages possible in early life, for he was a graduate of the Philadelphia High School, from which he received his A. M. in 1852. In 1847 he went to Meadville, Pa., and took a position as clerk and draughtsman in the Holland Land Office Company.

About 1849 he professed conversion in Meadville, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church of that city, and in 1850 he was appointed clerk in the census office in Washington, D. C., to which place he moved that year, and although only twenty, had charge of the Division of Social Statistics, or those relating to religion, schools, libraries, &c., with a large force of clerks under him. While in the census office he acted as secretary to the Executive Committee of the United States on the Industrial Exhibition in London in 1851, and had charge of business relative to exhibits by Americans in this first great World's Fair. In 1853 he was appointed Chief Clerk of the Smithsonian Institution, and private secretary of Prof. Joseph Henry, which positions he held until the latter's death in 1878. He continued as chief clerk under Prof. Baird, and under a special act of Congress, and appointed by Chief Justice Waite as acting secretary of the institution whenever Prof. Baird was absent.

He continued a faithful and an active member of the Baptists in Washington until 1866, when he united with the Presbyterians, and was a charter member of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, in which he was an honored member when he died, and most highly esteemed as one of its chief pillars, as his pastor said on the day of his funeral. Space will not permit me to write of his work in relation to the Y. M. C. A. of Washington, of which he was one of the three founders, and in whose house its first meeting was held in 1853; and also his work as a trustee of the public schools, temperance, &c., &c. In every

sense of the word he was a worthy descendant of a noble ancestry. The writer had the pleasure of spending two nights and a day with him in November, 1906, in Washington, and he never can forget the visit. There is not a kinder nor better family in Washington than this.

Wednesday afternoon March 20, 1907, a large number of his friends met at his late home to pay their respect to one whom they greatly loved. The funeral service was held at his late home, when his pastor, the Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D. D., and the Rev. John T. Griffith of Edwardsdale, Pa. officiated. At the request of the family the latter gave an address on the ancestors of Mr. Wm. J. Rhees back to Morgan John Rhees, who was born in Wales December 8, 1760, and Dr. Hamlin gave an address on the life of Mr. Rhees, in which he paid him a beautiful tribute. The following societies were represented at the funeral: District Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, Anthropological Society, District of Columbia Historical Society, National Geographical Society, and Pennsylvania Historical Society, in all of which Mr. Rhees was a member. The following were his honorable pall bearers: Dr. Charles D. Walcott, Prof. Alexander G. Bell, Richard Rathbun, Cyrus Adler, Simon Newcomb, Dr. E. M. Gallander, Prof. O. T. Mason and John D. McChesney.

The following were his active pall bearers: W. Irving Adams, James G. Taylor, Zebina Moses, Dr. A. C. Peale, George C. Maynard, John Paul Earnest, Harry Dorsey and Edward Springer. The day before the funeral a special memorial service was held at the Smithsonian Institution, at which a series of resolutions were adopted expressing the love which all the members of this famous institution had to Mr. Rhees, in which he had been such a prominent and efficient officer for more than fifty years, and since 1890 he was the keeper of the archives. The resolutions were signed by Prof. O. T. Mason, H. Munroe, and Harry Dorsey, Committee. He was buried in the Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington.

Mr. Rhees was married twice. His first wife was Laura O. Clarke, whom he buried when he was comparatively young, and his second wife was Miss Romenia F. Ellis, who was to him a true helpmeet until his death. He left to mourn his loss a widow, one son, B. Rush Rhees, Washington, D. C.; three daughters, Mrs. Joseph M. Burkit, Mrs. B. O. Loxley, Philadelphia, Miss Flora O. Rhees, who is with her mother at home, and hosts of friends. Truly did Solomon say that "The memory of the just is blessed."

"I AM THE FAMILY CAT."

I can fold up my claws
In my soft velvet paws,
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done:
For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking
Through sunshine and shower;
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter's night,
When the ground is all white,
And the icicles shine
In a long silver line,
I stay not to shiver
In the moonbeams' pale quiver;
But curl up in the house
As snug as a mouse,
And play Jack Horner
In the cosiest corner,
Breaking nobodies laws,
With my chin on my paws;
Asleep with one eye and
Awake with the other;
For I am the family cat.

From "The Cat Journal."

FIELD OF LETTERS

CERYG Y RHYD gan Winnie Parry, author of "Sioned" and other stories: Carnarvon Welsh Publishing Co. 1907.

This little volume consists of a number of short stories for children and young people by one of our most interesting new writers. Each story has a moral in it, and the purpose of the book is educative. The Welsh in it is slightly provincial but is easily understood by every Welsh reader of ordinary inntelligence. Miss Parry is already esteemed as an excellent writer of Welsh and in this story book she sustains happily her reputation as a good and entertaining story teller. Price 1s. 6d.

"Trysorfa y Plant" has a fine portrait of the Rev. W. Jones, Ton, Rhondda Valley. Mr. Jones is a native of Penygarn, near Aberystwyth. When young he turned his mind towards the ministry, and when a student at Trevecca, the church at Ton asked the Association to allow Mr. Jones to become their pastor, which request was granted. Mr. Jones took charge, and has be n their pastor for over 40 years which fact in itself proves him to be an extraordinary man, and he is as popular to-day as when he went there July, 1867. The M. C. Connexion has not a better and a rounder man within its circles.

"The Monthly Treasury" has among its articles for May a paper on the timely subject, "Are Ministers Muzzled?" Among other things it says: "We need an honest pulpit, come what may. 'If the salt have lost its sa—.' Let the people of God also respect the man who tells them God's mind. We need an honorable church. Away with the muzzle forever! Let man speak; let men hear!"

An Old Friend in "A Pioneer's Work" pays a well-deserved tribute to the late John Pugh, leader of the Forward Movement. "We must not give all our reverence to the man of thought and despise and forget the man of action. John Pugh was not a man of brilliant intellect; but he was a man of great heart. In sympathy, in love, in enthusiasm, in courage, in action he was one of the great ones of our church."

CANEUON DYFFRYN TANAD Mari Mochnant: Gwrecsam, Hughes and Son, Printers.

Most of these songs were published in the "Faner" under the nom-de-plume of Mari Mochnant, so the author (E. D. Williams) saw fit to publish them in book form under the same pen name. This little book consists of a large number of songs on a multitude of subjects and themes good, bad and indifferent. Most of the songs are readable, but the writer hardly aspires to a high place among our regular poets. These may suit the people better than a good number of our pretentious and uninteresting poems. These are all quite natural.

In his Notes in "Y Drysorfa" for May the Editor discusses the all important subject of what constitutes religion; what is its chief element or characteristic. He thinks it is "prayer." From a human point of view it must be action, and we believe that action

should be emphasized in our dealings with the subject. Prayer may be a mere formality; and it is a mere outward and inward form in thousands of cases, but religion in order to justify itself before men should be action, a doing of some good continually. If we had thought less of prayer or the outward or ritualistic forms of religious profession, and had laid more stress on doing good, religion would have been more of a blessing among men. The gospel talks more of doing good than of praying.

Llyvyr Job, cyfieithiad Dr. Morgan, 1588.

This is one of a series, called Welsh Classics for the People, edited by J. Gwenogryn Evans, M. A. It was proposed to issue a Series of Welsh Classics, beginning with Bishop Morgan's translation of the Book of Job, and going back by degrees to the XIII. century. By this historical method it is hoped to demonstrate that one must look for the well of Welsh undefiled in the daily speech of the people rather than in the productions of the press or the utterances of the people.

"Y Traethodydd" has a number of articles and papers on a variety of subjects: "Communion with Nature;" Dewi o Ddyfed; Catholicism in France; The Songs of Wales; A poem; Through the Garden; My Mother (a poem); Life in Gaol; Literary Notes. Under the heading "Social Cowards in Wales" John Rhys Thomas brings on serious charges against the indifference and even cowardice of the people of the Principality. The people of Wales have suffered slavery for the last 400 years, and they have not made up their minds to-day to cast off their bonds, by reason of their lack of manliness. They are afraid of the consequences of making a good fight for liberty and civilization. They hesitate like that prince in the play who would rather suffer the ills he had than fly to others he knew not of. They want liberty and the privileges of liberty, but they do not wish to run the risks. He makes a startling statement when he says that church members in Wales are largely sceptical. A great number of the people of Wales are Socialists, but are afraid to make a public confession of their principles. They expect a harvest without the sowing. Professed religion is a restraint on the national expression of the aspirations and the honest social and political beliefs of the people. In Wales social reform is akin to heresy in the eyes of the different churches.

"Y Cerddor" for May has a number of articles on musical subjects with notes and information concerning things and events in the music world. D. Emlyn Evans concludes a paper on the Eisteddfod in relation to Music, a paper which was read before the National Society at Liverpool. D. Jenkins also has an interesting paper on the Music of To-Morrow. It is supposed by some that music will return to the simplicity and brilliancy of Mozart's, and others think that it will attempt to give expression to the mysteries of the human experience, and that there will be in it more of thought and less feeling. No. 114 in the Gallery of Musicians is William Griffith, of Carnarvon. Mr. Griffith was born December 5, 1822. His father was a bookseller, and he published several well-known books, among them, yr "Anianydd Cristionogol," "Testament William Salisbury," &c. Mr. Griffith has become a musical conductor of note, and in 1851 he was invited with his choir to sing at the Crystal Palace, London, and the choir sang portions of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. He has led the singing at Moriah, Carnarvon, for 50 years. The musical number is "I will Always Give Thanks," by Josef. E. Jones, Conwy.

LLYFR Y PEDAIR DAMEG (The Book of the Four Parables), by D. R. Williams (Index). Printed at the "Drych" and "Cambrian" Office, Utica, N. Y. Just out. May be had of the Author. Price 35c.

In the first is shown the folly of a faith or a religion that has not for its aims the bettering of the condition of man on earth.

As Paul has said, a sounding pan
Is the faith that has no love for man;
'Tis not communion with the sky—
But helping those whose needs are nigh,
It is no other duty than
Do rightly between man and man.

The Parable of the Foolish Faith illustrates the folly of too much and too little, and the author shows the equal risk of both, when faith is reckoned as a feat with a pecuniary consideration or basis (for money is as essential nowadays to our religion as yeast to dough), rather than as a human service. Both the representatives of the Foolish Faith become its victims deservedly, and their careers are amusingly described.

The Foolish Love is the next parable, and this deals with an evil that is becoming quite characteristic of the States. The ease with which people get married in this country is only equaled by the ease with which they may be divorced. The land is notorious for accommodating clergymen who are ready at shortest notice (for cash) to yoke together stray lovers. It would be very fitting to say "They marry in haste to repent in hurry."

In the parable entitled the Foolish Wealth, the author grapples with the most gigantic evil of the age—the evil of enormous and irresponsible material possession—the iniquitous evil of putting labor to work and appropriating its harvest. In this story appears the most wonderful policeman ever heard of, and the magic power with which he is invested helps greatly to defeat the pride and presumption of the rapacious wealth-owner.

The Parable of the Land of the Subterraneans describes a journey into the underworld among people of undeveloped natures, where prejudices, raw peculiarities, eccentricities and idiosyncrasies are in vogue, and where they are reckoned by the people as comme il faut. The land traversed is divided into three states: The Land of the Circularians, the Land of the Quadrangularians, and the Land of the Promiscuarians. This story shows the remarkable resources of the Welsh language in a field that is altogether new and strange to it. Many of the Welsh words used in this story are new creations for this work, and they help the humor of the book greatly.

The Circularians believe in everything globular or round. They can not tolerate angled or cornered things. Their god is represented by the letter O, which they worship with a ferocity which is truly alarming.

The Quadrangularians are as peculiar as the Circularians, and quite as convinced and pronounced in their views. They hate the Circularians as heartily as the Circularians despise them. These can not tolerate circles or rounded corners. An amusing feature of this chapter is the squareness of everything according to the peculiar orthodoxy of the people. They wear square hats, use square knives and spoons, square money (which does not circulate worth a cent), and square meals on square plates, also square wheels!

The chapters wherein are described the Promiscuarians are truly amusing. The trip is made in a kind of Wild West coach, and the driver entertains him all along with narratives and comments on the droll customs of the people. This old-fashioned coachman is a man of superior intellect, a man of great observant powers, and withal a bit of a poet. Towards the end of the journey he recites a poem of his own make which he has entitled ""Original Sin," or "The Family Flesh Suit." The following is the paraphrase of one stanza:

I guess I must suffer
  The state I am in;
The aches and vexations
  Of somebody's sin!
A man born of woman
  Is fated to whine;
The trouble I get in
  This flesh-suit of mine!

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

PROFESSOR J. GRIFF THOMAS, F.T.S.C., L.T.S.C., UTICA, N. Y.

In J. Griff. Thomas, the Welsh composer and musician, we have had to stay among us in Utica a person to whom music is as a part of himself. He has inherited a good part of it from his ancestors. His mother was the possessor of the finest soprano voice in the Welsh village in which she resided, while his grandfather conducted the musical service at Rhosybol, Anglesey, for a great number of years, until death relieved him of his duties.

From the first his musical talent was encouraged by his pious parents and numerous friends. His first course as a student was taken at the Forestgate College of Music, London, under the tuition of such authorities as Dr. McNaught, Messrs. G. Oakey, Mus. Bac. (Cantab), L. G. Venables, W. Harding Bonner, &c., &c.; and as a student and character he won the admiration of his tutors and fellow students. During his second course in college, Prof. Thomas took his final diplomas of F.T.S.C. and L.T.S.C., and this concluded his college career.

As a musical composer he has won for himself a good name far and wide. His beautiful solos: "Rock of Ages," "King Arthur's Return," "The Boat's Return," and several others have won the admiration of his fellow-countrymen and strangers, and have been placed as competition solos in the best of Welsh Eisteddfodau. His solo, "Love and the Stormwind," which has been chosen for the musical Eisteddfod at Utica, N. Y., to be held on New Year's Day, won the admiration of all when placed as a Bass Solo at the Rhyl National Eisteddfod in 1904.

Prof. Thomas's musical talent is not confined to one branch of music. He has proved himself an authority on the higher branches of the art, viz., theory and art of teaching, advanced harmony, counterpoint, musical form and orchestration, voice building and interpretation. As a musical conductor, choir trainer and competition instructor, he has had great experience, and was in great demand as such -- his native country.

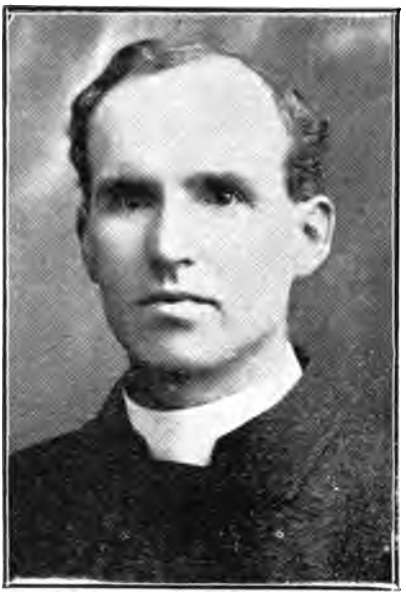
We are pleased to find that in Utica his valuable services are being appreciated. He has been appointed conductor of the Utica Male Chorus, Philharmonic Chorus and Cecilian Ladies Chorus; also musical instructor at the Theological College of Colgate University at Hamilton. May his career in America be a long and prosperous one, as his valuable services will be appreciated by all good musicians. Prof Thomas will be glad to hear from any of his friends throughout America, his address being 25 The Chelsea, Utica,

REV. JOHN A. JONES, DARTFORD, WIS.

The death of the Rev. John A. Jones at his home, at Dartford, Wis., February 3, in the 80th year of his age, was the cause of sorrow among a great number of friends and acquaintances, and among the Welsh people of the States generally. His death ended a useful career as a preacher, missioner and musician, for he had labored for a lifetime in the service of religion and the general education of the people.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

REV. JOHN A. JONES.



REV. O. LLOYD MORRIS.

PROF. J. G. THOMAS.

W. R. JONES (Cousin).

EDWARD LLOYD.

Mr. Jones was born and reared on a small farm called "Nant yr Hydd," the parish of Llanbadarnfawr, Cardigan. His parents were devout and faithful members of Zion Church of that place, belonging to the M. C. Connexion. He was apprenticed to the weaving trade, the handicraft of many a Welsh pulpit celebrity, viz. John Elias, Eben Fardd, &c., &c.

After attaining to manhood, he left home to follow his vocation of weaver, settling down for a time at Caio, Carmarthen, where he met his wife, a daughter to a schoolmaster. Mr. Jones took to music when a young man, and he may be said to have sung his way through life. He used to walk from his home at Llanbadarn to Aberystwyth to have his musical lessons. During these years, he met the famous Ieuan Gwyllt, later a musical minister who did much to advance and make music popular among the Welsh. This simple fact of walking all kinds of weather, over dark and rough roads, during winter nights shows how he loved music in his young days.

His wife was also a good singer, and it may be said that they both traveled the hard road of life singing every trouble away.

A writer in the "Drych" some time ago related in a touching manner how they visited a church meeting when on their way to America. In the meeting they stood up and sweetly sang a gospel song, which left a lasting impression on those present.

Soon after landing in America, it seems that Mr. Jones changed his denomination, for in this country he was a Congregationalist, whereas he was a Calvinistic Methodist in Wales. It is suggested that he was influenced by Mrs. Jones, who was a Congregationalist.

Also when he landed here and resided a short space at Utica, his name was simple John Jones, and by reason of that, his mail was often taken by other John Joneses and read, which decided Mr. Jones to have a middle letter to his name, which he bore up to his death. This story is worth repeating. Mr. Jones became known as John A. Jones, and his friends became curious to know what the "A" stood for. Mrs. Jones also suggested this change, for one day she said: "I belong to you, and you to me, so suppose we adopt each other's name. You become John Ann Jones, and I Ann John Jones." So, ever since they were known as John A. Jones and Ann J. Jones. They were united first by affection, then by religion, then by entangling their names, and through life by song.

Mr. Jones went into the ministry and was engaged for years as a missionary, and he did his best work as a "pioneer preacher," traveling a good deal. He was of much service in starting new causes in remote places in the West and Southwest. He was a practical and evangelical preacher, carrying the simple message among strangers and into remote corners.

A few years ago he prepared and published a book of Gospel Songs, which he called "Swynol Ganiadau," which were widely distributed among the Welsh of the Western States.

Mr. Jones was ordained in 1860. When at Adin in California, in 1896, his good wife died; after which he moved to his old home in Waushara Co., Wis. June 17, 1900, he married Miss Winnie Jenkins, Dartford, where he ended his useful life. He leaves children, who have become prominent in educational circles: Richard Jones, Ph. D., a professor at the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.; W. Owen Jones, editor of Nebraska State Journal; Mrs. G. H. Bradley, Norcatur, Kan.; Mrs. Lida J. Dolson, teacher in the public schools, Lincoln, Neb., and Miss Catherine

Jones, teacher at Berkeley Academy, University of California. Also Guernsey Jones, Ph. D., professor University of Nebraska, Lincoln. He was laid to rest on the shores of Green Lake.

W. R. JONES (COUSIN).

Mr. William R. Jones, well-known among the Welsh people throughout the States by the pen name "Cousin," departed this life March 1, at his home in Denver Colo., after ailing for many years. From the effects of a paralytic stroke he could hardly talk and could read but little. Mr. Jones was born at Carneddi, Bethesda, Carnarvon, N. W., about 50 years ago. His father's name was Robert T. Jones, who was a brother to Thomas Jones, Slatington, Pa. His mother was Jane, a daughter to William Jones, Glan y Gors, a well-known character connected with Penygroes Chapel, Carnarvon. Mr. Jones had the advantages of a good education when young, but like a good many other promising Welsh boys he had to go to work in the slate quarry. He never took to the work by reason of the death of his father by accident at the same quarry.

When 14 years old he was apprenticed to a shipbuilder, where he worked for five years. When 19 years old he immigrated to the States, settling at Bangor, Pa. During his sojourn in Bangor, he went to school at Philadelphia for one term. Later he went into the slate business at Plymouth, Pa., whence he returned to Wales.

For some time he was engaged as clerk by a firm in Liverpool, where he remained for many years, and where he married a daughter of Watkin Jones, of Bethesda, which family moved to Wales, Ia. Years later Mr. Jones followed, and settled with his family at Topeka, Kas., where he was engaged as clerk in a railroad office. His health failing, he moved to his wife's family at Wales, Ia., where he soon discovered that the place did not agree with him so he became resolved to move to Denver, Colo., where he resided for many years. Later he lived at St. Louis, Mo., whence he returned to Wales for the second time. After a stay of two years, he came to his daughter's home in Denver, where he ended his troubled life.

Mr. Jones wrote much to the "Drych," and he took deep interest in everything pertaining to Wales and the Welsh people. He was interested also in Welsh literature, loved poetry and music, and recently wrote a touching poem of reminiscences which appeared in the "Drych." He was a typical Celt, a religious and devout spirit, fond of those things the better class of Welsh delight in, viz. preaching, religious literature, poetry, music and religious and literary conversation.

EDWARD LLOYD.

Edward Lloyd was born at Blaenau Festiniog, his father being a native of Bala, and his mother one of the direct descendants of historic Tomen y Mur. His elementary education was cared for at the Manod and Higher Grade Schools of his native town. When quite young he developed unmistakable signs of rare ability as a vocalist, and he was frequently hired for local concerts and eisteddfodau at this time. Business however made it imperative for him to leave his native town and cast his lot among strangers at Amlwch, Anglesey, where he stayed about five years, and became more attached to his favorite calling. At the expiration of this period, he succeeded in getting a position with Jones Bros., Brunswick Road, Liverpool, and here again he got in touch with the best musicians of the city, and affiliated himself with the Cambrian Male Voice Chorus, under the efficient leadership of D. O. Parry, Birkenhead.

He was located at Liverpool for three years, two of which were spent in the employ of the well-known Owen Owens,

London Road. Later he was appointed manager of a store for Mr. Millward at Abergele, and it was from here that he started to make a study of music. He was for two years the most successful and faithful of Lucas Williams' pupils; he also studied under Wilfred Jones, and entered many interesting contests in local and provincial Eisteddfodau, and always gave good account of himself. Among the many prizes in his possession are nine silver cups and nine gold medals. He is a prize winner of the Rhyl National Eisteddfod. He also carried away the honors four times at the Corwen Eisteddfod; the fourth time there were 79 contestants, the test piece being "If With All Your Hearts," Mendelssohn. It was at this Eisteddfod that Mr. Tom Price on learning that the name of the winner was Edward Lloyd, made the remark that the rendition was quite worthy of another Edward Lloyd.

He was successful at the New Brighton Tower three consecutive Eisteddfodau, winning in each case against a large number of contestants. He is well known in the Principality as a most successful concert singer, and has repeatedly appeared at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Eccles, Altrincham, Southport, Blackpool, Bowden, and several other towns.

For many years he has been closely associated with the Moelwyn Male Voice Choir under the efficient leadership of Mr. Cadwaladr Roberts, and for ten years he served them faithfully as tenor soloist. He came to Utica highly recommended, and more than met the expectations of those privileged to hear him. His services were secured by the St. David's Society of Montreal for their annual celebration, which was held March 1st, and the reports of the concert were highly complimentary to him, being vociferously encored each time he appeared, and being generously congratulated by many of the critics present. On the Sunday following the celebration he sang in the morning service at St. Paul's, and was highly complimented by the organist, Prof. Blair. In the evening he sang at St. James the Apostle, and also at the Welsh mission service. His first appearance in Utica was at the annual concert of the Haydn Male Chorus, which was held at the First M. E. Church, the large edifice being filled with one of the most critical audiences that Utica has seen in some time. His rendition of "By the Fountain," "How Vain is Man," and "My Dreams," were received with a most deserving applause, and in each instance he responded with suitable selections, and in each demonstrated unquestionable ability displaying a pure, sympathetic and excellent voice of much sweetness. His appearance at the Masonic Home on Easter Sunday and at the Presbyterian Church of Rome on April 8, added a host of admirers to his fast growing acquaintance in our city. Without question he is a valuable addition to our musical talent, and it is to be hoped that he will like our city so well, that he will stay with us for good. He is in receipt of two or three nice invitations to locate in some of the largest and most musical cities in the Union, but as he expects his family over in the will stay in Utica at the present.

REV. O. LLOYD MORRIS, A. T. S.

After a successful and happy pastorate of over twelve years in the famous old Ebenezer Congregational Church of West Bromwich, England, the Rev. O. Lloyd Morris has commenced his work as associate pastor with the Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D., in the Welsh Congregational Church of Edwardsdale, Kingston, Pa. Dr. Edwards's health had failed during the last year to a degree that demanded some efficient helper to assume the heavier part of the pastorate. This is the largest Welsh Congregational Church in the United States, with a membership of over six hundred. The rapid growth of young Cambro-Ameri-

cans who are not interested in the study of the Welsh language make it imperative upon the churches to provide ministers who are capable to preach in English and Welsh. Such a one is Rev. O. Lloyd Morris. He was born in Hebron, South Wales, and began his preparation for the ministry at the Old College School, Carmarthen, at the age of seventeen. In 1889 he became a student at the University College, Cardiff. He won prizes in Latin, Greek and Hebrew; and also a scholarship at the close of his first year, which was renewed each successive year of his studentship. In 1892 he matriculated at the London University, and gained prizes in Cardiff in English Literature, Latin and Greek, and in the same year removed to Brecon Theological College, where he won the Rees scholarship, and also became prize essayist.

He continues to be a diligent student, familiar with books and authors, and able to clinch his addresses and sermons with apt quotations. He graduated an "Associate of the Theological Senatus" A. T. S., and all his sermons are evidences of his clear and consistent understanding of the doctrines of the Bible. His style of delivery is winning and impressive. His voice is resonant and musical. His ministry at West Bromwich proved him to be well qualified to lead the young, and direct the various affairs of an active live church.

He is in full sympathy with the progressive spirit of young America, and believes in the universal brotherhood of man and the loving Fatherhood of God. Mr. Morris has found a genial and faithful helpmeet in his wife who was Miss Gwendolen C. Edwards, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Cynonfardd Edwards. They have a daughter, Gwendolen Margarett, eleven years old, and a son Morgan Lloyd, two years old. The Rev. J. Vinson Stephens (Gwinfab) read an eloquent poem at the reception meeting, the opening and closing lines are as follows:

"Hail brother, friend, we welcome thee once more,
With hospitable hearts unto our shore;
Last time through sense of keen departing pain
There was a note of sadness in the strain.
With grateful hearts we welcome thee again,
Because thou comest now to ease the pain
Of one who has been stricken on the road
Beneath his crushing, overwhelming load;
Whose countenance in suffering has grown pale
On maddening heights we never dared to scale;
Still which did to his eloquence impart
A note not taught in any school of art.

May heaven smile on this auspicious day,
Keep you in perfect peace along the way;
Bend you, as Christian people, father, son,
To say in trials sore, "Thy will be done."
Let each attend to his appointed part
In God's design, but all unite in heart;
Then will the heavens open, and the dove
Of peace will light upon you from above."

A teacher showed his small pupils a zebra, saying, "Now, what is this?"

"A horse in a bathing suit," was the prompt reply.—La Caricaturista.

"I hate theology and botany; I love religion and flowers."

"The devil can run a mile while the church is putting on its boots. The church never runs faster than the pastor in charge; it will keep up, though."—Sam Jones.

A blackbird with a pure white tail has been seen at Abergavenny.

There is a Welsh Church in Johannesburg. It is centrally situated, and is much frequented by the Welsh people of that town.

The Rev. Welldon Davies, late of Jesus College, Oxford, has been appointed to succeed Watcyn Wyn as headmaster of Gwynfryn School.

Vice-chancellor Warren, of Oxford University, is proud of the fact that he is partly a Welshman. His mother (so he told Mr. Tom John) was a Welsh-speaking woman, and a sister of the late Mr. Charles James, M. P., for Merthyr.

The committee of the Conway Public Library have boycotted the Rev. R. J. Campbell's book on the "New Theology." A few more such boycotts and Mr. Campbell's new work need have no better advertisement. It is still true that "Stolen waters are sweet."

In Wales there are several expressions of surprise both in English and Welsh, the most common being: "Cato pawb!" "Yr anwyl fawr!" "Wel, wel!" "Bredych anwyl!" "Na chyffra i!" and in English, "Dear me!" "Yes, yes!" "Indeed?" and "Look you!" "Cato pawb" is an abbreviated form of "Duw gadwo," or "Gatwo bawb"—"God protect everybody," a kind of pious wish. "Yr anwyl fawr" and "Bredych anwyl" are heard to explain. "Na chyffra i" is a swear word, and is equal to "Let me never move from here."

The Salusburys of Bachymbyd, the maternal ancestors of Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, were, traditionally, hospitable, as the following couplet, which is still remembered in Denbighshire, will show:

"Grandmother Salusbury, bred at Bachymbyd,
Kept a good house—better that some did."

At Abergwili Chapel the Archbishop of Canterbury on his recent visit saw much that reminded him of Archbishop Laud, his predecessor in the archepiscopal see. At Fonmon Castle he was under the hospital roof of a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, who brought Archbishop Laud to the scaffold. There are some fine portraits of the Cromwell family at Fonmon.

Dr. Richard Strauss's suggestion of a three hundred guinea fee being a few shillings more than the Llangollen Eisteddfod Committee felt able to afford, the proposed engagement of the distinguished composer as an adjudicator has fallen through. His place will be taken by Mr. Granville Bantock, of Birmingham, whose "Omar Khayyam" (second part) is to be one of the novelties at this year's Cardiff Musical Festival. The first part of the work was produced at last year's Birmingham Festival.

Mr. Thomas Price (Alawydd Myrddin), Wernfendigaid, Llanemrys, who is now in his eightieth year, and confined to his house through rheumatism —yet full of life and spirit—was thirty years ago well known as a first-class musician, and his services were often in request as singer, conductor, and adjudicator. The noted Ffaldybrenin Choir won many a worthy prize under his baton, but the members are now scattered all over the world.

The Rev. A. E. H. Hyslop, the incumbent of Eglwys Dewi Sant, has been reciting the difficulties of a Welsh Church in Cardiff. It might interest some witnesses before the Church Commission to know that when the Welsh Church was inaugurated at Cardiff the congregation was mainly made up of Welsh Nonconformists who were desirous of helping their fellow-countrymen who were Churchmen to be able to worship in their native tongue. There was no sectarian bigotry exhibited in that matter.

Churchmen feel an interest in the Rev. John Hughes, M. A., Liverpool, who was specially invited to visit the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist "Sassiwn" at Briton Ferry recently. He is a man of parts; few ministers in Wales are better known; he is a very popular preacher, a versatile author, and some of his work, including "Tristiora: Songs of the Night," have had a wide reputation. Not only this, but the reverend gentleman, who is a native of Cwmavon, has three brothers clergymen in the Established Church, viz., the Rev. Lewis Hughes, M. A., rector of Rhossily (in the diocese of St. David's); the Rev. William Hughes, M. A., rector of Colston (diocese of Salisbury); and the Rev. James J. Hughes, B. A., of Minetown (diocese of Hereford).

A good wedding story is told in the "Church Family Newspaper" by the Rev. G. Emery, rector of Penmaen, in Glamorgan. At a village church a wedding was fixed for a certain date. The happy morn arrived, and in due course a youthful swain and faire ladye presented themselves at the chancel steps. The service proceeded smoothly as far as the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Whereupon the supposed bridegroom stammered blushingly "Please, sir, I'm not the right man." "Not the right man!" exclaimed the clergyman, aghast. "Then where is the right man?" 'He's down at the bottom of the church, sir. He's asheeamed to come up."

The Rev. Dr. Witton Davies, of Bangor, who lectured to the Swansea Zionist Society on Judaism the other evening, is a native of Monmouthshire, and is known in bardic circles as Myfyr Gwent. Dr. Davies's versatility is well known, his linguistic attainments perhaps being the most pronounced. By the bye, it is interesting to notice what interest Welshmen are taking in the Zionist organizations, which is only another name for Jewish nationalism. Welshmen are well versed in Old Testament history and are pronounced nationalists, and the reasons for a common sympathy are obvious.

One of the most curious of the 17th century "take-offs" on the Welsh nation is the one called "The Welchman's Declaration," dealing with the defeat of Lord Herbert's Welsh army in the Forest of Dean and the surrender of Raglan Castle. It is dated 1643, and has a remarkable woodcut on the title page of two Welshmen fighting with swords. The reason for these attacks on the Welsh was the constant loyalty of the Welsh to the faithless Stuarts. They are written in a kind of pigeon English, resembling the English

spoken by Shakespeare's Welshmen. These tracts are now excessively rare and, of course, very curious.

The old custom of singing with the "Mari Lwyd" at Christmastide is known in Glamorganshire as "Canu Cwnseila." Is this a corruption of the English word "Wassail"? A wassail song is a drinking song, and the literature of the Mari Lwyd singers abounds with drinking verses, one of the best known being a petition to a presumably favorable host, viz.:

"O! tapwch y faril, Na fyddwch 'rhy gynil
R'nos heno!"

In the same country "Canu Cwnseila" refers to a Punch and Judy performance which was affected by the older children, the singing being the same as that with "Y Mari Lwyd," but without the decorated horse's head, and the first objective of Judy, when access had been obtained to a household, was to exercise her broom in raking down the fire, much to the annoyance of many a cleanly and economical housekeeper. It is time that some one should bring up to date the late Nefydd's history of the Mari Lwyd.

The name applied to Mr. Whiteley, the victim of the London tragedy, reminds a correspondent that this was a term long in use in connection with the Rhymney Company shop in the days of the late Mr. Pritchard, who, also, came to an untimely end. In the early days of the Rhymney works small traders were not able to cope with the great demands of the strangers for groceries, etc., especially as credit was indispensable, "so party on that account, and, of course, as a source of profit to the company, a shop was started, and it used to be a subject of joke in the district that you could get anything there, from a pin to a coffin. Not only were supplies of groceries and vegetables abundant, and butchers' meat and fowls and geese, but every requirement for a house. The bride and bridegroom expectant could get all wedding garments, the requisites for a wedding repast, and the building materials for the married couple's house, to the fire-irons, window curtains, and even ornaments for the best parlor!"

"Owen Rhoscomyl" writes: "If the Welsh Dragon should be passant ('a walking cat,' as the phrase goes), why does the dragon in the arms of the county of Somerset remain rampant? That dragon is the same dragon of Wessex under which Harold fell at Senlac, the standard of Vortigern, which he inherited from his ancestor, that Constantine, chosen emperor by the troops in Britain in 407, who crossed to the Continent and was killed there, following the footsteps and the fate of his father, the Flavius Clemens Maximus, elected emperor by the legions in Britain in 383, who crossed to the Continent and slew Gratian, to be slain in turn by Theodosius in 388 at Aquileia. There has never been any temptation to meddle with the posture of that dragon any more than there has been to meddle with that 'Griffin' of London, the origin of which can only be explained by drawing it from the day when London was the capital of Roman Britain, for the dragon was the emblem of the Roman governors of Britain."

"St. David has been dignified with the title of the Patron Saint of Wales. I never heard of such a patron saint, nor of the leek as his symbol, until I became acquainted therewith in London. The wearing of the leek on St. David's Day probably originated from the custom of "Cymhortha," or the neighborly aid practiced among farmers, which is of various kinds. In some districts of South Wales, all the

neighbors of a small farmer, without means, appoint a day when they all attend to plough his land, and the like; and at such a time it is the custom for each individual to bring his portion of leeks, to be used in making pottage for the whole company, and they bring nothing else but the leeks for the occasion."—Dr. W. O. Pughe.

The Forward Movement in Wales has now under its wing as many as 48 halls, seating 43,080 people, including 10,930 sittings in lesser halls or schools, in which simultaneous services are held every Sunday for children, apart from Sunday schools. The structural value of these halls is returned at £119,270. Eleven of the sites are freehold, the other 37 are leasehold, for which an annual ground rent of £505 19s is paid. The halls are built at an average cost of about £3 a sitting; and some of the halls have been bought at less than cost price. During the last fifteen years Dr. Pugh succeeded in clearing £28,109 off the debt on the halls, and in October last the balance of debt stood at £83,320. At present an effort is made to reduce this by £10,000. A challenge donation of £6,000 has been offered by a friend of the movement if the remainnig £4,000 is secured, and it is satisfactory to note that at the time of writing only £2,000 remains to be raised to secure this munificent offer. Six of these centers are self-supporting; the remainder receive grants in aid from the annual collections made by the churches of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist denomination. Apart from this grant the Forward Movement churches collected in 1905 towards all objects £11,129 6s 10½d, or an average of £1 18s 4d per member. Of this £5,440 10s was paid for the ministry, £696 for Sunday school and Band of Hope work, £1,865 in reduction of the debt and in renovation, and £2,151 in interest on money lent to build halls. At the end of 1905 the Forward Movement churches included 23,232 adherents, 11,595 Sunday scholars, 5,850 communicants (an increase of 1,219, or 26.32 per cent, over 1904), 410 on probation, 3,995 children of members.

With a recent issue of the "Christian World" there was issued a very interesting memento in the shape of an exact copy of the first issue of that paper, April 9th, 1857. Fifty years ago Wales was barely mentioned in that journal, whereas to-day many columns are devoted by it to various aspects of political, moral and religious life in Wales. The first number was issued immediately after the general election of March, 1857, and in the review of that election, which proved so disastrous to Liberalism, the names of some thirty members and defeated candidates are given from Wales, not one of whom was a Welshman or a representative of Wales. Perhaps, however, the most interesting bit of "Welsh news" of all that appeared in the first number is the following, given under "Episcopal News":

"The Established Church in Wales.—Among the petitions to the House of Commons presented shortly before the dissolution was one from the Rev. R. W. Morgan, P. C., Tregynon, Montgomeryshire. The petitioner asserts that for the last 140 years none of the bishops appointed to sees in North Wales had been able to address the Cambrian people in their own tongue; and, while the said bishops possess large incomes, two palaces, two peerages, and an enormous patronage, more than 500 of the working clergy are in receipt of not more than £100 per annum. He sets forth the evil arising from this state of things, alleg-

ing that the Church is nearly extinct, its members in North Wales, out of a population of 43,000, falling short of 15,000, being, without reference to the increase of population, an absolute decrease of 70,000 since A. D. 1715, when such episcopate was first introduced; and he prays for inquiry into these facts, with a view to a timely reconstruction of the ecclesiastical procedure of the Church in Wales."

Mr. W. C. Powell, an esteemed Chicago Welsh-American, member of the Kymry Society, a native of Castell Newydd Emlyn, and one who knows personally Allen Raine, the noted novelist, sent to his cousin in the above named town a "Calenig," and received in return four stanzas of acknowledgment, "Dyffryn Ceri," in very pretty Welsh. The following is a free translation:

From out of Dyffryn Ceri
  My heart across the sea
Doth bound in one Thanksgiving song,
  My cousin, now to thee.
A "pound" thou sendest over—
  Sweet praise to heav'n I give
That I've a faithful cousin, there,
  In sympathy doth live.

In sweet old Dyffryn Ceri,
  I'd love to see thy face
And shake thy kindly hand, before
  We leave for aye the place;
But if again we never
  Shall meet in Cambria fair,
For thee and thine, while life shall last,
  I'll breathe a silent prayer.

The heart of Dyffryn Ceri
  Thou lovest as of old,
And, like the "pound" you sent to me,
  Thou art the purest gold.
Thy gift within it carries
  Thy manliness and love;
It shows the tender guiding hand
  Of Him who reigns above.

From far-off Dyffryn Ceri
  I wish thy life be long;
A "Happy New Year" I also wish,
  With naught to mar thy song.
God's blessing ever follow
  Thy footsteps night and day,
And on thine head, within the veil,
  May God's light ever stay.

Ever yours, thy cousin,
E. DAVIS.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT, BOYS.

Keep to the right, boys—
  Be earnest, brave and strong;
Life you will find so real
  Conquer every wrong;
No place for cowards
  In this daily strife;
Work bravely onward,
  Have an aim in life.

Keep to the right, boys—
  Walk the safe old way;
In the hero's footsteps
  Don't forget to pray;
Never mind the scoffing;
  Bring yourself renown;
You must win the battle,
  If you'll wear the crown.

Keep to the right, boys—
  Be an honest man;
Full of pluck and courage,
  Do the good you can;
Help yourself; don't idle
  Each bird builds its nest;
Watch the bees in summer,
  They're toiling for the best.

Rome, N. Y. Rev. M. Mon Hughes.

Grocer—By the way, have you tried Stringem's health food?

Customer—No, and I don't intend to. I haven't time to be ill at present.

Grocer—Why, what do you mean?

Customer—The advertisements of the mixture you mention state that it is indorsed by physicians everywhere. —Chicago News.

CURRENT EVENTS.

March 29—Two thousand five hundred brewery workers in St. Louis strike for an increase in wages.—French troops occupy the city of Oudja.

March 31—Galusha A. Grow, Speaker of the House in the early days of the Civil War, dies of old age at his home in Glenwood, Pa.

April 5—The gift by Andrew Carnegie of $6,000,000 to the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg is announced.—The Socialists carry eighty out of the two hundred seats in the Finnish Diet.

April 6—Dr. William Henry Drummond, the widely known Canadian poet, dies from paralysis, in Cobalt, Ontario.—Frederick A. Busse takes the oath of office as Mayor of Chicago while Mayor Dunne still retains the office.

April 11—A great throng of foreign and American educators attend the dedication of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg.—Lord Cromer, Great Britain's agent in Egypt, resigns, and Sir Eldon Gorst is appointed to succeed him.

April 13—The Invincible, another large British armored cruiser, is launched at Newcastle.

April 14—James H. Eckets, Controller of the Currency under President Cleveland, dies in Chicago of heart failure.—The First National Arbitration and Peace Congress opens in Carnegie Hall, New York.

April 15—The Colonial Premiers open their conference in London.

April 16—Forty-nine persons are known to have been killed in a Mexican earthquake. Part of Acapulco is said to be under water and many towns practically destroyed.

April 17—Andrew Carnegie is decorated by the French Government with the cross of the Legion of Honor for his work for peace.—Rev. Charles F. Aked arrives in this country, where he will become pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York

April 18—Pope Pius confers red hats on six new cardinals at a public consistory at the Vatican.

April 20—Fire destroys eleven hundred houses in Manila, valued at about $200,000, mostly native dwellers.

April 22—EnglandR observes the 200th anniversary of the birth of Henry Fielding, the "Father of the English Novel."

April 23—The President makes public a letter to Honore Jaxon, of Chicago, replying to the criticism on his reference to Moyer and Haywood as "undesirable citizens."

April 26—President Roosevelt opens the Jamestown Exposition and reviews the naval parade at Hampton Roads. the navalp arade at Hampton Roads.

April 28—Experiments in exploding torpedoes by means of Hertzian waves are successfully carried out at Cartagena, Spain.—Eight persons are killed, a village is destroyed, and crops are ruined by a tornado in Texas. Hail blocks trains in some sections.

May 1—Governor Hughes, of New York, in a message to the Legislature insists upon the passing of a valid reapportionment law.—Railroad accidents in the last quarter of 1906, according to statistics just published, cost 474 lives while the total number of injuries amounted to 20,944.

May 7—The Irish Bill is introduced in the House of Commons and passed its first reading. It provides for an administrative council, mainly elective, controlling eight government departments, but not the police.

May 9—The trial of W. D. Haywood on a charge of conspiracy in assassinating Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, is begun in Boise.—A Hindu revolt is imminent in Lahore, capital of the Punjab, India. Armed bands are pouring into the city and troops are being hurriedly concentrated.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

Why is a young man visiting his sweetheart like the growth of a successful newspaper? His visits commenced on a weekly, grew to be triweekly, and then become daily, with a Sunday supplement.

Ca donc, ca donc,
So leben wir,
So leb'n wir alle Tage,
In der allerschoenste Saufkompagnie!
Des Morgen's bei dem Branntewein,
Des Mittags bei dem Bier,
Des Abends bei dem Magdelein,
Ist das nicht ein Plaisir?

Not many years ago a distinguished graduate of Oxford decided to enter the Nonconformist ministry and to wear no sacerdotal garb. And he announced this intention in a manifesto containing the words, "I shall wear no clothes, to distinguish me from my fellow Christians." The comma made him the laughing stock of the university and the joy of all the picture shops, whose show windows were flooded with illustrations of the Rev. X. Y. Z. distinguishing himself from his fellow Christians.—Chicago News.

Biddy was desirous of being married, but had not the wherewithal to pay the priest, who refused to work for nothing Reluctantly she and her suitor left the house, Biddy taking with her the priest's best hat, which she picked up in the hall. The couple returned in a quarter of an hour. "If we are married, can your rivirence ever unmarry us?" "No, Biddy; not even the Pope could do that." "Well, there's your fee —marry us!" They were married. "You are sure we can't be unmarried again? "Quite!" Biddy: "All right, yer rivirence. There's the pawnticket of your hat!"

Lord Ellenborough, the famous judge, was once trying a case, when a bricklayers' laborer came forward to be sworn. "Really, my man," said his lordship, "when you have to appear in a court of justice it is your bounden duty to be clean and decent in your attire." "Quite right, sir," replied the witness, "but, if your lordship puts it in that way, I must say that I am just as well dressed as you are." "How do you justify that assertion, sir?" asked his lordship, with some asperity. "Why, said the witness, "I mean that you have come here in your working clothes, and I have come in mine."

A captain of an English regiment stationed at Natal, while paying off his company, chanced to give one of his new recruits a Transvaal half crown which bears the image and superscription of Paul Kruger. The fellow soon returned with the coin, and, throwing it on the table, declared it was bad. The officer took the piece of money and rang it on the table.

"It sounds all right, Atkins; what's the matter with it?" he asked.

"Well, sir" replied Atkins, "if you say it's all right, it's all right; but it's the first time I've seed the Queen with whiskers on."—Army and Navy Life.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

The angler now sits with his pole
And waits to feel the tug,
While ever and anon you hear
The gurgle of the jug.

"The Winner Neue Frei Presse" gives a prominent place and calls attention editorially to resolutions passed by the aenti-dulling society of Budapest. In the preamble the document speaks of a recent fatal duel and refers to the fact that it could not have taken place in England or in America, where the laws forbid such encounters. The society makes a strong appeal to the press to refrain from publishing news pertaining to duels, and urges men who may be selected as seconds to become ambassadors of peace, and not possible accessories to crime.

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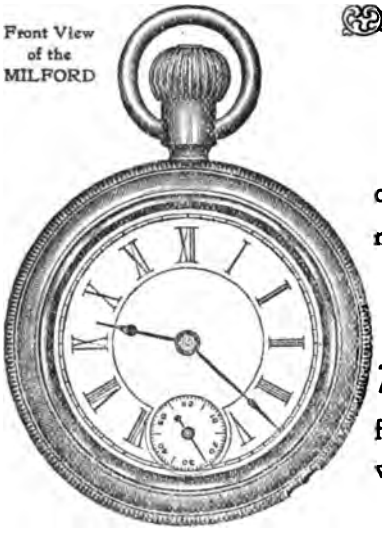

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THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS,

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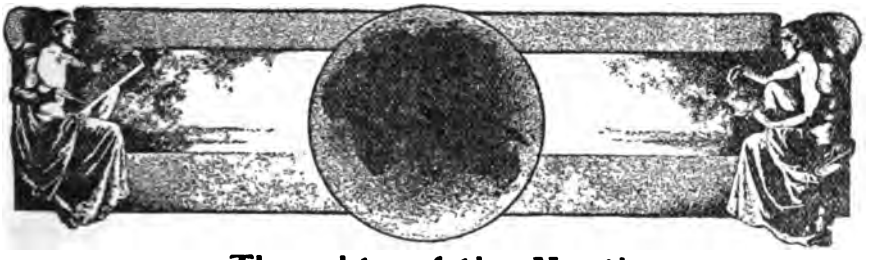

Thoughts of the Month.

Believing and Doing. We could improve society wonderfully by emphasizing doing more than believing. Our Lord thought very little of believing apart from doing. The Gospel is full of the rumors of doing. Believing without doing is not Christian. "Thy will be done" says our Lord's prayer, not "Thy creed be believed." The Church never made a greater mistake than when she substituted creed for life. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Creeds do not shine before men like works. Take our political parties, for illustration, with their multiplicity of platforms and creeds. They don't shine worth a cent. They humbug the people, but they don't glorify the good Father which is in heaven nor do they benefit the children of men. Governor Hughes may be said to shine and glorify God. Good works are precious, and religion as well as statesmanship are worthless unless they perform good works. The greatest need of the age is the translation of creeds into doing and achieving.

About Creeds. Creeds die like every other mortal thing; but the life they tried to explain and direct is still with us, and requires better creeds to serve it. Creeds should be like inventions continually improved so as not to become stagnant and antiquated and therefore obstructive. The only way to honor old creeds is to do away with our civilization and light and migrate away back to the mental ignorant condition of our forefathers. If we keep our eyes open to modern attainments, we must modify and improve our beliefs to tally with the age. We have exchanged our rushlights and tallow candles for gas and electric light, why is it we cannot improve our creeds in order to get rid more thoroughly of our moral darkness? We improve continually our machines,

why should we be afraid to improve our creeds for the better and to better serve the world around us?

Faith is Life. "Expectancy is the creed of the 20th century," says an interesting writer. We do not know what the future has in store for us! The future alone can promise. The future is the promised Land, the Canaan of the Human Family." It is evident we cannot expect anything from the past. Our happiness will come from thinking of the wonders of the future, and like the Israelites who drew on the credit of the glorious future, we may derive much romantic comfort and ideal happiness from anticipating our inheritance that is to come. Faith is expectancy. Our faith is too much resignation, and too little expectancy. It is more passive than active. It is more a surrender than an aspiration.

Our Cramped Morals. In scientific books we often meet with peculiar and strange sentences which strike the old fashioned thinker as paradoxes or serious heresies. This, for instance: "Man's morality towards the lower animals is a fundamental part of his morality towards his fellow man." There is considerable comfort in a statement of this kind, and there is ground to believe that it contains an important truth. We have already societies for the protection of animal life and comforts. You cannot abuse a beast or a bird in the old cruel way, and so we may expect to see man classified with the animal so as to benefit by the morality applied to animal life and suffering. Our millionaires house their horses and dogs and cats in grand style; in fact, their horses live in luxurious homes, costing a small fortune; but the working man, in very many thousand cases yet wallows in pigsties. In our towns and cities, we have glorified horses and horribly degraded human beings! We need a new Declaration of Independence, stating that it is self-evident that all domestic animals (including men, women and children) were created equal, and that it would be illegal for a horse or a dog to be better housed and fed than a human being! Our glorious civilization may stumble on to something of the kind sooner or later. We have very perverted ideals and crooked ways.

Love Thy Neighbor. Among all the observations and animadversions mostly adverse which have been made on Dr. Campbell's New Theology, we have not noticed one on the socialistic element in his much censured work. This element is entirely ignored as something unworthy of remark; but we think it is one of the most evangelical of all his ruminations. It is a pity his critics did not pay more attention to his view of the relation of Christianity to social reform. It seems to us that Christ was and is above all a Social Reformer; He came down from heaven not to occasion argumentings about creeds, but to save man, and free the human family from the bonds of sin and its consequent degrading and damning evils. The fact

is that we do not want applied Christianity. It plagues us more than no religion at all. It is not pleasant to preach to a man that he has to love and regard the rights of his neighbor. Righteousness is a discord in the ear of the commercial and business world; to say that "a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven" is not agreeable to the rich. Righteousness is not human. It is divine. It is a grace and a gift from above. Is this the reason that our preachers talk and argue more about creeds than about righteousness? However, Dr. Campbell remarks towards the close of his "New Theology" that the standard of Christ is not the same as that of the commercial world, and that the work of the Church is to make them the same. "In a word," he says, "we want Collectivism in the place of competition; we want the Kingdom of God. The only remedy is a new social organization on a Christian basis." Christianity is social reform, if it is anything at all; but we have Christ's own beautiful parable that the priest and Levite paid far more attention to rituals and creeds than to the needs of society. Is it for the same reason that none of them have noticed Dr. Campbell's remarks on socialism as a Christian department?

Know Thyself. There is a pretty argument going on between the President and some naturalists, or at least writers on natural history. One side says there are no white wolves, and the other insists there are. Those who know state that wolves turn white in snowy regions. However, it may be stated that we have white human wolves, and the federal and state authorities are busily engaged at present trying to capture a few out of the multitude. It is truly droll how man becomes more intensely interested in things of remote relation than in things which more closely and more vitally touch him?

The Future Fourth. People have been loth to accept the philosophy of evolution from some cause or other, mostly ignorance and prejudice; but after all the idea of evolution is very comforting so long as we keep our eyes directed towards the future. The foolishness and the stumbling block of this new evangel is the thought that we descend from a simian ancestry. This is the chief objection to the theory, and it is a bad reflection on so proud a being as man. But we all have cause to forget the past. We have little to boast of in the past—not even in our nobility. The less said of it the better. We cannot build much on the past; we could use the material of the past to build something new. We can pull down the past to help put up the future. The future is the ground and foundation of all our ideals and expectations. Now we have a United States, but our ideal is United Nations. So the future is a Paradise of everything that is glorious and beautiful and good! The future is the right place for a Paradise. An attempt was made to locate it in the beginning, but it proved an imme-

diate failure. Ever since, it has been building, and in the fullness of time the ideal will be realized and the hosts of heaven will take part in the celebration. It will be the Fourth of July of Earth.

A Rare Thing. Whatever our views may be regarding disarmament and disestablishment, larger and more destructive warships, straighter shooting, new political parties, new apportionments, and the other hundred and one things that people of different minds in different moods call for, there is one great, precious, indispensable and all needful thing we cry for, and that is "honesty." Our civilization is vain unless we get "honesty." If we had honesty to start on, all other right things would be added unto us. If we had honesty and common sense, we would soon have disarmament and disestablishment, and would have a reform in all parts of the country. We would have more justice, better food, purer drinks, less shoddy clothings, diviner preaching, plainer talk, and far less hypocrisy. Society would so wonderfully change that citizens would believe it were a dream! The dearest thing in the world because it is the scarcest is honesty.

The First Great Step. The Irish people had the correct conception of the provisions of the new Home Rule measure just rejected with contempt. The people before were like a "spanceled donkey" as one appropriately describes the situation, and surrounded by a high fence, but now the new measure proposed to remove the fence but not the tether, which would serve to make the Irish people food for fun. The measure would be an exposure rather than a relief. The fulness of time is approaching when Home Rule will be the common right and privilege of nations. This will be the first great step towards universal contentment and peace.

Popular Talks on Law.

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CONTRACTS.

10. CAPACITY OF MARRIED WOMEN TO MAKE CONTRACTS.

Under the common law, that is, the law inherited from our English ancestors and unaffected by our American statutes, a married woman's contract was absolutely void. In England this was the legal status of a married woman, generally speaking, up to January 1, 1883. Our American states were quicker to recognize the injustice of the common law, and in the case of nearly every one of them, statutes, sweeping in character, have been passed from time to

time modifying the common law prohibition, so that at the present time in some of our states a married woman can make contracts as freely as if she were single; in others she can make contracts within certain limitations.

As a married woman's contract rights are determined by the law of the place where the contract is made, and as there are as many "places" or jurisdictions as there are states and territories in the Union, each with statutes peculiar to itself, it will be impossible in a short article to give an adequate view of the contract rights of married women in the United States. It may be of interest and profit for us to briefly outline the contract status of married women in the several states as follows:

Alabama: Full legal capacity to contract in writing as if she were single; she cannot convey or mortgage her lands or any interest therein without the assent and concurrence of the husband; can carry on business alone as a trader and is liable for the debts of the business; cannot become surety for her husband.

Arizona: May convey her separate estate as a single woman; may become a trader and be liable for debts of the business.

Arkansas: Not liable for debts contracted by her unless the contract was made with special reference to her separate estate; may carry on business and be liable for its debts; must schedule her property or the burden of proof is on her in a contest with her husband's creditors.

California: May engage in business for herself provided she obtains from the Superior Court a permit; may convey her property without the consent of her husband; is liable on her contracts.

Colorado: May engage in business in her own name and be liable for its debts; may buy, sell and convey personal and real property the same as if single; has every contract right that her husband has.

Connecticut: Women married since April 20, 1877, control their own property, convey it, make contracts, sue and be sued as if unmarried; women married prior to that date are of a very different legal status and cannot make contracts except under certain conditions; but the husband and wife married prior to that date may, by contract in writing with each other, come under the operation of the law of 1877.

Delaware: May carry on business and be liable for its debts; may make all kinds of contracts necessary to be made with respect to her own property as if she were single.

District of Columbia: May carry on business and be liable for its debts; may not become surety or sign accommodation paper; may convey her real or personal property; may make contracts in matters having relation to her separate estate.

Florida: May carry on business alone if permission be obtained from the Circuit Court; may bind her own estate by contract as if she were single.

Georgia: May carry on business alone and be liable for its debts; cannot bind herself by contract or sure-

tyship; may make contracts with reference to her separate estate.

Idaho: May carry on business in her own name and be liable for its debts; all property acquired by her after marriage, excepting by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, she holds in common with her husband; wife must record inventory of separate property.

Illinois: May go into business and become liable for debts, but cannot go into partnership without her husband's consent; has the same power over her property as her husband has over his; may make contracts and control her own earnings; may hold and dispose of real and personal property in the same manner that her husband can in the use of property belonging to him.

Indiana: May become a sole trader and liable for her business debts, but cannot become surety for any one; cannot mortgage nor convey real estate without her husband joining in the conveyance; may deal with her separate property as if single; may make any contract with reference to her separate estate.

Indian Territory: May become a trader and liable for business debts; to bind her separate estate the contract must be made with reference to making it liable; must schedule her separate property.

Iowa: To become a sole trader and be liable for business debts she must file a married woman's certificate; may deal with her own property in the same way that a husband may deal with his; may make contracts the same as if unmarried.

Kansas: May become a sole trader and liable for business debts; all property acquired by her during the marriage, excepting such as she obtains by donations or inheritance, becomes joint property of both husband and wife; property owned by each separately before marriage remains separate property; by contract made before marriage the provision regarding community property may be set aside; the separate property of the wife is not responsible for community debts; the husband may sell or mortgage community real estate without the consent or assistance of he wife, and can dispose of removable property in any way he desires; a married woman can sell her separate property by the consent of her husband and, in default of his consent, by that of the court; she cannot bind herself for her husband and cannot mortgage her property except by special consent of the Court; a married woman, except she be a public merchant, cannot make any contract or bind herself in any way without the consent or assistance of her husband or of the court.

The Spirit of Milo.

By Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

Mike waved his hat as Mac came to sight, and shouted, "Hello, ol' fellow, an' didn't I tell ye I'd be ahead of ye." Mac looked upon him with astonishment, and with eyes and mouth wide open. After a long pause he spoke. "An' can it be Mike Carrington, or his ghost! An' did ye drop from the moon?" "Indade I did not drop from the moon, but I dropped into a stream, an' cold an' dark it was, an' thankful I am fur comin' out."

Mac dismounted and the mules were unpacked hurriedly. Before any preparations were made even for lunch, the two miners sat upon a log, and Mike gave an account of his presence. "An' where did ye come from, Mike," asked Mac.

"By troth, I came from the river."

"An' wheres the boat?"

"The divil knows, Mac—I don't."

"An' the provisions?"

"All drownded, Mac, an' yer ol' pal had a close call."

"Tell the whole tale, Mike."

"Its a bad one I have to tell ye, an' worruds can't describe my experience since I left ye. Ye will not blame me when ye hear mv tale, I'm sure." It was seldom Mike exhibited as much emotion as now when he endeavored to prepare himself to tell his tale.

"I'll try an' tell ye, Mac, all about my catastrophy. Ye know how proud this boy was when he started to navigate the boat. To make my shtory short, I can tell ye, an' the whole truth I'm telling, it was the easiest and foinest navigation ye ever saw or heard of for a long time. It is no boast, pard, when I tell ye that I was parfect masther of the sitooation as long as I had an open channel. No one could wish to make better toime than I did. I would give a dollar if ye could only see that little boat a-rushing down the stream. But it was no picnic to do the steering, that I can tell ye. Ye can't believe the crooks of that river, like the trail of a snake. When I was making a moile a minute an' shtrainin' every nerve to navigate the boat, there was an awful collision, an' Mike was in the wather. An' more than glad I was when I came out. The boat I saw no more. That's all I can tell ye, Mac."

There was a pause of several minutes before Mac responded. "Ye did well, Mike, to come out v‹rself safe an' sound, an' glad I am to see ve alive. Let's get a bite to eat."

While preparing and eating their dinner it was decided that Mike should take one of the mules and hasten back to Murray for more provisions. In less than twenty-four hours Mike was in Murray trying to tell the story of his misfortune. Dutch Joke did not listen to it in the same spirit as did Mac. He became suspicious of Mike, and ex-

pressed his suspicions in vigorous and fiery language. When Mike suggested a new supply of provisions, he brought upon his head all the anathemas of Joke's vocabulary. Although hurt to the quick, Mike listened patiently and without resentment. As he was leaving the camp Mac had remarked, "If Joke fails ye, go to Doc. Miller." This came to Mike's mind as Dutch Joke's coals of fire burned in his bosom, and he left the saloon and crossed the street to the office of the Doctor.

He was successful in his appeal, and before night-fall his mule was heavily loaded with groceries and he on the road again. Two days elapsed before he overtook Mac, who had moved along slowly and had reached the South Fork.

They followed the South Fork on the Mullan military road, built from Fort Benton to Fort Walla Walla in the early sixties, congratulating each other that they would "get there" in spite of misfortunes. "I feel that the spirit of Milo leads me," said Mac. "Its well ye do," was Mike's reply in a low voice, for he was still sceptical regarding Milo's spirit. After a few miles of travel through thick timber, they came to an open prairie which had been recently overflowed. The grass was green and thick, and the hungry mules went at it with a will, to satisfy their ravenous appetites.

Mac surveyed the country with intense interest. He would spend some minutes gazing in one direction, and then in another. And a magnificent country to look upon it was. The valley was over a mile wide at this place, with the Coeur d' Alene river flowing through it, and massive cedars growing on its bank. They were surrounded by towering mountains, some of them heavily timbered. On the south crystal streams flowed into the valley through narrow gulches. Away in the distance toward the rising sun could be seen snow-capped peaks.

While Max gazed upon the scenery, Mike employed the time by fishing, and was rewarded by catching several half-pounders of the speckled trout.

While eating their delicious meal the two men became engaged in a serious conversation.

"Ye did well," said Mac.

"An' what do ye mean, pard," enquired Mike.

"Its the foine trout we're eating I'm talkin' about. A crack fisherman ye are."

"Sure an' I thank ye for the complemint, Mac. What would ye think of panning a bit. We may find somethin' better than fish."

"No placer mining for me, Mike, said Mac, vehemently. Its quartz I'm after this time, as Milo told me."

"An' are ye sure of your pint?" and his voice indicated a jocular mood that was quite natural to him. Mac was not in the least humorous. At this time he was unusually serious, because his journey was associated with his departed brother. It seemed like performing a religious

duty. Mike's question grieved him, and with emphasis he said, "Yes, sure of my pint I am, Mike. Milo never failed me."

"I'll give in to ye, I'll give in to ye, pard," said Mike, meekly.

They were soon travelling again, and Mac was becoming more and more satisfied that he was going as directed by the spirit of Milo. After leaving the open prairie several miles behind them, they came to a place where the valley became narrow with precipitous basaltic rock on the left and the land rising terrace-like on the right, leading into a narrow gulch down which a stream rushed wildly.

"This is the canyon, Mike. It looks natural to me, though I never set my foot on't before," said Mac.

"Nary the foot o' man has trod this ground, I warrant ye, said Mike. A wild country it is, indade."

"So it is," said Mac, as the mule bounded over a log. They were making slow progress as they moved along zig zag around and over the timber that almost covered the ground. Often were they compelled to use the ax to cut their way through thick brush.

After a long struggle wit' brush, boulders, and logs, they came to an opening, and as Mike wiped the perspiration from his forehead, he said, "We'll call this Milo Creek. We're gettin' there. Ye mustn't doubt it." "I'm with ye, an' will follow to the end," said Mike. "This is just as Milo showed me," continued Mac. "He told me to pass one gulch on the left, an' here it is, and I would soon come to it. Those ledges up there look all right, but that white peak in the distance is the one I'm after. If we hurry we can get there before sunset."

By climbing several hundred feet above the streams they were able to make better progress, and two hours of hard travelling brought them to the head of the gulch, under the shadows of the snowy peak. The mules were unpacked and hobbled with gunny-sacks, and the tent pitched beside the flowing stream. Before the meal was over the blackness of night overshadowed them, and soon they were rolled in their blankets and their snores mingled with the murmur of the mountain stream.

Chap. IV. The Discovery of Bunker Hill.

If Mac had pleasant dreams that night he has not divulged the fact to the world. Long before daylight he was awake and peeping out into the dark, eager to start the climb up the mountainside. When it became sufficiently light to see any distance he was hunting for the mules. Failing to see them along the stream he struck out in the direction of the ledge, six or seven hundred feet above him. Underneath the protruding ledge, six or seven hundred feet above, where the grass grew thick and tall, Mac found old Dick feeding with relish and vigor. As his master approached, Dick rolled his left eye, showing a mixture of

white and gray, slanted his long ears, wiggled his tail vigorously, saying in mule language, "I'm doing all right if you let me alone."

He little thought, if he ever did think, that he had discovered a bonanza for his master.

In his perambulations old Dick had disturbed the loose rocks, and Mac's heart heaved in his bosom as he saw the dazzling quartz around him. The mule jumped when Mac shouted "Here it is just as Milo told me. I've struck it rich." He literally yelled, so that his voice echoed and re-echoed from peak to peak. "Good for brother Milo. Peace to his grave, and God bless his memory. "I've hunted till my hair is gray, and found it at last. I'll call it Bunker Hill, because it means a great victory and indepndence, too."

He rushed down the hillside, leaping over large boulders and decayed logs like a boy. When he reached Mike he was gasping for breath. The exertion and excitement affected him so that he talked in a most incoherent manner. It was so unlike Mac that Mike thought him beside himself. So he was. After a while he was able to say, "I've struck it rich. I've struck it rich. See these rocks, pard," showing one in each hand. "Did ye ever see anything to beat it? It's another Comstock-Lode as sure as the world. Don't ye believe it, Mike? There's a million in it, Mike."

Mac could hardly be persuaded to take a bite before starting up the hill again with a pick, Mike following. Further investigation confirmed Mac in his conviction that he had made a rich strike, and his partner shared his satisfaction and enthusiasm.

An assortment of ore was carefully packed, and the two joyful miners were soon on their way to Murray. By hard travelling they reached their destination in three days. The exhibition of the samples of ore and the assay resulted in a wild excitement among the miners, and the rich quartz discovery of McAdin and Carrington became the topic of the town.

When the discoverers went to record their claim, they found Dutch Joke and Doc. Miller close on their heels, and a complication arose they had not dreamed of. To their astonishment the doctor and saloon-keeper each claimed a half interest in the discovery for grub-staking them. The two rugged prospectors looked in each other's faces, and then at the pompous Dutchman and corpulent physician, and their expression of countenance would have interested an artist.

"An' where be we fellows in this proposition?" inquired Mike.

Neither the Doc. nor John could answer this question, each one declaring with apparent seriousness that all he wanted was his rights, saying, "A contract is a contract." It seemed as if the two old miners were not going to reap any benefit from their rich discovery.

The two grub-stakers were not slow to employ the best lawyers to defend their claims, and each had a contract giving him a half interest in all the discoveries of McAdin and Carrington for sixty days. The min-

ers left the office of the recorder with sad faces, and after walking a few rods away, Mike said, "We better go and meditate on the sitooation."

Mac was exceedingly downcast, and thought all his castles had been destroyed. They tried to consult with each other, but were too dumbfounded to accomplish anything. They dropped into the office of a justice, and cautiously sought his advice. He could not give them a ray of hope, for both contracts had been signed before him.

"The best you can do boys, he said, is to settle with them for what ye can get."

While they were in this office the two lawyers of the other claimants came in and presented a paper. They talked very kindly and sympathetically, saying, "We are sorry for you boys, but business is business, you know. The cause is a plain one, and we know the judge here has told you so. But we are not going to be hard on you boys. The Doc. and Joke are willing to chip in a hundred dollars a piece for you fellows, to help you out. That's generous, and good wages for two weeks work. Don't you think so, Judge?"

The Judge expressed his approval by nodding. his head. The velvet-tongued lawver continued.

"You can do just as you please, boys. Accept this generous offer or not. If you fight, we'll surely beat you. It's all on our side." At the same time the lawyer was seating himself at a desk and unfolding his paper. "Your money s readv for you if you sign this receipt," he said.

Although putting on a bold face, the lawyers knew that their position was a shaky one, for the miners had not given a description of the claim, which was an essential point. The paper now before them had been craftily arranged so that by filling up all the blanks a complete description would be obtained of the claim, and the generous offer was made for that purpose.

"What is that paper," asked Mac in a very subdued tone.

"Just a receipt," Mac, and he read hurriedly:

Murray, Idaho, ...

Received from E. J. Miller and J. Shultz the sum of Two Hundred Dollars ($200.00) for mining claim located at .....

....

in County of Shoshone, State of Idaho.

.....

.....

"If you fill the blank and put your name to this, it will be all right." He turned to Mac, and said in a low tone, "Just give me a description of the location, Mac."

The old fellow jerked himself half up in his chair. "What d'ye say?" he asked.

The lawyer became slightly nervous, but exerted all his powers to hide it.

"I want to fill this blank to make the receipt right, if vou accept the money, and Mac, if you were my brother's I couldn't make you a more generous proposition."

"An' what do ye mean," thundered Mac, staring the lawyer in the face. He had seen the point. Light dawned

upon him. Rising from the chair, his fist came down upon the desk with a terrible crash. And although Mac was not given to profanity as much as many of the miners, he said "I'll go to H—l first." By this time Mike too had caught on, and confirmed Mac's declaration by saying, "The hull tribe of ye will go there before ye'll get a scribble from us. An' sure o' Mac, we'r on top yit." "Ah Ha."

They had been relieved of a great burden. To endure hardships and overcome obstacles had been their common lot, and by these they had never been discouraged, but to feel that they had been "knocked out" by lawyers and sharpers was humiliating. They had kicked themselves for being the greatest fools in the world. But they had just discovered that they had not been as great fools as they might have been. They had unwittingly withheld the description of the claim, and no human being knew the location of it but themselves, and no power on earth could compel them to reveal it. Both declared they would hang before they would do it on the terms offered.

It is needless to recount the interview between the lawyers and their clients. Suffice to say that the lawyers had to face the humiliation of defeat. The question now was what new method of procedure they should adopt with the miners, who had not been the "D—n fools" Joke had declared them to be.

Mac and Mike moved around leisurely, with broad grins on their weather beaten faces. They acted perfectly independent when the lawyears approached them, and with waggish smiles intimated that they were in no hurry. As they told the story to groups here and there loud laughter would ensue, and an old miner would occasionally throw up his hat and shout, "Hurrah for Mac and Mike." Another would say, "Le's give em three cheers for beating the lawyers." After scheming and intimidation had failed, one of the lawyers approached the two miners, and in a pleasant tone asked, "Is there no way to compromise this thing, boys?"

"We are honorable gentlemen, sir, I would have ye know, answered Mike, and we scorn yer hundred dollar proposition—or a thousand." He was moved to say a hundred thousand, but refrained. He continued, "I've never failed a man that helped me yit, an' we're willin' to divide."

The lawyer had the clue that he was after, and asked, "Are you willing o give half between the Doc. and Joke?"

They responded in unison, "certainly."

The lawyer was suddenly all smiles, and rubbing his hands he said, "I guess we can fix it, boys."

The claim was recorded in a manner mutually satisfactory, and visited by all interested, accompanied by Jim Wardner, the mining expert. All was found as represented by the discoverers. Several days were devoted to investigating, surveying, prospecting, and locating adjoining claims before Joke, Wardner, and the Doc. left, leaving Mac and Mike to care

for the claims and do what they could in further development, for they knew that it was a matter of short time before there would be a stampede of prospectors.

Within a few months a mill was erected, a townsite plotted, and a million dollar deal consummated, half of which was the share of Mac and Mike.

Miss Edith's Elopement.

Morgan P. Jones, Shandon, O.

We were standing in front of Rollman's store," the coachman was saying with an amused grin, "and I was wondering why Miss Ethel did not leave the carriage with her mother, when up slipped young Benson to the carriage door and stole a hasty interview with her. I didn't hear all that was said, but what I did hear convinced me that they intend to elope to-night."

"The silly young things!" exclaimed the governess. "I don't see what they are thinking about."

"About getting married, of course."

"Really! How smart you are. Yet with all your smartness I venture to say that you didn't tell Mrs. Monroe what you overheard."

"No, and I don't intend to."

"Then I will."

"You will? Then I'm sorry I told you. If Miss Ethel wants to marry Paul Benson I don't see that it is any of our business."

"Our business, indeed! It's my business to see that Ethel Monroe does not throw herself away on Paul Benson. Why, he doesn't earn enough to support a church mouse. What she needs is a fine looking and immensely rich gentleman like Mr. Harriman, who is her equal in every way and can afford to give her everything she wants."

"Miss Ethel may not think so. If she wants to marry young Benson rather than a man twice her own age I don't blame her, and I sha'n't poke my nose into their business. Neither shall you if I can prevent it."

"Indeed! You are assuming a good deal of authority seems to me. I shall do just as I please. It's no crime to try to keep young people from taking a false step. Besides, what would the judge and his wife think of us if we purposely kept them in ignorance of the fact that their daughter is going to elope to-night?"

Of course, that settled it. There was no possibility of upsetting that argument, and the governess sailed away with the defiant air of one of the Four Hundred.

"When a woman will she will you may depend on't,
And when she won't she won't and that's an end on't'

mused the coachman as he smilingly watched the retreating steps of the governess. Then hurrying to his

room he hastily penciled a few lines, which some moments later found their way through an open window into Ethel Monroe's room.

Whatever bearing the note was intended to have on the situation it evidently did not advise that the elopement be postponed, for the coachman stationed himself a few minutes later with his back against a giant elm not far from the front door to watch developments.

The red glare of the hall lamp revealed nothing unusual as he peered through the open door, and in itself there was nothing suspicious in Judge Monroe and his wife occupying the front parlor, for they might be expecting company. But the fact that the governess joined the coachman soon after his arrival had a distinct meaning.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I thought this tree needed a support," was the reply. "What are you doing here?"

"Watching the house from running away." Then after the lapse of several minutes she added, "Are you sure it is to be to-night?"

"I'm not absolutely sure of anything, not even of you—until we are married," said the coachman with a chuckle, passing his arm around her waist.

An ominous rustle at the head of the stairs now attracted their attention, and they heard Miss Ethel say in a commiserating voice,

"I'm so sorry your tooth hurts you so; but you'll soon have it out."

The next moment a slight figure in full evening dress and a light veil descended the stairs, while the judge holding a newspaper in his hand appeared in the parlor door.

"Why, it's Miss Ethel's maid," whispered the governess with bated breath and evident disappointment. "See, she has her hand up to her face. What's the matter with you? Are you taking the ague?"

"I guess the air must be a little chilly," the coachman managed to reply.

The judge seeing no reason to interfere went back into the parlor, and the veiled figure passing into the street was soon lost to view.

"Aren't you getting tired of waiting?" demanded the governess half an hour later.

"Why should I when I'm in such good company," was the reply.

"Don't be silly, and let me go. I don't thank you for causing me to make a fool of myself. What will they think of me for deceiving them?"

"Hark!" warned the coachman.

Again there were steps on the stairs, and again the judge appeared in the parlor door.

"Where is Ethel?" he demanded in an irritated voice.

"She left the house half an hour ago," falteringly replied the maid.

"Ha, ha; so she did elope after all," whispered the coachman triumphantly.

WILLIAM APMADOC.

The John Church Company are sending forth in these last days, and indeed, for a long time, song-contributions of such character as to impress the musical world that American composers, many of them, are on a par with a goodly number of excellent foreign talent. In workmanship, the type-work of its anthems, songs, the "fifty songs" edited by George Henschel, and "Folk-Songs of Many Nations," collected and edited by Dr. Louis C. Elson, of Boston, is as good and attractive as the best of any other first class publishing house. "Songs and Ballads" by Hugo Wolf for high and low voices, will surely serve to make the beautiful songs of this master better known in America—a composer who is altogether too little appreciated. Though "art is long," the artistic songs of Hugo Wolf, Oley Speak, C. B. Hawley and others, must triumph, because of intrinsic value and melodic wealth. Dr. Elson in his "Folk Songs," introductory remarks—a precious literary contribution reprinted from the International Monthly—says:

"The Irish and Welsh folk-songs have not yet come into their just inheritance in classical music, although Dr. Villiers Stanford has used some Celtic themes (notably "The Red Fox") in his "Irish Symphony," and F. H. Cowen has made some employment of Welsh tunes in his "Welsh Symphony." Wales is represented in "Folk-Songs" by a single melody, 'All Through the Night.'"

This is an indication how few of our splendid melodies are known to musical scholars, and it is our own fault. Most of our vocalists are senselessly oblivious to the beauty and power of hundreds of Welsh melodies. Scotland is represented by ten, and Ireland by twelve melodies. "Robin Adair" is classed as "Celtic," by which term Dr. Elson means "Irish." But, does "Celt" or "Celtic" necessarily mean "Irish?" Is it not a Welsh word, explained by Dr. W. Owen Pughe in his dictionary? "Celt, ceilt (cel) a cover, a shelter; cuddle, cysgod—one who abides in a covert, * * * preswylydd y coed-trigydd cyntaf Ewrop a Phrydain." Dr. Pughe sets the "doubtful" mark after "cover." The Cambro Kelts are not half aggressive enough in their nationalism, especially in the United States.

Alfred Reisenhauer, the pianist, whose great improvising story was quoted in the last "Cambrian," was born at Konigsberg, November 1, 1863. In 1900 he was appointed professor of piano instruction at the Leipsic Conservatory. Mr. Reisenhauer tells the following delightful story of Wagner's characteristics and oddities:

"'Wagner was always more or less self-conscious,' said Reisenhauer, 'and many persons insisted that he never quite dropped his pose. Of course, his intimate friends saw him in rare intervals in moods that could be called anything but premeditated. For instance, on the same day I had my improvising adventure in Bayreuth, I saw Wagner in a most characteristic situation. At the rehearsal of 'Parsifal' the garden scene had just been sung and danced gloriously, and Wagner, in his exuberant joy, hugged and kissed the artists, and the stage manager, and then quite beside himself, got down on all fours, barked like a dog, bit at Cosima Wagner's skirts, and finally ended up by throwing his legs in the air and balancing himself on his head and hands. At that moment Liszt, I, and the other pupils walked on to the stage. Quick as a flash, Liszt (who always played the role of Wagner's self-constituted defender), said to us, "If that's a pose, too, then, by thunder, it's one of the hardest in the world to hold.'"

Austin Dobson, the well-known English poet, sings a charming "Rondeau," entitled "With Pipe and Flute," in his "Vignettes in Rhyme," from which we quote the dainty poem:

With pipe and flute the rustic Pan
Of old made music sweet for man;
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,
And closer drew the calm-eyed herd—
The rolling river slowlier ran.
Ah! would—ah! would a little span
Some air of Arcady could fan
This age of ours, too seldom stirred
With pipe and flute!
But now for gold we plot and plan,
And from Beersheba unto Dan
Apollo's self might pass unheard,
Or find the night-jar's note preferred;
Not so it fared, when time began,
With pipe and flute!

An excellent writer on music lately said that good language and harmony and grace and rhythm depend upon the simplicity of a truly and nobly ordered soul. Probably the writer means that a "nobly ordered soul" is one who obeys and is controlled by the rhythmic law which all poets have felt in the realm of nature and soul. Rhythm is the most indefinable presence in nature and art. Its pulsations are heard and felt all around—they are regular and harmonious. The imagination wakened brings its own language, says Emerson, and that is always musical. The same writer goes on to say "that great thoughts insure musical expression, whatever language the bard uses; the secret of tone is at the heart of the poem. Every great master is such by this power—Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Raleigh, and Milton, and Collins, and Burns, and Byron, and Tennyson, and Wolfe. The true inspiration always brings it. Perhaps it cannot be analyzed; but we all yield to it. It is the life of the good ballads; it is in the German hymns which Wesley translated; it is in the 'Marseillaise' of Rouget de Lisle; it gave their value to the chants of the old Romish and of the English church; and it is the only account we can give of their wonderful power on the people. Poems may please by their talent and ingenuity, or the music of their rhythm, but

when they charm us it is because they have this quality, for this is the union of nature with thought."

Anent the "Salome" performances, incidents and anecdotes, it is of importance to know what eminent musicians think of Strauss's treatment of the story, orchestrally and otherwise. Dr. Carl Muck, the superb conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, says:

"'Salome,' is the sensation of the moment, like every new work of Strauss. It is only natural that it should be, when one considers that composer's eminence in the musical world. But I do not believe that it will live. His other operas have not endured. His 'Feuersnot,' for example, was a sensation when first performed. It has not proved lasting. That 'Salome' will meet with a similar fate is my firm conviction. Indeed, most of Strauss' later works I find of only passing interest. To three only do I return with pleasure —all of them early works. They are 'Till Eulenspiegel,' 'Tod und Verklarung,' and 'Don Juan.' And since I have frankly told Mr. Strauss my opinions of his compositions, I see no reason why I should hesitate to make them public. His 'Also Sprach Zarathustra,' reveals a complete misconception of Neitzsche's philosophy, at least according to my views on that interesting subject, and his 'Heldenleben' is a curious instance of the evils of a technic one might almost call too great. His themes are fragmentary, 'short breathed' and not worthy of the marvelous technical development given them. In 'Also Sprach Zaruthustra's he begins nobly. In the first measures, he builds a glorious tonal palace. But it sinks into his technical swamp. Of course, it is possible that Strauss feels what he writes. In that case one can only regret the inability to discover the emotional impulse that has moved him. It is buried in the mass of technical complications."

What is technique! In answer, one writer has said: "To the great majority of human beings, the word technique, as applied to the piano, means simply the ability to strike a great many notes in a minute, without missing one. These people are particularly fond of talking about brilliancy. Such and such a pianist does not display much warmth of sentiment, but his playing is remarkably brilliant. This means that he plays very fast and very loud. Another pianist is cold and utterly without brilliancy. This means that he does not play fast, and seldom indulges in fortissimo." This explanation is not sufficient. It may be the verdict of a multitude, but is not satisfying to students of pianistic art. Pianistic technique implies in its widest sense a faultless mastery of every mechanical difficulty, in the required tempo and without perceptible effort." Not a long definition, but it calls for years—years—of unremitted toil; and it is this time element in music, which piano students ought to consider. We are constantly forgetting the fact that 'art is long.' Ye have need of patience. This is espe-

cially applicable in the attainment of pianistic technique. Whenever an artist has been able to say, I came, I conquered, it has been the result of patient practice. Even if Liszt said (and this is denied) that the three things needed are—first, technique; second, technique; and third, technique—he did mean "technique should not seek to shine by itself, and least of all give the impression of being the performers' strongest point."

W. Francis Firth, in *Canadian Music Journal*: The human voice is probably the most difficult to understand of all musical sounds—especially the singing voice. It is generally recognized that the properly trained and beautiful voice is the most musical of all instruments, and yet the art of developing it is less understood than that of any other musical instrument. Considering the number of students in the vocal world, and how very few well-placed voices we hear, as a result of all this study, the question arises, can these pupils be receiving the proper training, or is it that good voices are scarce? Many voices, naturally beautiful, have been ruined by bad teaching, and students cannot be too careful regarding the teaching they receive. We find nearly as many methods as teachers, and it is absurd to think that there can be so many different methods of developing the voice, and obtain the proper result. The fact is, there are but few teachers who are really voice-builders. The majority simply teach phrasing and expression, which are the last things to be considered. The first and most essential study is for the pupil to receive the proper knowledge of how to use the voice to produce the most beautiful tone, only through which a singer can properly express and bring forth the breadth and beauties of a song. Tone! Tone!

What does the violinist, the pianist, the performer on many a musical instrument, seek after?

It is that perfection of tone which we hear only through the great artist, that tone which touches the soul, and is so satisfying.

The "critic" and "chronicler" are two different beings. So wrote the critics of a Chicago daily during the visit, and when listening to the "charmingly legitimate" piano-playing of Mr. Camille Saint-Saens. We agree with the critic, when he says, "This is an occasion when the critic must lay aside criticism and become nothing but a chronicler, for the occasion (two 'occasions') was a 'love feast'—one of those genial affairs that serve to remind musicians the world over that they belong to one world-wide brotherhood, in which nationality counts nothing." But that "golden era" has not dawned as yet. It would be well for art if many who write of pianistic and orchestral concerts would "become nothing but chroniclers," and lay aside for good all attempts at criticism.

My First Toboggan Slide.

By Rev. Howell Davies, So. Portland.

It was at Montreal in the winter of 1886. There was quite a stir among the juniors of McGill University over the receipt of a letter from the president of the Toboggan Club which was read at supper table to a company of uproarious college boys:

"You are cordially invited to join our toboggan party next Friday evening. Come in a body to my home on St. Catherine Street at 7 o'clock sharp. Toboggans will be provided—and refreshments."

The invitation was unanimously accepted. So in due time the boys started out, like Indians on the war path. It was a jolly crowd and a rather noisy one, too. There was Archie McDougall, the clown of his class, who never laughed but that he roared—an unfailing remedy, he used to say, for dyspepsia, with which he was occasionally troubled. Along with him was Malcolm McAdee, a newcomer from Scotland, whom the juniors compelled, according to class laws, to be shorn of his beard, as a condition of joining their skyrocket fraternity. To his credit let it be said that he meekly submitted to the operation, which so changed his appearance as to be almost beyond recognition. There, too, was Andrew Gerrie, the athlete, who set the walking pace to the rest of the company, who were straining every nerve to keep up with him. "Coom along, boys," he would say, "stretch your legs a leetle and tack langer steps. Five meenits more and we are there." Thus inspired, we swung our way along, singing as we went:

"Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way,
O what fun it is to ride
In a one horse open sleigh."

Merry Andrew led the way, running at full speed as if to catch up with the passing sleigh.

Besides the above mentioned gentlemen we had in our company two others who call for special mention. One was Norman McLeod, who was lucky enough to win a $250 prize at his entrance examination—a happy man. But he did not keep his happiness to himself, but used part of the prize money to remember his class-mates at a banquet that was held in honor of the event. The other individual referred to was a dapper little Frenchman, Henry Richelieu, who amused the students with snatches of French songs, in which they joined heartily, especially the chorus.

Arriving at the home of our generous host, we found him there awaiting us. After a brief rest, we started for Mount Royal, trailing our toboggans behind us. The night was intensely cold, but dry, a different sort of a cold from our Portland winters, which chill us like wet blankets. So we kept moving along, our fur caps drawn down over the tips of our ears to keep out the biting frost. A twitch-

ing at the point of the nose was the signal for a brisk rubbing of that exposed but very useful member. Overhead the moon glided, silently along a starlit sky, its silver beams lending enchantment to the scene. At the foot of the mountain was a coffee house, into which we entered and regaled ourselves, thanks to the hospitality of our host. Thus fortified against the cold we began the ascent of Mount Royal. A wooden stairway reached from base to summit, the slide being lined on either side with Japanese lanterns, which looked like good-sized fireflies on a dark night. In front of me as we "clamb the hill thegither," was my friend McAdee, with whom I kept up a lively conversation. Being of a speculative turn of mind, and timid withal, he was fearful lest our contemplated slide should end in disaster.

"Don't you think we'd better give it up?" said he, in earnest rather than in jest. "Not at all," said I, who thought only of the exhilaration of the slide, or at least I wanted him to think so. "We've gone so far, let's see it through. Cheer up Mac!"

"But," said he, "accidents have been of rather frequent occurrence in Montreal lately, and it is not at all improbable that something of the kind might happen to us," and then, his heart beginning to sink, "we are both of us, friend Howell, far away from home." By the tone of his voice I had my suspicion that McAdee had left somebody besides his mother at home on the Scottish Highlands. So, continuing, said I, "Tut, tut, Mac, this is a part—and a very essential part—of our education, that is not provided for in the college curriculum. If we are to become leaders we must first be brave. A faint heart never won fair lady and a coward never can become a good tobogganist or a preacher." McAdee essayed to reply, when our conversation was abruptlv shut off by the passage of a merry party of tobogganers, who bounded down the slide, like wild geese on the wing, making the welkin ring with their hideous noises. In his fright, McAdee, poor fellow, had a narrow escape from stepping off the stairway into the deep snow below, but recovered his balance in the nick of time—a circumstance which he attributed to a kind Providence. During the remainder of the journey Mac was in a pensive mood. He thought much, but said little; probably he was pondering over his wonderful deliverance from a snowy grave in the heart of Canada. Certain it is that he did not enter heartily into the sport until it was nearlv over, when he threw his speculations to the wind and became an enthusiastic tobogganer. By this time the summit of the mountain had been reached. It was all alive with parties of tobogganers, each waiting their turn for a plunge down the steep slide. The scene below was picturesque in the extreme. At the foot of the hill lay the city, with McGill University to the left and the blue mountains of Vermont far away in the distance. There was the illuminated ice castle in Windsor Square. The snowshoe

clubs, torches in hand, lined the roads that encircle the mountain, belting it with rings of fire. The majestic St. Lawrence River, frozen over many feet deep, rang with the merry laughter of the skaters. The towers of Notre Dame Cathedral looked like huge snowballs. On the streets people moved rapidly to and fro as if to catch a train, but really to avoid the sharp pinches of Jack Frost. The city had given itself over to its favorite winter sports. Slightly modified, the words of Byron apply to the Canadian's love of outdoor life in winter:

"On with the sport,
Let joy be unconfined.'

Our turn had come to take a slide, It was my nrst attempt, and notwithstanding my previous outspoken pretence to courage, I, too, like McAdee, was almost paralyzed with fear. My heart was in my mouth. We were face to face with eternity. It was like taking a leap into space. So McLeod stepped to the front, his feet planted firmly against the upturned nose of the forward end of the toboggan, and his overcoat buttoned up to his chin as a protection against the wind. Behind him sat McAdee, comfortably sheltered behind his broad shoulders and with both hands holding on for very life. Next to McAdee was myself, with my fingers like hooks of steel imbedded in his great overcoat, piercing him almost to the skin. If I perish, thought I, we would all perish together. Then came Archie McDougall, and last of all to take his seat was our champion athlete, Andrew Gerrie, who acted as pilot. "Is the course clear?" he shouted out, rising to his feet to take a long look down the precipitous slope of the mountain. Receiving an affirmative answer, we tightened our grasp and held our breath. The next moment the toboggan was in motion, going at a terrific rate, now steering to the left, now to the right, under the masterful grip of our experienced pilot, whose extended right foot was moving to and fro like a paddle in water. All went gloriously along until we got half way down the slide, when our toboggan, striking a cavity in the snow, was thrown up several feet into the air, only to come down again with a dead thud, from the effects of which our bones ached for many a day. On we went with accelerating speed until we reached the foot of the mountain, when our "Highflier," taking a fresh start, bounded along the level for fully half a mile before our brave pilot could bring it to a standstill. A visit to the coffee house, rounded out our sport for that memorable evening. On the way home McAdee stoutly protested that he would try it again —some other time.

An Interesting Family.

The Jones Family in America Descended from the Scion of a Noble Race
A Romantic Story of the Course of True Love which ran Smooth.

By Eleanor Lexington.

Jones is a Welsh name, and derived from John.

The Welsh had no surnames until compelled by act of Parliament to go appareled like Englishmen, to wear their beards after the English fashion, and to take English surnames like Smith, Brown and Jones.

It is not two centuries ago since Germany compelled German Jews to take family names, and not many years since Norway forced her army officers to take surnames. Even yet, in Norway and Wales, surnames are not universal among the lower classes.

In the early days of surname taking some of the nations failed to understand that unchangeableness is the foundation principle of a family name. To this day there is "confusion worse confounded" to the outsider who tries to trace Scandinavian genealogy.

If, for example, Lars Oleson, has four sons, one is perhaps Ole Peterson, one Lars Peter, another Peter Larson, and the last one, perhaps, Ole Oleson. The Welsh bungled quite as badly at first, multiplying the word Ap, meaning son, until such absurd names were evolved as Thomas Ap-John, Ap-Thomas, Ap-Howell, Ap-Evan-Vaughan. When matters were finally simplified. Thomas the son of John, became Thomas John of Johns, and by inserting "e" for euphony, became Johnes of Jones

"The sole defect of the name Jones," so a member ot the family declares, "is its commonness; otherwise it is a very good name."

If the primitive orthography, Johnes, were adopted, the name might still sound as commonplace, but in reading and writing it would have almost a patrician air.

The immigrant ancestor, or first setler in America, was Major Thomas Jones, called "the Chevalier," a descendant of a noble family. He arrived in Rhode Island in 1692, and there married Freelove, daughter of Thomas Townsend. He fought in the battle of the Boyne. Jones was the name of the master of the Mayflower, but of him there are no records.

The southern family of this name claims descent from that Robert Jones of Wales who won his true love in a most romantic manner. He came to Virginia in the seventeenth century as boatswain on a British man-of-war. Falling in love with a Norfolk damsel while his ship lay off Old Point Comfort, he leaped overboard the night previous to sailing and swam ashore to his betrothed. They married and settled near Norfolk.

Of the members of the family who have distinguished themselves was Samuel Jones, a direct descendant of

the first settler, Major Thomas Jones. Samuel was called the "father of the New York bar," ranking among the most profound jurists of this or any country. Some of the most eminent jurists and legislators of colonial times belonged to the Jones family. Robin Jones was attorney for the crown for North Carolina about 1761.

The family has numbered few doctors, clergymen, artists or writers among its members, and not many have been in active service in time of war. The most distinguished for military service was Lieutenant de Lancey Jones, who displayed gallantry and skill under General Worth during the Mexican War. There were members of the family in the Revolution and in the war of 1812.

A. De John Jones is ever to be remembered as physician to Washington and surgeon to Franklin. He was one of the first professors of surgery in Columbia College, under the royal charter, 1767-1776. He was also the author of several important medical works.

One of the most interesting members of the family was John Paul Jones, who, however, was not a bona-fide Jones. He was John Paul, a bold, frank sailor, who, when a mere youth, happened to pay a visit to those old patriots, Allen and William Jones, who owned large estates on the Roanoke River. They became so much attached to the young sailor that they adopted him, giving him their name, which he promised to distinguish. Thus he became John Paul Jones, and, through his friends, got his first commission in the navy.

Allen and William Jones were prominent and trusted leaders in the struggle for independence. Their State—North Carolina—has the proud claim of being the first of the colonies to move in its Congress for independence. The Joneses were members of this Congress.

They were educated at Eton College, "the nursery of the gentlemen of England." It was said of William Jones that he could draw a bill to better language than any other man of his day.

A china punch bowl, presented to Washington by the wife of Allen Jones, is still extant. It shows several cracks, received while being hidden from Tarleton's men. The punch bowl played an important part at all Colonial feasts, particularly at weddings, which were usually celebrated by at least twenty-two consecutive dinner parties in as many different houses.

Allen Jones' daughter was known as the "Indian Queen" on account of her great beauty. She was especially famous for the beauty of her foot and instep.

The traits of the Jones family are distinctly marked almost to a man. Good judgment and penetration, with remarkable memory, have distinguished its leading members. They are choleric, sanguine, sociable, hospitable, independent and honorable. In politics they are Democrats as a rule; in religion, Church of England or Friends. A fondness for genealogies marks the older mem-

bers of the families no less than local and personal pride, and that clannish feeling which is so prominent among Scotchmen. Longevity is a characteristic trait, the Joneses, as a rule, living to a green old age.

The Welsh in Canada.

In a city so cosmopolitan as Winnipeg is where there are so many languages spoken in addition to English, it might seem invidious to single out any one of them for special mention, and yet the Welsh language, being as it is, one of the most ancient languages of the early Britons must be of peculiar interest in a British country such as this is. The Welsh people of this city have recently inaugurated their first Eisteddfod. The term Eisteddfod, or Eisteddfodau, was the name applied to the assemblies of national bards of Wales. It has always been a characteristic of the Celtic races that they have retained many of their native customs and traditions on migration to new countries. The Welsh bards have been described as follows:— "The whole society of bards was regulated by laws, said to have been first distinctly formulated by Hywel Dda, and to have been afterwards revised by Gruffydd ap Conan." At stated intervals great festivals were held at which the most famous bards from the most famous districts met and competed in song, the umpires being generally the princes and nobles. Even after the conquest of Wales these festivals or Eisteddfodau, as they were called, continued to be summoned by the English sovereign, but from the reign of Elizabeth the custom has been allowed to fall into abeyance.

A notable feature of this Winnipeg Eisteddfod, was the fact that the entire proceedings were conducted in the Welsh. The relationship between the various branches of the Celtic language has often been called in question; some maintaining that the connection between the Gaelic of Scotland and the Cymric of Wales is more imaginary than real. The close affinity between them, however, may now be taken to be an established fact, and anyone listening to capable exponents of both languages cannot fail to be struck with many points of resemblance such as euphony and expressiveness. While on this aspect of the subject it might be well for our Winnipeg Welsh friends to follow the practice of the Home land and have their Eisteddfod open to Scottish and Irish Gaelic competitors in addition to their own. We feel confident that Winnipeg can produce the necessary element.

In their attachment to their native tongue the enthusiasm of the Welsh people is unbounded, and is something which Scots might emulate with advantage. Of the Welsh tongue it has been said: "It has a genuine literary, as well as an oral

existence even now, and though the changes it has undergone since the days of Taliesin are numerous and great, yet it is essentially the same tongue as Caesar and Agricola heard, and is consequently to be regarded with veneration as the solitary living link that unites that distant age with our own.—"Canadian Scotsman."

The Foreign Elements in America.

By Frederic J. Haskin.

Over 15 per cent of the entire population of the United States are foreign-born, and 23 per cent more of our citizens are the children of foreign-born parents. Among the voters at the last general election there were over 5,000,000 naturalized Americans and 1,500,00 more aliens were awaiting the due process of law which would give them the same privileges at an early date. New York now has half as many Germans as there are in Berlin, twice as many Irishmen as Dublin, almost as many Jews as there are in Warsaw, and half as many Italians as there are in Rome. Chicago has more Germans than Dresden, and half as many Scandinavians as Stockholm. A fourth of the population of Minnesota is Scandinavian.

The Swedes are said to become Americanized quicker than the people of any other race. The first members of this nationality who came here settled in Delaware and Pennsylvania, but their great center is now in the northwest. Between the early fifties and the late nineties over a million of them came to this country. They brought with them their national characteristics of honesty, truthfulness, industry and frugality, and they have been a potent factor in the agricultural and industrial development of the nation. They are not politicians, and it is a rare thing to hear of one of them being elected to office. Notable instances to the contrary, however, are John E. Johnson, governor of Minnesota, who was born of Swedish parents, and John Lind, former governor of that state, who was born in Sweden.

In the law they have Alex Chytraus, judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, and Harry Olson, state attorney of Illinois. In art they have Olaf Grafstrom, landscape painter, and Henry Reuterdahl, the famous marine sketcher. Axel Olson and Carl Nilson are two of their best known sculptors. The American Swedes print more magazines and periodicals in their adopted tongue than do any other people of foreign birth or descent. They have over 600 trained singers at their festival, which is held every four years.

J. A. Ockerson, United States commissioner for Mississippi river improvements, is a Swede, as are A. E. Johnson, general manager of the Scandinavian-American line, and John Ericson, city treasurer of Chicago. The name Ericson has won distinction in Swedish-America already, for the famous Capt. John Ericson of "Monitor" fame belonged to that race. They can also claim Col. Robert Anderson, who held Fort Sumter at the breaking out of the civil war. Admiral Dahlgren, and the late Secretary Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware. They have always been patriotic, and the records of the police courts and jails rarely have a Swedish name on their pages. The total number of Swedes, both foreign-born and children of foreign parentage now in the United States, is nearly 2,000,000.

While the Swedes have come to America in great numbers, the Danes and the Norwegians have had quite an important part in the making up of our composite national type. The Danes were in Manhattan as early as the Dutch, and it is an interesting fact that the burial ground about Trinity Church overlooking Wall Street was first dedicated as "God's acre" in 1704, when the Danes built a little church there which was presided over by a minister from Denmark. The first Lutheran minister to hold a service in America was Master Aarhus, who accompanied the ill-fated expedition to Hudson bay in 1619 and met his death amid the snows of his first winter in what he called "Nova Dania." The considerable Danish settlement in the United States to-day are in Idaho and Utah. Many of them are interspersed with other Scandinavians throughout the great northwest. Jacob Riis, journalist, author, and educator, is perhaps the most eminent American who is a native of Denmark.

The early connection of the Norwegians with America goes back to the time of Leif Erikson and Erik the Red. It was the latter who discovered the ice-bound land of Greenland. In after years when pressed for a reason for giving this cold, barren country such a misleading name, he said it was because he hoped such a nice name might attract settlers. Erik may safely be called the first progenitor of the common species now known as the real estate boomer, and his naming of Greenland the first attempt at a real estate boom on this hemisphere.

One of the bravest sailors in the continental army in our war for independence was Thomas Johnson, a Norwegian. He helped John Paul Jones lash the Bon Homme Richard to the Serapis and was the last survivor of that memorable battle. He died in Philadelphia in 1851 at the age of 93, proud with his last breath of the memory that he had been personally thanked by George Washington for his bravery. Knute Nelson, one of the United States senators from Minnesota was born in Norway, and is a representative of the hardy race which adapts itself to

conditions in this country with so little friction. When Norway regained her separate establishment as an independent kingdom there were 400,000 citizens of the United States who paid sentimental allegiance to Haakon VII., the new ruler over the country which gave them birth.

The Welsh are not so numerous as other northern European races in America, but they have contributed much to the history of the country. Their industry, morality, religious nature, and general deportment have always made them desirable citizens. They settled in Philadelphia in the earliest colonial times, and another colony in the Marlborough district of South Caroline sent an entire company under Marion to the revolutionary war. Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence who trace back immediately or remotely to Welsh ancestry, were Thomas Jefferson, Stephen Hopkins, William Williams, William Floyd, Francis Lewis, Button Gwynett, Lewis Morris and Robert Morris. Our presidents of Welsh ancestry were John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, William Henry Harrison, James R. Garfield, and Benjamin Harrison.

One family of Welsh origin which has become particularly famous in the history of American education, letters, and statecraft, is that of Jonathan Edwards, who was the son of parents born in Wales. He was known as the foremost philosophical writer of his day. He was the third president of the University of New Jersey, now known as Princeton, and of his descendants fourteen have been presidents of colleges. His grandson Aaron Burr was vice president of the United States, and the central figure in the most dramatic incident of the early days of the republic. Winston Churchill, the American author, is another of Jonathan Edwards' descendants, as is also Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt. Three presidents of Yale were in a direct line from the head of this family, and Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University is another of them who ranks among the leading educators of the nation.

Chief Justices Marshall and Taney had Welsh ancestors, and Lewis, of the famous Lewis and Clarke expedition, came of good Welsh stock. Captain Jones, commander of the Mayflower, was a proud member of this race. The Welsh also claim Anthony Morris, first mayor of Philadelphia, and Thomas Lloyd, first governor of Pennsylvania. They are not so clannish a people as other imported Americans, though they have many societies for benevolent and historical work, the oldest of these being the Welsh society of Philadelphia, which was founded in 1800. The Welsh have a legendary claim of early settlement of America dating back as far as 1170, when one Madawg ap Owain Gwynedd crossed the ocean with ten ships. The authenticity of the claim is shaken, however, by the fact that nothing

was ever heard of the adventurer and his colony after they left the shores of Wales.

Prior to 1868 the Slavs were compartively unknown as embryo American citizens, but large numbers of Austrians, Russians, Poles, Czechs, Bohemians and Moravians are now flocking to this country. They come through Ellis Island with blank faces and animal-like docility, but make the best unskilled laborers of all foreigners when they are finally corralled in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and West Virginia, which states are now getting sixty per cent of the entire movement of Slav immigration. Eighty-five per cent of all the males are totally unskilled, but as ninety-five per cent of all comers range between the ages of fifteen and forty-five they are most desirable for work in iron and coal mines.

As a class they seem to have little ambition or mental activity and are most content when working at heavy menial toil, though some of them who have gone farther west and taken up prairie lands in the Dakotas, have turned out to be excellent farmers. While the Slavs from the Hungarian mountains are generally eager to save enough to return home, the Poles, though often illiterate and with only moderate ambition, have several prosperous settlements. One of the largest of these is in Buffalo, where the people have proved so sturdy and dependable that their mortgages are always considered good investments.

Of the Levantine countries, Syria, Armenia and Turkey have all made contributions to America's making, though as a rule they have not been so welcome as other races. The Armenian massacre, however, was responsible for our receiving a very superior class of immigrants, many of them being people of education and training, capable of speaking from three to six languages. Many Armenians and Syrians are employed in the manufacture of silk and cotton, usually on a small scale. Until fifteen years ago Syrians were almost unknown here. Among the first comers were those who came to the Chicago fair in 1893. They liked the country and advertised it so much that many of their countrymen came over to take up the manufacture of gewgaws for peddlers.

FIELD OF LETTERS

The late Dr. Pugh, of the Forward Movement's, will has been published. He died at 60 after 35 years of extraordinary work. He died, probably, of work. Now, how much money ought he to have laid by? The will tells us that he left £395. He saved, on an average, during his ministry, £11 a year. No better testimony could be found to his unselfish disinterested work! We hope his widow and family will receive from the Connexion some mark of the gratitude which every heart feels for Dr. Pugh's great and abiding ministry in Wales.

It is proposed to recognise in some way the services of Rev. Thomas Levi, Aberystwyth. It is impossible to estimate in words the value of these services, rendered now for about sixty years to every good cause in Wales. We do not know of many men who are so versatile as Mr. Levi. His gifts are most varied. He preaches well. He has been pastor of one of the largest churches for many thriving years. He has edited our Children's Magazine since its start forty-six years ago. He has travelled in America, in Palestine, and elsewhere. He has lectured on temperance. He has translated a number of books and tracts. He has composed hymns. What has he not done? Truly he merits our highest honor. A committee has been appointed to suggest a form of recognition.

In the "Traethodydd" for May one writes of Wales 50 years hence, and finds a number of wonderful changes which he attributes to a land law passed in 1912, in which the people became possessed of three-fourths of the land of the Principality. By reason of the measure, the people of Wales have filled the country with industries of all kinds, and every part is in a remarkably prosperous condition. Anybody can guess that free land is at the base of every substantial prosperity. You cannot build anything unless you have a foundation for it. Landlordism has been the greatest obstruction in the way of civilization.

The Editor of "Y Llusern" discusses the old question of the evils of social inequalities and wrongs perpetrated on society by the rich and the idle. Non-producers who waste are the class which society should get rid of as expeditiously as is convenient; but the sorry fact is that these have been our most highly honored classes since the creation. "This inequality," he says, "which prevails among men goes to prove that there is some unwholesome and destructive worm at the root of things. The combines and trusts which conspire to engulf everything is becoming a dangerous element in the land. There is no limit to the greed of Trusts. This cause, undoubtedly, was at the bottom of the disastrous war in South Africa, which has cost such an enormous sum."

Little, Brown & Co.'s Literary Notes.

Having disposed of the "nature writers," Messrs. Long, Roberts, London, et

al. President Roosevelt now advises the reading of certain books of pure fiction that have, as he expresses it, "the prime quality of being interesting." In his speech at the semi-centennial of the Michigan Agricultural School at Lansing, Mich., President Roosevelt said:

"You will learn the root principles of self-help and helpfulness toward others from 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' just as much as from any formal treatise on charity; you will learn as much sound social and industrial doctrine from Octave Thanet's stories of farmers and wageworkers as from avowed sociological and economic studies; and I cordially recommend the first chapter of 'Aunt Jane of Kentucky' for use as a tract in all families where the men folks tend to selfish or thoughtless or overbearing disregard of the rights of their womenkind."

The publication of a volume "On the death of Mme. Laura" led a press clipping bureau in New York which declares that its literary department is absolutely perfect, to address a communication to "F. Petrarch, in care of William Heinemann, Publisher, London," in which Petrarch is asked to send $5.00 if he wants to know "how much publicity his work in securing." Petrarch has been dead just 533 years. This is doubtless the same agency that addressed Isaak Walton in care of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, upon the publication of a new edition of "The Complete Angler," soliciting an order for clippings of reviews of his "new work.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, the popular and prolific English author, who has just sailed for home after a brief visit to this country, was asked how he was able to devise such good plots.

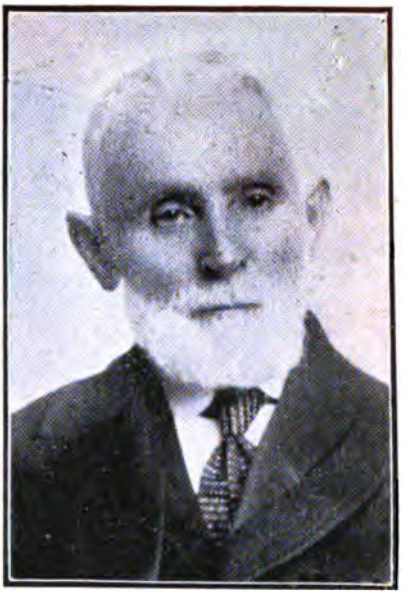
"I have made it a hobby for many years to frequent the cafes in all the cities which I visit on my travels," he replied. "I make the acquaintance of the maitre d'hotel whenever possible, and in my conversation with him, and by studying the types represented among the patrons, a good idea for a story inevitably suggests itself. The rest is comparatively easy. I write scarcely a line, but dictate the whole 80,000 or 90,000 words to my secretary in rather long installments. Then, of course, comes the revision, and later the reading and correcting of proofs. By refraining from writing short stories, and by confining myself to the writing of complete novels, I have no difficulty in producing two books each year."

Mr. Oppenheim, like his father and grandfather, is a native of England, having been born in London forty years ago. He is a typical Englishman in appearance, speech and action.

The issuing of a new popular edition of Maud Wilder Goodwin's "The Head of a Hundred in the Colony of Virginia, 1622," recalls the fact that when this book was first published it was discovered that its chief historical incident and several of its historical characters were the same as those of Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold." Yet "The Head of a Hundred" was written in 1895, while Miss Johnston's book was not published until 1900. The climax of the story is the same in both books, the bloody Indian uprising of the period in which both heroes distinguish themselves. "The Head of a Hundred," however, has much less slaughter and bloodshed, is less complicated in plot, and is told in fewer pages, but its similarity to "To Have and to Hold" is worth noting.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Mrs. Mary Gibbon.



Thos. R. Williams.

Rev. William Lewis.

Evan J. Morris.

Rev. Thos. Miles.

W. J. Jones.

Rev. Howell A. Davies.

Mrs. T. Solomon Griffiths.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THE REV. WILLIAM LEWIS.

Saturday and Sunday, May 4, 5, 1907, was an interesting event in the history of the Welsh people in Martin's Ferry, for on that day their new church building was opened with a series of religious services, when ministers from far and near took part in the celebration, and several excellent and inspiring addresses and sermons were enjoyed. The edifice cost $18,003, of which $12,117 was collected and paid the day of the opening.

The Welsh cause was started in dwelling houses in Wheeling and Etnaville as far back as 1873, and the little congregation had occasional preaching by the Rev. Daniel Williams, who left Wheeling in 1875 to take charge of a pastorate at Pittsburg, Pa. Subsequently, the Rev. John P. Thomas preached to the little gathering, coming from Irondale, O., to take charge and working at his trade as carpenter. Mr. Thomas represented the old-fashioned type of Welsh preacher, missioner and pastor, working all the week and caring for the fold Sunday and week-nights. Mr. Thomas remained with them until 1880, when his good wife died, and he moved to Mingo Station, near Steubenville, O.

In 1881, the Rev. William Lewis, the present pastor, arrived and took charge, and he has been so well liked that he has remained with the church since, and it is he who was mainly instrumental in building up the congregation, so that the first edifice, which is now replaced, was thought necessary. A lot was bought on First Street, the property of David L. Davies and wife, for $600, and the work was undertaken in earnest, and a building was put up costing $2,800, and at the opening $2,200 was already paid, $600 remaining. Since then the congregation has so increased that the present fine building was called for, and the undertaking accomplished with the above results.

The Rev. William Lewis is a native of Landovery, S. W., but the family moved when Mr. Lewis was a mere child to Cefn Coed, near Merthyr Tydvil, the iron metropolis then. When a young man he showed an aptitude for preaching, and he entered Brecon College, whence he graduated, and forthwith he went to Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, where he opened a Grammar School, and it was there he met Miss Margaret Hammond, now his wife. Soon after their marriage they migrated to this country, and his first charge was at Cattaraugus, N. Y. Later he went to Newburg, O., whence the family returned to Wales to remain there a few years. In 1881 we find him again pastor of the Congregational Church at Shawnee, O., and thence he moved to the pastorate at Martin's Ferry, where he has worked faithfully for 26 years with increased success and honor among his countrymen.

THOMAS R. WILLIAMS.

Thomas R. Williams, Scranton, Pa., was born at a place called Cathredyn (or more correctly Garthrhedyn) in the parish of Llangynidr, Breconshire, S. W., February 7, 1827, near the old mill at Aberhoewy, where the Claisfair empties into the Usk. His parents were Rees and Mary Williams, and he was one of 12 children, of whom but himself a brother and a sister are living. His

sister, Mrs. Bevan, lives at Abercarn, Mon., S. W., in her 75th year. John lives with her in his 67th year.

Mr. Williams started to work when he was 10 years old, and his first occupation was as boatman on the old canal between Lanelly and Brecon, and Mr. Williams relates many interesting facts about life on the canal seventy years ago. It was an arduous work, and he had to work early and late; and many a time he walked along with the horse with his arm in the harness, sound asleep. It was then he thought many a time how hard a world this was, especially on children; because at that time, children had to go to work without a day of school.

December 28, 1850, Mr. Williams was married to his wife, then Ann, the daughter of Rees and Gwenllian Jones, Daranfelen, Llanelli, and six years later they moved to Trecynon, Aberdare, where he worked at Asgubor Wen digging coal. April 23, 1866, they started for America and took ship on the 25th on the S. S. Pennsylvania, from which they landed in Castle Garden May 9, 1866, after a voyage of 13½ days.

He has since made his home in Scranton, Pa., and more, he has lived in the same house and slept in the same room for over 40 years. Over three and a half years ago Mrs. Williams died, leaving her old faithful partner comfortably homed with an adopted daughter, whom the old pilgrim praises highly for her care of him in his old days.

Mr. Williams is an example of the religious Welshman, and also he loves music and has played on the clarinette for many a year; he is also well versed in the Bible, and is a devout Christian and possessed of a rare religious experience. Although he suffered much hardship when young, he has never soured in feeling, but waits the passing over the Jordan with a beautiful faith. Mr. Williams in his old age has a well-regulated mind, and writes interestingly of this life and his hope for the next, and he may well use those words of Paul's: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid for me a crown of righteousness," &c.

THE LATE REV. THOS. MILES.

Mr. Miles was born at a place called Dinas Powys, near Cardiff, S. W., April 13, 1841, a son to William and Elizabeth Miles. He was the oldest of the sons, two of whom survive—Lewis in Australia, and the Rev. John Miles, Chester Nova Scotia. Mr. Miles was married to Miss Elvira Jones, ---dge Farm, March 14, 1867. He began to preach when quite young, and after graduating he took charge of the church at Machen for some time. It was there he was ordained as minister in the M. C. Connexion, at the Association held at Newcastle Emlyn, August, 1873. He moved from Machen to St. Fagan's, where he remained a faithful pastor for seven years. From St. Fagan's, he took charge of Lady Lanover's church, where he served for five years, whence he became resolved to migrate to this country, where he landed September, 1885. Subsequently he had charges at Red Oak, Ia.; Trenton, Neb.; Postville, Neb., and Blue Springs, Neb. From the last-named place he moved to Jewell City, Kas., where he died February 18, 1907. His funeral took place the following Thursday, the Revs. Cowman, Iona, Kas., and Robert E. Jones, Wymore, Neb., officiating.

Mr. Miles was an exemplary man and a model minister. At home a man is best known. He was a good husband, father and friend, and he was endowed with the natural good qualities for the making of the above. He was faithful in every circle. He was also entertaining and sociable; but above all, he was a man of elevated and pure tastes. He was a preacher by nature; born to it, and therefore was possessed of the qualifications for the sacred office. He was of a puritan tone of mind, and consequently he spent much of his time in

the study of the highest class of theology, and his preaching was always of an elevating and purifying nature. He preached and exhorted to edify, not to amuse and entertain merely. He belonged to that class of Welsh ministers who are always devoted to the highest interests of religion.

THE REV. HOWELL A. DAVIES.

The Rev. Howell A. Davies is a young Welshman who is advancing rapidly among his fellows in the ministry. Mr. Davies was born January 7, 1882, a son to the late Rev. Dr. David Davies and Jeanette Jones his wife. His father was a minister of high standing among the Welsh of the Western States. Mr. Davies lost his mother when three years old, and his father died August 19, 1902. Mr. Davies was reared in a Christian family, and was trained with great care and solicitude, and he is the product of the best Welsh surroundings.

After graduating from the High School at Oshkosh, Wis., his native town, in 1900, he went to Ripon College in September of the same year, whence he graduated M. A. in 1904. The same year he entered the Princeton Theological Academy, where he gained his B. D. for his excellent work. There also he won the Gelston Winthrop Fellowship in Didactic and Polemic Theology, valued at $600. To gain this, it was necessary to write a thesis of 55,000 words on the offices of Christ, besides passing a regular exam. He was highly commended by Dr. Warfield, who also advised him to proceed to Germany to complete his education and enjoy his scholarship, whither he went, leaving New York on the "Baltic" for Liverpool May 8.

After spending a few weeks in Wales, England and Scotland, he will leave for Bonn, Germany, where he will study the German language preparatory to entering the University in autumn. Mr. Davies departed with the good wishes of a host of friends, old and young.

MRS. T. SOLOMON GRIFFITHS, UTICA, N. Y.

In poor health for several months, but able to be about the house the greater part of the time, Mrs. T. Solomon Griffiths, one of Utica's highly-esteemed residents, passed away suddenly at her home, 5 Miller Street, Tuesday evening, May 22, at 8:30 o'clock. She had not been confined to her bed at all, and the end came while she was resting on a lounge in her room.

Born in Llaniesten, Carnarvonshire, North Wales, August 18, 1842, Mrs. Griffiths came to this country and to Utica with her parents, the late Robert J. and Anna Williams, eight years later, and Utica had since been her home. September 8, 1868, she was married to Mr. Griffiths. For years Mrs. Griffiths had been one of the leading members and workers of Moriah Church. She joined the society early in life, and all during this time she devoted her efforts to the welfare of the society and its congregation. She had been a teacher in the Sunday School and was active in the Dorcas Society and the Ladies' Aid Society. If not president of the latter organization, she always held some other office. She will be greatly missed and sincerely mourned among the members of the congregation.

Mrs. Griffiths was prominent in works of charity, notable for her hospitality and was beloved by all who ever met her. She was a true friend and even the stranger in the city was welcome at her home. Especially was this so of the young Welsh women who, from time to time, came here to live. Ministers of all denominations have enjoyed her hospitality, and her death will be mourned by a wide circle of friends. She was fond of her home, greatly attached to her family, a true Christian woman, a loyal church worker, a friend of the poor and needy, a force of good to the community and a woman who

enjoyed anything that was uplifting and right.

Mrs. Griffiths, interested especially in all matters concerning the Welsh, was a great help to her husband as editor of "The Friend," the organ of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. She was deeply interested in the publication and cheerfully gave her support and encouragement to the work.

Aside from some distant relatives, her husband and daughter are the sole survivors.

The present home of the Pittsburg Bank of Savings, conveniently located at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Smithfield, opposite the Post Office, is an imposing and substantial structure of twelve stories, and is equipped with all modern conveniences essential to a successful banking institution. The 90th Semi-Annual Report of condition of the Pittsburg Bank of Savings, Pittsburg, Pa., at the close of business May 28, 1907 to the State Banking Department of Pennsylvania shows:

Assets.—Cash on hand and in banks, $2,743,959.68. Demand Collateral Loans, $6,848,488.26. Time Loans, $1,781,931,-58. Investments, $5,594,483.34. Total Assets: $16,948,862.86.

Liabilities: Capital, Surplus, Profits, $785,729.68. Accrued Interest Due Depositors, $180,000.00. Demand Deposits, $1,324,547.47. Time Deposits, $14,678,-585.71. Total Liabilities, $16,968,862.86. Sworn to this 31st day of May, 1907, Wm. J. Jones, Treasurer.

It shows a very material increase in deposits, surplus and resources during the past decade, at which time the President, Mr. James S. Kuhn, became connected with the institution. Mr. Kuhn has just completed 40 years in the banking business, and Mr. Wm. J. Jones, Secretary and Treasurer, has been connected with this bank for over 23 years. In 1897, when Mr. Jones was appointed Secretary and Treasurer, the moneys on deposit amounted to but $3,-000,000; according to the report above quoted, they amount to $16,003,133.18. Enrolled on the books of the Bank are depositors from every State in the Union, as the system of sending money by mail, through the medium of Uncle Sam's mail service, is brought to the doors of the homes of the depositors.

THE LATE MRS. MARY GIBBON, BLACK DIAMOND WASH

Mrs. Mary Gibbon, widow of the late Mr. David Gibbon, and proprietress of of the Gibbon Hotel, Black Diamond, King County, Washington, passed away at her home at 6:00 a. m. Monday, April 15th, 1907, and was buried on Thursday, April 18th.

Mrs. Gibbon, who was the daughter of Daniel Lewis, was born at Craig y Forest, Ystradgynlais, Breconshire, in the year 1841, and was united in holy matrimony to Mr. David Gibbon in Carmel Baptist Church, Aberdare, Glamorganshire, December 22, 1860, and resided at Penderin for some time.

The family immigrated from Hirwaun, Aberdare, Glamorganshire, to America in the year 1866 and settled in Audenried, Pa., in which state they lived twenty-four years. In May, 1890, the family came from Freeland, Pa., to Black Diamond, Washington, where they have resided since.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon and their daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Spaigt, were among the first members at the organization of the Black Diamond Baptist Church in February, 1891, by the Reverend James Sunderland.

Having been in the hotel business for many years, Mrs. Gibbon was well known in this part of Washington. She was a very industrious woman and was deeply interested in the welfare of her children. The people who have lived at her home feel that they have lost a friend, one who was always deeply interested in their welfare and comfort;

one who provided and presided in the home with motherly care for all.

Reverend J. H. Woodley of Kent, Washington, and W. Prosser, conducted the funeral services. A short service was held at the home. Mr. Woodley preached effectively at the church from the text "Let me die the death of the righteous." The following hymns from Gospel Hymns one to six complete were sung, No. 583 "What a Friend we have in Jesus," No. 6, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," No. 721, "Jesus Lover of my Soul," No. 719, "Nearer my God to Thee," and Welsh hymn, "Yn y cyfroedd mawr a'r tonau." Our beloved sister and mother leaves three sons, one daughter, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, four grandchildren, one sister, and as far as is known, two brothers, John Lewis and David Lewis, and a host of friends to mourn her loss. In behalf of the mourning family.—W. Prosser.

THE LATE MR. REES T. REES, BLACK DIAMOND, WASH

Mr. Reese was one of the unfortunate ones in the colliery explosion that happened in the Morgan Slope at Black Diamond, King County, Washington, on Friday morning, April 26th, 1907. Mr. Reese was badly burned and he died from the effects at 11:30 o'clock Friday night.

A prayer meeting was held at the home on Saturday evening, conducted both in English and Welsh, and the attendance of neighbors and friends was large. After a short meeting at the home at 1:30 P. M. Sunday, April 28th, the body was taken to the church, where the funeral services were conducted both in English and Welsh. Rev. Mr. Bushell preached from the text, "Watch ye therefore," appealing especially to the Welsh people to embrace and cling to the religion of their fathers and mothers. W. Prosser spoke from Psalms 102: 24, "I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days," emphasizing the importance for the man of middle age to be ready. The hymns were chosen from Gospel Hymns, one to six complete, among which were "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Jesus Lover of my Soul," and "Nearer my God to Thee." Also two Welsh hymns were sung, "Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau" and "O fryniau Caersalem" under the leadership of Mr. Evan W. Davies. The Welsh of Seattle, Renton and Ravensdale and other places attended the funeral in great numbers. This was the largest funeral ever witnessed in Black Diamond. It extended about half a mile, from the town to the cemetery.

Mr. Reese was the son of Thomas and Mary Reese, who resided near Castell Craig y Nos, Breconshire, South Wales. His mother is still living at Ystradgynlais. He came to America in April, 1884, and was united in holy matrimony to Miss Rachel Walters, the daughter of William and Ann Walters of Hirwaun, Aberdare, South Wales, December 6th, 1885, in Cleveland, Iowa, wherein they resided. The family came to Franklin, Washington, in the year 1888.

Mr. Reese was very innocent, amiable and kind and was respected in the community. He was very fond of music and was a good singer himself. He sang a good deal from time to time in different choirs and parties. He sang as tenor in the winning choir of Franklin, conducted by Mr. William Richards in the Eisteddfod which was held in Seattle on Christmas Day, 1890.

Mr. Reese was forty-eight years old last January. He was a kind and affectionate husband and father. He leaves a mother, a brother, William Reese of Ottumwa, Iowa, and two other brothers, David and Thomas in Ystradgynlais, South Wales, and two sisters, Mrs. Sarah Watkins and Mrs. Mary James, a beloved wife and five children to mourn his loss. The children are aged respectively, Mary Ann, twenty; Beatrice, eighteen; Thomas, sixteen; William, fifteen; and Arthur thirteen years

old. In behalf of the mourning family. —W. Prosser.

EVAN J. MORRIS.

"The good men do live after them."

"The memory of the righteous is blessed."

Evan J. Morris died at his residence on Arch Avenue, Alliance, O., April 24th, after a brief but severe attack of pneumonia; and his sudden departure brought sorrow to the heart of a host of friends whose hopes for his speedy recovery had been vanquished.

Mr. Morris was born in Rhymney, South Wales, in the year 1853. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Alban J. Morris of respected memory, who when Evan was but six months old came to this country and resided for some time in Scranton, Pa., Pomeroy, Cleveland, and other places in Ohio, before coming to Alliance.

When but a lad we find Evan already imbued with the spirit of the American boy who wants to do things, for while in Pomeroy the story is told of him carrying apples for sale among the boatmen plying between Pomeroy and Cincinnati, and one day while engaged in a business transaction on board the vessel, they started on their voyage before the young fruit-vendor could go ashore, and to his great dismay and the almost uncontrollable anxiety of his parents, he was taken to Cincinnati, but was happily restored to his mother's arms on the following day.

Upon the arrival of the family in Alliance, he still maintained the indomitable spirit of industry, and although not physically adapted for the arduous labor of a mill man, he was persistent in his desire to go to work and all the persuasive powers of his parents could not induce him to desist.

It seemed that the only means of keeping Evan away from the mill was the removal of the mill from Evan, consequently when the rolling mill ceased operation here, he turned his attention to the higher profession of chemistry, and studied under the late Mr. R. G. Williams, who was at that time the leading druggist in the city.

In due time he assumed the responsibilities of his chosen profession, and also the greater responsibility of chosing a help-meet, whom he found in Miss Anna Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Morgan, and this subsequent success in life is evidence that both enterprises received the divine benediction.

For a short time Mr. Morris kept a drug store in Marlboro, then in Garrettsville, but for the last 15 years he had been established in Alliance, where he could be near his parents in their declining years, and among the friends of his youth, and where through his honesty and integrity he had won the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens until he had become one of the leading business men of our city.

Early in life he heard the call, "My son, give me thine heart," and most devotedly responded to it. He was an ardent lover of music, and the songs of the sanctuary were his delight, and upon his return to Alliance was appointed conductor of the First Presbyterian Church choir, which office he filled with wonderful success, nor was his success entirely due to his ability as a musician, but his kind, gentle spirit, and above all his beautiful Christian character that wielded such an influence over those under his charge, and bound them together in such harmony that no discordant strain was found in choir or chorus. Mr. Morris was not a prominent figure in Eisteddfodic circles, although upon several occasions he was urged by his choir to enter the competitive arena, and in each instance came out with "victory perched upon their banner," the last of these triumphs was at the Canton Eisteddfod in July, 1906; and when his friends would playfully refer to him as "the leader who never lost a prize," the compliment was always acknowledged in the same cheerful manner, with a graceful bow and

pleasant smile, with no semblance of boasting, but always giving credit to the loyalty and faithfulness of his choir. He was entirely free from the detestable habit of exploiting the "V fawr," or as has been fittingly called "the perpendicular pronoun" (I).

In his business capacity Mr. Morris came in contact with various types of character, and often his kind words of encouragement to some wayward and erring youth would accompany the desired purchase, and many a customer has left his store with a stronger desire to lead a higher and nobler life.

He was always a Christian, and reflected the character of his Master in all his dealings. This truth was very forcibly expressed by his pastor, Dr. Carnahan, at the funeral services when in speaking of Mr. Morris "as the Christian man in business," he said, "His deal on Saturday in the store was consistent with his Sunday deal in the church; at the close of his business on Saturday night he could ask his heavenly Father's blessing, and on Sunday morning he came before his choir with clean hands and a pure heart," and with striking effect Dr. Carnahan put the question to that vast assembly, "How many of us deserve that compliment?"

The funeral services which were very impressive were held in the First Presbyterian Church, which was filled to overflowing. A quartette in charge of Prof. J. M. James, conductor of the M. E. Church choir, sang the Glory Song and other appropriate selections, and Mrs. Davis Donnelly of Akron, O., a former member of Mr. Morris' choir sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," but the tender emotions were much in evidence as an impediment to both the singing and speaking throughout the services.

The elders of the church, one of whose number Mr. Morris has been for many years, acted as pall bearers, and as the funeral cortege wended its way to the cemetery, the expression heard on every hand by men in all the walks of life was: "Alliance has lost a good man."

Mr. Morris leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter to mourn the loss of a most affectionate husband and father, and also leaves (beside his three brothers and two sisters) a host of friends who will always cherish his memory as a friend indeed." In offering to the readers of "The Cambrian" this brief tribute to his beloved memory, may we not hope that his noble life may still remind us we can make our lives sublime, and teach us to realize more thoroughly the divine truth, "A good name is better than gold."

The first sulphur match was made in 1829.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first shoe black appeared in 1750.

The first anaesthetics were used in 1844.

The first steel plate was made in 1830

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.

The first temperance society was organized in 1808.

The first almanac was printed by George Von Furbach in 1460.

There is a paucity of Welsh books on gardening. This is all the more singular since the "grand old gardener and his wife" were unmistakably Welsh.

According to Crofton Croker's Fairy Legends, the Welsh "Pwcca" is evidently the same as the English "Puck," and is known in some parts of the Principality by the name of "Bwcci." In Breconshire a whole glen bears his name, Cwm Pwcca, and it is traditionally said that from this spot Shakespeare drew some of his materials for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," through the medium of his friend Richard, the son of Sir John Price, of The Priory, Brecon.

Amongst the numerous people bitten with curious ideas on perpetual motion was a Welshman named David Jones, of Raglan. In May, 1857, he "provisionally specified an invention for obtaining motive power by the combined action of oil, water, and other fluids upon each other by vacuum or pressure in a certain shaped apparatus. He proposed to produce and maintain at no expense whatever reciprocating movement of a cylinder so long as water is in the vessels, and to employ such motive power as a prime mover in any convenient manner."

The Rev. J. Ossian Davies, whose loss of voice has been a loss to the Congregational pulpit throughout England and Wales, is about to issue another volume of sermons under the title of "The Dayspring." His former volume, "Old, yet ever new," has attained a wide circulation, and undoubtedly the new volume will be equally popular. His Welsh friends will doubtless be pleased to see another of the works of this master of pulpit eloquence.

After a lapse of more than half a century the old horse and cattle fair at Tafarnau Bach, midway between Rhymney Bridge and Nantybwch, which at one time enjoyed widespread popularity, was resuscitated last year. So successful was the event that it is now announced that henceforth three fairs will be held there annually, on the Monday following the first Saturday in the months of May, July and September.

A Welsh slate-quarryman in Maryland has constructed a clock entirely of slate excepting the screws, with which the 164 pieces are fastened together. The builder of this unique timepiece made use of five differently colored slates, and the blending of these produces an artistic effect. The design of the clock, which has a cathedral gong, represents a church front, lighted with nine three-candle-power incandescent bulbs. It took Mr. Pritchard eight months to make the clock, which is four feet high, two feet wide and 1 foot deep.

Properly looked at, many Welsh words throw a light upon the history

of the country. There are the words "saer" and "masiwn," or in Glamorganese "meiswn," for instance. Saer is as old as the hills in the language, and points to the wooden or wattle houses of the native inhabitants. Meiswn, on the other hand, is comparatively modern. In fact, it came in with the Normans, and refers to the stone buildings which those people introduced.

Public-houses are very old institutions, only they were called by other names—inns and taverns, the latter being the older. "Tefyrn," the plural form of "tafarn," is used by Dafydd ap Gwilym in an ode written in memory of his uncle, who lived in the fourteenth century. The bard has the line, "Tefyrn yn mhob plas," that is to say, taverns, or places for refreshment, were found in every mansion. The Welsh gentry in those days kept open house, and were famous for their hospitality. It was at inns or taverns the various guilds held their meetings, and this was the origin of the practice of holding meetings of various kinds on licensed premises ever since.

By the death of Mr. William Williams, at the ripe age of ninety, legal circles have been deprived of a figure for many years familiar in the neighborhood of Lincoln's Inn, London. The oldest member of the Incorporated Law Society, Mr. Williams entered the legal profession before the accession of the late Queen, and had attained to the position of president of the society more than forty years ago. A resident in Wimbledon, Mr. Williams was one of the group of gentlemen who in the sixties resisted the proposed enclosure of parts of Wimbledon Common and the conversion of the residue into a park. He subsequently initiated negotiations with Lord Spencer's advisers for the transfer of the common to the care of the residents.

Blank verse, it has been said, is not suited to the genius of the Welsh language. This can hardly be true if the metre is handled by a master of his craft. The three poets who wrote blank verse in Welsh first were Williams of Pantycelyn, Daniel Ddu o Geredigion, and Dr. William Owen Pughe, who translated "Paradise Lost" into a language which was largely of his own creation, and which nobody can understand even with the aid of Pughe's dictionary. Daniel Ddu's blank verse is perfect. His prize poem on winter in that metre is, perhaps, the most perfect composition in the Welsh language.

The following is culled from an interesting set of short conversations published by the Rev. W. Hobley, of Carnarvon, in the current number of "Y Geninen."—R. D.: "It was the influence of the example of John Jones, Talysarn, that caused me not to devote myself to the learning of English. I had been brought up close by him, and I saw that he had attained to the highest sphere of influence without knowing English, and consequently I grew to look upon it as unnecessary. I looked upon John Jones as the greatest man I ever met."

Miss May John, R. A. M., the well-known Welsh soprano, has quitted her native Rhondda and taken up her residence at 20 Montgomery street, Roath Park, Cardiff. As time goes on other gifted sons and daughters of the Principality will migrate to the Welsh metropolis. Miss May John was for many years a prominent member of the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, and her achievements incude the winning of the chief soprano prize at the World's Fair, Chicago, and she is also a double medalist of the Royal Academy of Music. She recently appeared with great success with the Royal Male Choir at Liverpool and Manchester.

There is strong need in Wales for a great eisteddfod conductor. So far the successor of Mynyddog has not arrived, though among the younger generation of bards and preachers there are indications that the long-felt want may soon be filled. From Haverfordwest, for instance, we hear great things of the prowess of the Rev. Nicholson Jones at the Whitsun eisteddfod. The three main requisites of a successful conductor are tact, humor and a good voice. He must keep a huge multitude in good humor, he must not allow the proceedings to lag, he must keep to the time-table, and be equal to any and every emergency. A speaker at the Haverfordwest eisteddfod said that he "had attended the National Eisteddfod on many occasions and he could honestly saw that he had never seen a better conductor than Mr. Nicholson Jones."

Ceraint, the son of Berwyn, the son of Morgan, of the lineage of Iestyn ab Gwrgant, Prince of Glamorgan, was the first who made malt liquor properly. In the register of the family he is called Ceraint the Drunkard. The right mode of making beer was discovered in the following manner: After he had boiled the wort, together with some field flowers and honey, a boar came there, and, drinking of it, cast in his foam, which caused the liquor to ferment. The beer thus prepared was found superior to any ever known before, and thence arose the practice of putting barm in the beer. Having attained this knowledge, Ceraint gave himself up entirely to drunkenness, in which state he died. His son, who reigned after him, is called Brywlais. "Bryw" means vigorous, brisk, or active, and all that is said of him was that he was a good king, and a melodious bard, and an exceptionally fine singer.

With the election of Mr. Joseph Jones, B. A., B. D., as professor of the New Testament at the Memorial College, Brecon, the college has a record in many ways. It has now three graduates in theology on its staff, like the Calvinistic Methodist College at Bala. Its professors have degrees from four universities—three from London, one from Oxford, one from Wales, and one from St. Andrews. All four professors have been appointed within the last dozen years or so, and within this period the Rev. Tom Lewis is the third principal. The Memorial College is in a special sense a college of young men, and has always been well known for its good fellowship and comradeship. Principal Lewis is, perhaps, the most accomplished and versatile theological principal in Wales. He took the London M. A. in classics from Bangor, and has studied Semitic languages in Germany. Then he is a golfer, a cricketer, a musician, and a poet.

One of the most flourishing hiring fairs in the kingdom is that of Knighton. Radnorshire. It was held on Friday and Saturday recently. Hundreds of people crowd to it, special trains being run by the local railway companies. Knighton is an ideal country town, surrounded by wooded valleys and green fields, and with nothing but the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep to disturb its rural peace. To its quiet inhabitants the May fair is a welcome diversion; nevertheless, all visitors are not of a desirable character. To the social student it is an interesting relic of the Wales of our forefathers, and may be regarded as one of the remaining remnants of the "Mabsant." When the members of the Central Welsh Board passed through Knighton from Llandrindod on Friday night this old-world gathering proved a revelation to them, and some lingered there until a later train to make notes by pen and pencil.

Is there going to be a triplets scare?

Anyway, North Wales is not going to have all the honor. To Mr. Ellis Davies's challenge Mr. Harry Box's coachman, Mr. Thomas, has valiantly responded. We do not wish to frighten Mr. Ellis Davies or Mr. Thomas, but it is interesting to note the fact, vouched for by the "Reader," that these multiple births run in families. There have, for example, been at least five recorded instances of triplicate births extending over two or more generations, and one of quadruplicate; while, on the very same day that saw the news of Mr. Davies's good fortune recorded in the papers there appeared also a paragraph announcing that on the occasion of the celebration of the eightieth birthday of Mr. Edward Lemon, of Glen Hill, Sturminster, there were present that gentleman's triplet great-grandnephews and his twin great-grandnieces. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable instance in point is that known in obstetrical annals as the Gravata case. A peasant girl of Tuscany, named Gravata, the twin daughter of a woman who was herself one of triplets, married a man of her own class. She led off modestly, so to speak, with a single baby, a girl. On the next occasion, however, she kept up the family reputation by presenting her husband with six male babies, small, but healthy. Next year came five more little brothers, followed by a couple of triplets and a quartette. Afterwards ensued a long procession of ones and twos, winding up with four boys, the last accession bringing the number of her living children up to sixty-two.

"From an old work on education in Wales," writes a correspondent, "I extract the following graphic description of workmen's wives in the ironworks districts 60 years ago. At that time tea was the great luxury, and there was not apparently so much of the spirit drinking as is unfortunately reported of the indulgence by women in later days. The prevailing domestic economy is not, states the inspector, such as to make the men comfortable at home. They come from work somewhere about 6 in the evening; but it is a general practice with the women to have tea as early as 4 or 5. For this meal they resort very much to one another's houses, and it is the occasion for all sorts of gossip and tattling. When the husband comes home he does not find a meal ready for him with his family to share it, he is therefore the more ready to resort to the public-house. It is a general complaint that the workmen's wives know nothing of housekeeping. 'If ever I do marry' says a collier, 'I will marry a cook, for she will have something ready for me when I come home.' Happily that picture does not apply to the present day. I had occasion one day to visit Aberaman to see a collier, and found he had not returned from work, but was expected. In a few minutes he came in as black as a sweep; he greeted me cordially, retired into the back room and came back shortly smiling, and while the children clustered around the table a large dish of boiled meat and vegetables, with a most appetising flavor, was put on the table, and man, wife and children went heartily to work with their dinner. Then the table was cleared, and my friend lighting his pipe devoted himself to half an hour's chat. When I left it was with the impression that it was a happy, healthy household, and the man, a deacon, very much to be envied."

A GENEROUS OFFER.

During the later years of his life our venerable father, the late Rev. Isaac Thomas, had given away to young men and theological students a great part of his library. Those who know his keen interest in struggling and ambitious young men will not be surprised at this. Still there are some hundreds of books remaining, the remnant of a large library, mainly theological, purchased through much self-sacrifice and

economy during nearly sixty years of illy paid clerical labor. How greatly these books were valued and how much they were studied by him, their condition will indicate. They consist of theological works, sermons, essays, pictures, expository notes, etc., etc., in Welsh and English. Also hundreds of his own sermons, and skeletons of sermons in manuscript.

His children feel that no better disposition could be made of this collection or one more in harmony with his own desire, than its distribution, in small lots, among preachers or students, preferably young men ministering among Welsh people, whose purses are scant, but whose hearts burn as did our father's, with love for humanity and zeal for the service of God. Such men will care little for binding and will scarcely criticize external conditions, if they may profit by contents and be aided ever so little in their heart's work. So long as any of these books or sermons remain, we shall send them free, carriage paid to such applicants. Only a limited number will be sent to each, unless we find that the requests are few. Address, in the Welsh language only, the undersigned, who acts for all the children.—John Lloyd Thomas, 160 Bleecker St., New York.

SOMETHING NEW IN HEAVEN.

I dreamed a dream. Was it a dream?
Asleep? Awake? I cannot tell.
But all so real did it seem,
Its parts I all remember well.
I stood beside the gate of heaven,
All cleansed from every taint of sin;
And then, the word to one was given,
That, forthwith, I be ushered in,
And so, I entered in!
How grand! How grand!
'Twas something new! 'Twas something new!
All that I saw within.

And then methought amid it all,
May there not come monotony
T'oppress the happy, blissful soul
In all, in all eternity?
Eternity, indeed, is long!
All I can grasp! Yes, vastly more!
How long twill take to learn the song?
How long t'explore the treasured store?
And yet there's something more!
Behold! Behold!
There's something new! There's something new!
New wonders to explore!

There are the angels, pure and bright,
Who never knew the taint of sin;
And there are those who led me right,
And who with raptures greet me in;
And those I loved so well on earth,
And longed, and longed with them to be;
And yet there's One of greater worth,
My own Lord Christ! Yes, it is He!
And He is all to me,
'Tis He! 'Tis He!
Yet something new! Yet something new!
New miracles to see.

New miracles of his dying love,
Transcending all that met my sight,
While I ascend above! above!
Basking in His infinite light.
Seeing His love yet more, and more,
And in that love I bathe my soul,
A sea of love without a shore,
And He, my Christ, the All in All,
And after seeing all
And more! and more
Yet something new! yet something new,
For He is more than all.

Utica, N. Y. REV. WALTER G. THOMAS.

CURRENT EVENTS.

May 1.—May-day passes quietly in Europe, except in Paris, where serious fighting takes place in the streets toward evening, resulting in hundreds of arrests.

May 2.—King Edward and President Fallieres exchange visits at Paris.—A statue of General McClellan is unveiled in Washington.

May 4.—The Irish International Exhibition, near Dublin, is opened.—Dean Huffcut, of the Cornell Law School, legal adviser of Governor Hughes, commits suicide.

May 5.—Pennsylvania officials decide to bring both civil and criminal suits against men connected with the capitol scandal.

May 6.—Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") dies at Mount Pleasant, Iowa.—Ellen Terry confirms the report that she and her leading man, James Carew, were married in Pittsburg on March 22.

May 10.—Queen Victoria of Spain gives birth to a son, the heir to the Spanish throne.—General Kuroki is received by the President and entertained by Secretary Taft.

May 11.—The price of wheat on the market advances rapidly, "dollar wheat" being expected daily.—Thirty persons, members of the Mystic Shrine, are killed in a railroad wreck at Honda, Cal.

May 13.—The 300th anniversary of the landing of the first English settlers at Jamestown is celebrated at the Jamestown Exposition.—Wheat passes the dollar mark on the Chicago Board of Trade.

May 13.—The Reichstag passes the German-American tariff convention with only a few negative votes.

May 14.—The State Senate, by a vote of 37 to 7, passes, over Mayor McClellan's veto, the bill to equalize the pay of men and women teachers in New York City.

May 15.—The New York Assembly passes the Public Utilities Bill unanimously.

May 17.—Government reports in India show 450,000 deaths from plague in the last six weeks.

May 18.—E. H. Conger, Minister to China during the Boxer troubles, and later Ambassador to Mexico, dies in Pasadena, Cal.

May 20.—Abraham Hummel begins his term of one year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island, New York.

May 21.—The Nationalist convention in Dublin repudiates the plan for a limited Irish Council offered by the Liberal Government.—Two negroes are lynched near Reidsville, Ga., and four other persons are killed in the efforts of a posse to catch them.

May 22.—The Finnish Diet, which was elected under the new constitution, assembles.—The Senate at Albany passes the New York Public Utilities Bill by a vote of 41 to 6, the Assembly unanimously concurring.

May 25.—The Finnish Diet is opened at Helsingfors.—Theodore Tilton, formerly editor of The Independent and other periodicals, and who brought suit years ago against Henry Ward Beecher, dies in Paris.

May 26.—Mrs. McKinley dies at her home in Canton, Ohio.

May 28.—The New York Senate passes the bill providing for a recount of the ballots cast in the last mayoralty election in New York City.

May 29.—Governor Hughes vetoes the equal pay bill supported by the women teachers of New York City.—The largest gathering of Confederate veterans since the war begins a convention at Richmond, Va.

"What a ridiculous story! This paper tells of a girl who had a live bug in her ear twelve years."

"Oh, I don't know. How long's that bee been in Bryan's hat"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The boss weather man, Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, has sent out a "cheer up" message and says that there will really be a summer.

Some sermons are such good narcotics that the preachers delivering them should be granted medical diplomas.

Micky—Ah, summer is de time to love de goils!

Jimmy—Give me de winter.

Micky—De winter?

Jimmy—Sure! Hot chocolates don't cost but a nickel, an' ice cream sodas cost a dime.—Chicago News.

Mr. Campbell, with admirable frankness, gives an illustration of his view of sin, as a quest for God. "The man who got dead drunk last night did so because of the impulse within him to break through the barriers of his limitations, to express himself, and to realize more abundant life."

Henry VanNess of Rockville, Conn., is said to be the only negro railroad conductor in the world, and he has made a record of which any white man might well be proud. He has been in continuous service on the New York, New Haven & Hartford road 44 years, commencing with the opening of the road in 1863. He is regarded by the company as one of the best men in their employ.

"My dear," moaned the patient, as he tossed restlessly on his bed, "it's the doctor I'm thinking of. What a bill his will be!"

"Never mind, Joseph," said his wife. "You know there's the insurance money."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A professional humorist was having his shoes blacked. "And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked the boy. "No, sir,' replied the bootblack, 'my father is a farmer." "Ah," said the professional humorist, reaching for his notebook, "he believes in making hay while the son shines."—Chicago Hehald.

"The house I have taken from you," said the dissatisfied tenant, 'is horribly drafty. When I am sitting in the middle of the room my hair blows all over my head. Can't you do something for the windows?'

"Don't you think, sir," replied the house agent suavely, "t would be easier and cheaper for you to get your hair cut?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

On leaving a Paris theater a German gentleman felt for his watch. It was gone. Having a strong suspicion, he laid violent hands on a man in the crowd, who quietly gave up the ticker. When he got home, he found his own watch lying on the table.—Paris Journal.

Jonah's gone a-fishin',
Lonesome ez a mo'ner,
Thought he gwine ter ketch a whale,—
Whale, he swaller Jonah!

Moses in de bullrush—
Tide a-comin' in;
But fer Pharaoh daughter
Whar would Moses been?

Lot's wife, she so curious,
Punish fer de fault;
But fer Kunnel Lot's wife,
Whar would we git salt?
—Atlanta Constitution.

"Terrapin is all right and," said the sated millionaire, "I like lobster and canvasback duck, but still I don't believe I get half the pleasure out of the fine things I eat nowadays that I used to find in the plain food that we had years ago, in the days when we couldn't afford anything else. I'd give a million dollars, er,er—er—hmm—ha, half a million anyway, if I could have now such a breakfast as I used to have when I was a boy, if I could have now the same appetite to eat it with."

Some years ago George F. Haley of Biddeford was trying his first criminal case before the supreme judicial court of Maine, with Chief Justice John A. Peters on the bench. Mr. Haley was in the middle of his plea when a man in the audience fell over in a convulsion. The young lawyer stopped, disconcerted.

"Go on, sir; go on," said the chief justice, "You're giving them fits."

A Hindu revolutionist who aroused the fanatics of the Punjab to great excitement by circulating the fantastic statement that the plague epidemic did not exist and that the one hundred thousand deaths weekly attributed to it were really caused by the poisoning of drinking wells by government emissaries, was sentenced the other day to two years' rigorous imprisonment. An accomplice, whod ropped harmless balls into the wells, alleging that he did so by order of the government, was condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment

A Missouri politician tells a story illustrative of Western optimism, says the New York Tribune.

There had been a dreadful flood in Missouri. One old fellow, who had lost nearly everything he possessed, was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along. He was gazing pensively out over the waters when a man in a boat approached.

"Hello, Bill."

"Hello, Sam."

"All your fowls washed away, Bill?"

"Yes; but the ducks can swim," replied the old man, with a faint smile.

"Peach trees gone too, eh?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your windows."

"That's all right, Sam. Them windows needed washin', anyhow.

An Anti-Expansionist.—A Virginia mountaineer, who had strayed to Richmond on an excursion, and who, as his holiday progressed, became rather hilarious, grew overconfident of his own greatness.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I kin lick any man in Richmond."

No one offered to dispute the assertion, and he tried again.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I kin lick any man in the whole State of Virginny."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a tall, sinewy man from his own part of the state entered the game and gave the boaster a good thrashing.

The mountaineer had a sense of humor. He slowly picked himself up and faced the group to which he had boasted.

"Gentlemen, he said, I am now ready to acknowledge that I kivered too much territory in that last statement."—Baltimore Sun.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

A learned doctor, pleading for soup on every dinner table, says: "A person comes to dinner weary and hungry and needs first something to stimulate the secretions of the stomach. The first course, hot soup, does this by its action upon the nerves which control the blood vessels. Taking the soup slowly is an aid to digestion, and if not a favorite dish fish or oysters can be substituted, serving the same purpose. The joint or roast can then be taken with benefit to the system, and the game vegetables and sweets should follow in their order, not necessarily in courses for the plain family dinner, however."

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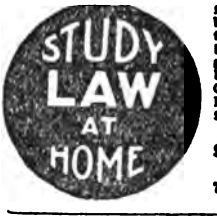

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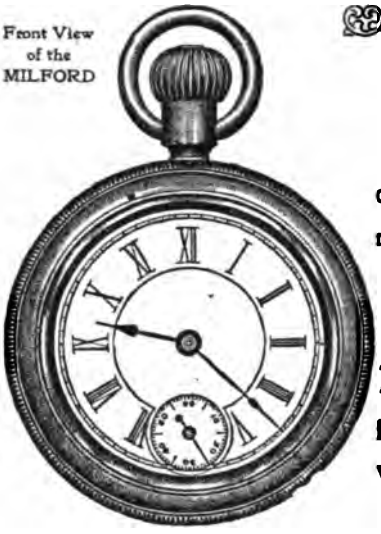

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A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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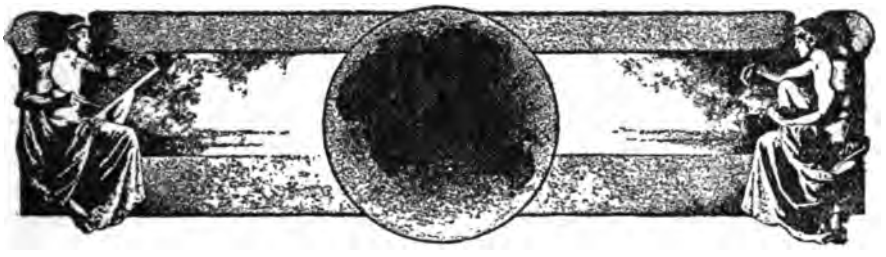


Thoughts of the Month.

The Serpent of Self. Theologians have gone and are going too far back to get original sin. It is right here with us in every man's heart—selfishness, the origin, the present and actual origin of all sin to-day. Self is at the root of all evil, not Adam's self but our self. All the misery in this world has sprung out of the struggle of meum and tuum,, myself and the other self. The ancient human prayer has been "For mine is the kingdom." The Lord's Prayer is a mine of love. In that, the kingdom is the Father's, and all are bunched together in the comprehensive words, "our" and "us." Self has been expelled from this prayer, as it will be from His kingdom as it was sent forth from the garden of Eden. There can be no garden of Eden or Kingdom of God until selfishness has been banished.

A Wrong to be Righted. A discussion of the ice question is timely, and it is a question that the people should put their heads together and settle it. To allow trusts and corporations to run every popular business to suit their own pleasure and pockets is a gigantic mistake. This country will be democratic when the people will have taken things into their hands, that is to see that the resources of this America be chiefly used for the people's happiness, not merely to reach the personal ends of business. Even ice has fallen so far into the hands of "business," that it has made it a heated question, although it should have been used to refrigerate others; but there is hardly anything in our land that monopoly has not in some way or other managed to belie the ends of our democratic government. The Public Service Commission just put in operation may be trusted to look into the question of ice supply and sale thereof, and every poor man should have the right and privilege to be supplied whenever he wishes to get it, even if that be once or twice a

week. A poor man should be equal to the rich in this that he can have ice whenever he has the 10c. to pay for it. The autocratic ice business-man should be compelled to sell as the ordinary retail merchant voluntarily does, to any customer that calls, even if he calls but once a year. We hope the Public Service Commission will attend to this grievance along with many others.

Should Be Christlike. Above all earthly institutions, the Church should be reasonable and just. She should derive no unfair benefit or extraordinary privilege from her position. In accordance with her teaching, she should be self-denying and Christ-like. Christ would not do what the Church has been doing in a hundred cases. Take for instance the Church's position in Wales, where the great majority of the people is nonconforming and Free Church; but yet, though in a despicable minority, is, through her peculiar connection with the State able to tax the farmers to support a form of religion and an ecclesiastical system which they have denounced and renounced generations ago. The Church as long as she occupies her present position can never regain the goodwill of the people. As the Bishop of Hereford said recently, "The maintenance of the Church's position in the Principality, rightly or wrongly, is looked upon as a national grievance, unfair, and a denial of the constitutional rights of the people. To sweep such a mass of ill-feeling out of the life of the nation would be a national benefit, and I can see no hope of its being done except by Disestablishment."

The People's Mouthpiece. The chief defect of our present system of government by representation is that the people do not feel loud and definitely enough their needs. The people should always make their needs known in a more postitive and unmistakable manner than by unreliable representation. The present system is too mechanical, too cumbrous, too irresponsive to the will of the people. We elect representatives; tney go to legislatures or Congress; they consult their own interests and follow their own desires largely; they fail to represent their constituences, and the outcome is that the people have to wait for the termination of their term before they may be turned out of office to make room for others quite as useless and self-seeking. And so it has been through the years, and is likely to continue until we arrange things differently and more efficiently. Instead of being our servants, our representatives become our bosses. Direct legislation is the only remedy, and the sooner it be adopted the sooner for the good of all. Politics is fast becoming a public and national nuisance. The selecting and the authorizing of a man as Governor with power to carry out the general desire of the people would be a great

improvement on our present confusing and inefficient method.

Why Don't They Have It? One of the conspicuous needs of the American people is a government parcels post. The need has been felt for generations but we are as far away from it now as at any time, and as near. The people could have it for the asking, but they don't ask, and so they don't get it. Generally speaking, the people are dumb. They will suffer for ages, and yet remain dumb! They will select representatives who also remain dumb when they should speak out loud. The express companies hitherto have had their say, and their way, and they are likely to remain on top until the people rise in their might and say, "We want this done."

Christ versus Jim Crow. The pride and the arrogance of the white man is a veritable rock of offence wherever he goes among inferior races. The official and the Christian white men occupy opposite poles. In India and other colonial settlements the official white is the greatest obstacle in the way of Christianizing the natives, because he manifests the unchristian spirit in a very practical way. In India, for instance, the mean white man is too proud to associate with the educated and refined native, so that Indian railroads have Jim Crow cars for Indians. The Europeans have cars of their own. The educated Indian even is excluded from all respectable circles, and every opportunity and occasion is utilized to degrade and inferiorize the native. Such a spirit can never but create a bad feeling between the governed and the governing. In such atmosphere also, Christianity can never take root, because the white man belies what he goes into so much trouble to preach. In his actual life, he proves himself a liar and a hypocrite. From India, we often hear the demand for an Oriental Christ, for the white man's Christ is the embodiment of Western arrogance and cruelty. The Christ the Indians see in the white man's creed is a manufactured Christ made after the white man's likeness. The natives argue that the original Christ was oriental, tender, sympathetic, the opponent of every form of pride and arrogance, and above all, the Friend of Man.

Is Success Immoral? Nothing has reflected so badly on the American people than the remark often made of late that they are not honest enough to own and take care of their own utilities, conveniences and common rights; and a still sadder feature of the question is the fact that the corporations are pleased with this view, because it favors their continuing in possession of the rights and privileges of the people. If the people are not honest and competent enough to look after their own business, then it must be left to trusts, combinations and corporations which will take especial care of it for the benefit of the few. But if

the people are not honest and competent, then the republic is a failure, and even now it is no longer a government of the people and for the people, but a "business" run in the name of the people for the benefit of the rich and the politicians! To make the republic form of government successful, the first and last thing needful is honesty. It is curious to notice that there is a suspicion that the competent are prone to be unpatriotic, selfish and dishonest; and if the country will have competency it will have to put up with a certain amount of graft! People seem to think somewhat like this: If you want honest and honorable men in office, then you will have to be satisfied with a discomforting amount of incompetency and unfitness! A philosophy of selfishness seems to have taken possession of the American life. Are we to believe that the popular form of government is a breeder of evils, and graft its one condition of success?

About Center of Gravity. The best way to be happy, and to continue happy is to have your center of gravity in righteousness. Righteousness is the only sure thing you may depend on. Everything outside of righteousness is selfishness, and once you transfer your center of gravity to any form of selfishness you are imperiling your happiness. There are kinds of happiness in forms of selfishness, but they are precarious and shortlived. The best happiness that selfishness can provide is unsound and unreliable. There is a consciousness of weakness and wrong in every kind of selfish happiness—happiness built on our own personal success. The reason for it is that we are not created for ourselves—we are members of a body, and we are incomplete and unhappy until we undertake to honor the rights of that body—which is the rights of others. We are evolving towards altruism. We are moving in that direction. The first step to become happy, with our developed moral nature, is to recognize the fact of our obligation to others, and the next is to put the principle in action. All who fall are those who have transferred their centers of gravity outside of righteousness.

Truths versus Words. A common disease of philosophy as well as theology is that their systems are built on "words" more than on "things" and "truths." Words are mere "phantasms" and "fictions" and "signs" at best, and nothing substantial can be built on them, unless we get to the facts they undertake to express. Words do not express, but merely point in the direction of truths, or supposed truths, and since many of those truths are beyond common experience, and others beyond our conception, philosophers and theologians are liable to substitute conjectures for facts. We all are liable to get entangled in words. Experience more than study will give us a conception of truths mental, moral and spiritual. The best

philosophy and theology is to experience as much as we can, so as to give our minds the right direction. Once we jump into conclusions far away from the path of our experience, we are open to wander and get lost.

Then and Now in China.

Some Centenary Contrasts.

By Dr. Griffith John.

I.

When Robert Morrison went out in 1807, China was both legally and practically closed to the missionary and to the gospel. In his day the missionary as such had absolutely no foothold in the country, Even in 1857, fifty years after his arrival, there were only five spots (the five Treaty Ports) in the whole empire on which he might pitch his tent. The vast interior was hermetically closed against him, the length of his tether being only twenty-four hours from the Treaty Ports.

Now the whole of China is open to the missionary, and he may go and deliver his message in every province, in every city and town and village of the empire.

II.

When Dr. Morrison went to China there was not a single Protestant convert in the land. It took him seven years to make his first convert; and when he died, in 1834, he could not boast of ten converts. Even in 1842, eight years after his death, there were only six church members. It took the first thirty-five years in China to build up a church of six members!

Even in 1860, fifty-three years after the arrival of Dr. Morrison, there were in all China only about 1,000 church members. Since that year, however, the missionary's prospects have been growing brighter and brighter as the years and the decades have been passing by. In spite of riots, massacres, and all sorts of outrages, there has been a steady advance, and never have our prospects been brighter than they are to-day—never so bright. There are now in China more than 150,000 church members, representing a Christian community of about 500,000 souls. And these tens of thousands of Christians must not be thought of as living at and around a few Treaty Ports, but as scattered over the land, and there as so many lights burning and shining in dark places.

III.

Before Dr. Morrison went to China, there was not a single Protestant missionary in China. Dr. Morrison was the first missionary sent to China by the Protestant Church. In 1813 Dr. Milne made an attempt to join him, but in vain. He was driven out, and compelled

to settle in Malacca where he spent the rest of his days. In 1829, Dr. Morrison was still alone. In 1830 he was cheered by the advent of two American missionaries, Bridgman and Abeel. In 1834, the year in which Dr. Morrison died, there were, perhaps, four missionaries in China, and their efforts—such efforts as were possible in those days—were confined to the suburbs of Canton. Even in 1860, the year in which the Elgin Treaty came into full operation, there were only about 150 missionaries in all China, and they were all residing at the five Treaty Ports. Beyond these five ports lay the vast interior, unoccupied by a single Protestant missionary.

From the year 1860 till now, the missionary movement in China has been a grand forward movement. Since that date the missionaries have been pouring into China, and taking possession of one province after another in rapid succession, and that in spite of many obstacles and much opposition. All the provinces are now actually occupied by them. They are in possession of every provincial capital, and are carrying on a permanent work at nearly all the largest and most important centres of population in every province. There is hardly a strategic point which is not held by the missionary. We have in China at present more than 3,000 foreign missionaries (including wives—and among the wives are to be found some of the best missionaries the societies can boast of). These thousands of missionaries are not to be thought of as huddling together at and around the Treaty Ports, but as occupying advanced posts in all the interior, and carrying on their glorious work with wonderful freedom and marked success.

IV.

When Dr. Morrison went to China there was not a single native helper in China whom he could associate with himself in Christian work. At the close of sixteen years, when about to visit England for the first time, he ordained Liang Afa, one of Dr. Milne's converts, to the office of an evangelist, and left him in charge of the work in Canton and Macao.

Now the missionaries are supported by an army of about 10,000 picked men, closely associated with them in Christian work as pastors, evangelists, colporteurs hospital assistants and teachers of schools. Among these native helpers are to be found men of great ability, real worth, and earnest consecration. The success of the work in recent years is largely to be ascribed to the growth and efficiency of the native staff of workers. There is much work which they alone can do; and there is much work which they can do much better than the foreign missionary.

V.

When Dr. Morrison went to China, there were no Christian chapels, no colleges, no schools, no hospitals, no dispensaries, no asylums of any kind; and such was the state of things on the day of his death. He had Sunday services for the benefit

of his domestics and other employes who might choose to attend, but the services were held in his own house. In course of time he started a dispensary at Canton, in which he took a deep interest. No school would have been tolerated in those days.

There are now in China thousands of chapels, many of which have been wholly or partly put up by the converts themselves. There are hundreds of hospitals and dispensaries; also homes for lepers and asylums for the blind and the insane. There are nearly 200 boarding schools and colleges for male students, and more than 90 for female students; and about 290 male and about 270 female teachers are engaged in carrying on this educational work. There are more than 1,350 day schools, with a total of more than 16,000 male students and 7,000 female students. There are as many as 14 institutions which may be classed as colleges, distributed in the great centres of China along the coast and in the interior.

This is a wonderful growth, and it has come to pass within the last 50 years. When I arrived at Shanghai, in 1855, it hardly existed in embryo. One of the most delightful things in connection with travelling in China these days, as compared with the past, is the constant meeting with missionary establishments and missionary institutions.

VI.

When Dr. Morrison went out there was not a published Bible in China, neither was there a single book or tract in the Chinese language which the Protestant Church could claim as her own production. The Roman Catholic Church had not been altogether inactive in the work of translating the Scriptures into the Chinese language. There can be no doubt that the New Testament had been translated by the Roman Catholic missionaries before the days of Dr. Morrison, and it is not impossible that the whole Bible had been translated by them also. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, namely, that no version of the Bible had ever been printed or published by them. Whatever translations existed, they were in manuscript kept in private hands, and not placed at the service of the people.

Up to the beginning of the last century, no version of the Scriptures in the Chinese language had been published, and thus it was left to the Protestant Church to have the honor —the unspeakable honor—of giving the Chinese people the Bible in their own language. And the great honor of producing the first version ever printed and published in China was left to Dr. Morrison.

Dr. Morrison's translation of the Bible, though a remarkable production, was by no means a perfect work, and many efforts have been made to improve upon it. The Protestant missionaries in China have been keenly alive to the momentous importance of the work of Bible translation. From the days of Dr. Morrison till now, the work has been going on; and I feel sure that it will go on till the best possible version is secured. The aim of the mission-

aries is perfection in this matter, and they will not rest till perfection, or at least the perfection possible to them, is attained. Their deep love and boundless reverence for the grand old volume will drive them along. We have now versions in the literary style, both high and low; also in the mandarin dialect, and in some of the local dialects.

But the missionaries have given China not only the Bible, they have given her a valuable Christian literature also. The Protestant Church can now boast of an extensive Christian literature, consisting of works on a great variety of subjects, both religious and scientific.

And this is not all. Our books and tracts and Scriptures are to be found in all the provinces and widely scattered over all the provinces. The Bible and the religious tract societies have been sending forth Scriptures and tracts at the rate of millions of copies per annum for many years. For instance, the Central China Religious Tract Society issued more than 2,500,000 publications in 1904, and the National Bible Society of Scotland in the same year issued nearly a million volumes of Scriptures either complete or in parts. In 1905 their united circulation was still higher—it was more than three millions and a half. These two societies have their headquarters at Hankow, which is the reason why I mention them specially. Besides these two societies there are other Bible societies and Tract societies working in China, and all are doing a great and noble work.

Dr. Medhurst, in his *China, its State and Prospects,* tells us that no fewer than 751,763 copies of books and tracts were poured forth from the Chinese mission presses from 1810 to 1836, and he mentions the fact as something wonderful. And so it was wonderful in those days and for those times. But the circulation of those days sinks into utter insignificance as compared with the circulation of these days. Hankow alone poured forth, from 1876 to 1905, more than 26,000,000 of books and tracts; and from 1884 to 1905 it poured forth 7,978,393 copies of Scriptures either complete or in parts. Thus China is not only open to the gospel, but also sown all over with the precious seed of the Word. Though the missionaries were silenced, our Scriptures and tracts could not be silenced. Our books are in all the provinces; they are to be found everywhere and cannot be silenced.

VII.

When Dr. Morrison went out in 1807, China was fast asleep; and such was the case when I went about fifty years later. There was no thirst for any lore outside the Lore of Cathay. The Western man and Western knowledge were held in supreme contempt. The mortmain of China was her deadly satisfaction with her own condition.

Now China is not only waking up, but is actually awake, and stretching forth her hands in earnest appeal for the stores of knowledge we possess and to which we owe our greatness. The China of to-day is all alive, and

going to school again; and she is doing so willingly, gladly, eagerly. Her great educational scheme includes schools for female scholars as well as for male scholars, and one condition of admission is the unbinding of the feet. This is a new thing in China. Till now there have been no schools for girls in that empire. The edicts recently issued with regard to a national system of education, the granting of a constitution, the prohibition of opium, the suppression of foot binding, and the worship of Confucius are of momentous importance and full of promise. The rapid multiplication of newspapers, all preaching reform, and the friendly attitude of many of the editors towards Christianity, are facts of great significance. The railway, the telegraph, the imperial postal service and other western inventions and appliances have been invading the land of the hitherto sleeping giant, and the giant shows no displeasure. Not only is he not displeased with this new thing that has come upon him, he seems to greatly enjoy the change.

VIII.

We cannot unravel the future, and learn what is mingled in its web; but we know that China can never return to her former state of isolation and seclusion. Never more can that empire, like a great world within itself, stand alone and apart from the rest of the globe. The world is advancing, and China must advance too. This is a day of boundless opportunity in China. May God open the eyes of His people that they may see!

China open! China awake! China's millions waiting to be Christianized! This is a great fact to proclaim at the close of the first century of missions in the land of Sinim. I cannot think of it without reverential wonder and deepest gratitude. Let the church in both hemispheres be loyal to her king and faithful to her glorious mission; let her seek a baptism of divine power and begin to work with the very energies of Christ—let her do this, and before the close of the second century China will have become Christ's.

What we need as we are entering on the second century is implicit faith in God, not as a God working independently of means, but as a God working in and through means. And one of the first duties of the missionary societies is to perfect their agencies, and bring them up to the requirements of the times and the age.

Speaking of China, I do not hesitate to say that our great need is more of everything, and greater efficiency in everything. We do not want fewer workers, but more workers and better work. We do not want fewer chapels; but more chapels and better preaching. We do not want fewer hospitals but more hospitals and better doctoring. We do not want fewer schools, but more schools and better teachings. We do not want fewer books, but more books and better writing. We want more of everything, and we want to carry everything to the highest pitch of perfection.

And this faith in God, as working in and through means, is one of the greatest needs of the Church everywhere, the world all over. We need the faith that will compel us to give to God our very best of everything, to be used by Him in the way that seemeth best in His sight. This faith in God would secure all the men and the means required to carry on the missionary enterprise with unflagging energy and signal success.

If I were asked what is the weak point in the work of the London Missionary Society in China at the present time, I would place my finger on the school and say, "Here it is. Herein the society falls far below the requirements of the times." Were I asked to give advice, my advice would be, "Strengthen and develop the educational department of your work; and do it at once, there is no time to lose. Whilst carrying on the other departments with the old energy, nay, with renewed energy if possible pay more attention to the school. Let the school be more worthy of the society, a greater strength to the mission, and a real blessing to China and the Church in China."

Educate! Educate! Educate! Such is my advice to all the societies, and especially to the London Missionary Society at the present time.

And such, I sincerely believe, would be the advice of the great and good man whose memory we all so lovingly and reverently cherish, were he still with us.

This is the great need of the hour.

Popular Talks on Law.

By William C. Sprague, President The Sprague Correspondence School of Law.

CONTRACTS.

II. CAPACITY OF MARRIED WOMEN TO MAKE CONTRACTS.

(States in alphabetical order before Kentucky already published.)

Kentucky: A married woman may be a sole trader and may be held for debts contracted in her business the same as if she were single. She may contract and sue and be sued as if single. The wife may bind her real estate for her own debt or the debt of her husband by mortgage, in which he must join.

Louisiana: A married woman may carry on business in her own name. Money or property other than that acquired by donation or inheritance that accrues to the wife after marriage becomes the community property of husband and wife. The separate property of the wife is not responsible for community debts. A married woman carrying on business may pledge herself in any manner relating to her trade. Her husband is bound also if there exist community property between them. A mar-

ried woman except a public merchant cannot make any contract or bind herself in any way without the consent or assistance of her husband or of the court.

Maine: A married woman may become a merchant in her own name and be held for indebtedness contracted while carrying on the business the same as if she were single. She may own, manage, and convey her real property, sue and be sued, and transact business generally as if unmarried.

Maryland: A married woman may contract and engage in business as though unmarried. Her property is protected from the debts of the husband.

Massachusetts: A married woman may make contracts, engage in business, and so on, as fully as if she were a single woman. Contracts and suits between husband and wife, however, are not permitted. When doing business on her separate account there must be filed in the clerk's office of the city or town where she does such business a certificate setting forth her and her husband's names, the nature of the business, and the place and the name under which she proposes to carry it on. When the place or nature of the business is changed, a new certificate must be filed. If such certificate is not filed the husband may become liable for the debts.

Michigan: A married woman may take, hold, convey and encumber real and personal property, and make contracts relating thereto, and may sue and be sued on such contracts, the same as if unmarried. She may engage in business as if unmarried, and be held in law for the debts she contracts. She cannot become a surety for nor form a partnership with her husband. She may mortgage her property to secure a debt of her husband or a third person. Hear earnings, as a general rule, belong to the husband, but she may with his consent carry on business in her own name, in which case he has no control over the business or the profits.

Minnesota: A married woman may engage in business in her own name and is liable for its debts. She may make contracts in her own right. The husband must join in all conveyances of real estate.

Mississippi: A married woman has all the rights of a single woman. Husband and wife may sue each other. Neither can encumber his or her homestead without the joinder of the other.

Missouri: May engage in business in her own name and be held for its debts. A married woman's contracts will bind her, and she may sue and be sued as a single woman.

Montana: Married women have the same rights regarding property as have single women. A wife's property when specified in a list and recorded is not liable for the debts of her husband, except for necessary articles procured for herself or children under eighteen years of age. She may engage in business the same as if a single woman. Upon an ap-

plication made to the court she may procure an order permitting her to become a sole trader. Upon procuring such an order she may engage in business in her own name, and the property used and acquired shall not be liable for her husband's debts. Such sole trader is responsible for the maintenance of her children. Her husband is not responsible for the debts contracted in the carrying on of the business. He must not manage nor superintend the business.

Nebraska: May engage in business the same as if a single woman and be liable for its debts. A married woman may contract, bargain, sell, and convey, sue and be sued, the same as if unmarried.

Nevada: May engage in business in her own name and be held for its debts. She must appeal to the district court of the county in which she resides for permission to carry on business in her own name and on her own account. A notice of her intention to make application for the permit must be published in a newspaper four weeks preceding her application; otherwise the property acquired through the business becomes community property controlled by the husband.

New Hampshire: May engage in business in her own name and contract as a single woman. She cannot become surety for her husband. She may give a deed direct to her husband. The husband is liable for her debts contracted after her marriage.

New Jersey: May engage in business as sole trader and may be held for indebtedness contracted by her while carrying on the business. She cannot become surety for her husband, or an accommodation indorser, guarantor, or surety for any one, unless on the faith of it she obtains money, property, or things of value her her own use.

New Mexico: May go into business in her own name and be liable for its debts. She may make contracts as if a single woman, but in all real estate transactions the husband must join.

New York: May in all respects conduct business and make contracts as if single. She may make a contract with her husband. May make a conveyance of real estate as if unmarried.

North Carolina: Can do business in her own name if she enters herself as a free trader in the office of the Registrar of Deeds. The certificate required must be made with the consent of the husband.

North Dakota: May engage in business and make contracts as if single. May manage, sell, and convey real or personal property as if single. Neither husband nor wife is responsible for the acts of the other.

Ohio: May engage in business and make contracts the same as if single.

Oklahoma: May engage in business and make contracts the same as if single. She must be joined by her husband in the conveyance, mortgage, or contract other than

lease for one year of the homestead, but not as to the other property.

Oregon: The same rights as a married man, excepting the right to vote or hold office. Husband and wife may make contracts with each other.

Pennsylvania: The same rights as a single woman, but she may not become an accommodation indorser, maker, guarantor, or surety for another. She may, however, mortgage her real estate as security for her husband's debts.

Rhode Island: May make contracts and go into business the same as if single.

South Carolina: May make contracts and enter into business the same as if single.

South Dakota: Has the same rights as to going into business and making contracts as if single. Husband and wife may make contracts with each other. The wife may, without the consent of the husband, convey her separate property, unless it is a homestead.

Tennessee: May contract and go into business the same as if single.

Texas: May be a merchant in her own name, but must use her separate property therein. She cannot carry on a partnership business and cannot buy on credit. Her profit become liable for her husband's debts. She may make contracts for necessaries furnished herself or children and for expenses which may be incurred by her for the benefit of her separate property. Husband and wife must join in the deed to her separate property. Property acquired by the wife during marriage, as a rule, becomes common property, and during marriage can be disposed of by the husband only. She cannot become surety for her husband, but may pledge or mortgage her separate property for his benefit.

Utah: May engage in business in her own name and make contracts as if single. She may manage, sell, or dispose of her separate property as if single. She may sue or be sued as if single.

Vermont: May enter into business and make contracts as if single, but she cannot become surety for her husband. If carrying on business in her own name she may sue or be sued. She may, on petition to and license from the court of chancery, convey her real estate without her husband's joining in the deed.

Virginia: May contract and do business in her own name.

Washington: May make contracts and engage in business in her own name. She cannot become a partner in trade with her husband. Property acquired by her after marriage is held in common with her husband, tne husband controlling it. Both may join to convey common real property; otherwise her rights, powers, and authority are co-equal with those of the husband.

West Virginia: May engage in business and make contracts in her own name. A judgment against her can only be satisfied out of property belonging to her separate estate. The

husband must join in the deed of any real estate.

Wisconsin: May carry on business in her own name with capital which is her separate property; also when her husband has deserted or refuses to support her. Has all the rights and remedies respecting her separate property or business, and may sue and be sued in her own name as if unmarried.

Wyoming: May carry on business in her own name and may make contracts as if single.

That Reprehensible Limburger.

Chas. J. Fuess, Utica, N. Y.

He sat in his office tired, weary and hungry. It was too late to go home for lunch, and he cared little for hotel and restaurant fares, so he decided to "make up" for himself. What to get was the problem first to solve. What under the sun he couldn't and didn't eat, no living man could mention, from a circus popcorn ball to his daughter Sarah's first biscuits; but of course being human there were some things he liked better than others.

Being hungry, and weary and sore, he decided to purchase something which makes the mad heart glad, which brightens and gladdens the most hypochondriacal and lonesome of spirits, which binds the past to the present with an indestructible chain of self-assertion, which will not allow of being cast asunder, the presence of which though not seen is felt, and still not felt, nor velvet, either, a brick. Not a gold brick, nor an asbestos brick, nor yet a sand brick, but a—Oh, I hate to say it. Oh, limburger, thou jewel of priceless worth, thou fertile soil of the glad-growing heart, thou incense to the aching nostrils, thou balm to the hungry and thirsty throat, the utterance of thy name casts a spell o'er my fast-fleeing moments I would fain mis-spell. My tongue cleaves to its roof as I think of your silent but sole-stirring voice, and my soul stirs to its length as I ponder your voice-stirring and atmosphere-cleaving odor. Ah, that your stays should be so long, and so wide and so high, for your price is not high, and your waste not great, though your stay long and your gravity much. I sing your praise in measures two pounds at a time, though I know most praise don't measure so much.

He purchased the—well, have it if you will,—the cheese at a downtown hardware—no, at a downtown grocery store, though it might have been a spring bed factory for aught I know.

But he purchased the——and brought it back to the office wrapped

in several tin foils, wrapping papers and a few (four or five) newspapers, just for subterfuge, because it struck him that if he did not take some precaution he might be caught "with the goods on him," and—well, the law is very strict in New York, you know. On the way back he also bought a loaf of bread and a butcher knife, and wrapped all three up in his spring overcoat which he happened to have with him, and he smacked his lips as he thought of the feast venio.

When he reached the office he found a client waiting him, and in an opportune moment he jammed his burden into the safe and closed the door. His client had business and they were getting along nicely when the client sniffing raised his nostrils to the fore. "What that smell?" he ventured. "What smell?" vouchsafed he. "It's fire. Come on. Get your papers, the place is burning to the ground. O, what will Maggie say?" With that he rushed from the room despite his frantic remonstrances and effusive suggestions to the contrary. He followed him for some distance with a view of explaining if he got a chance, but was unsuccessful.

While he was out his son came in to see him. Detecting a peculiar odor, he at once started out on a tour of investigation. To his senses, the smell seemed to centralize in a sink which stood in a nearby corner. Procuring a rag he at once set industriously at work scrubbing it out. He stood around after completing this philanthropic task to note the result, and behold the odor instead of decreasing seemed to grow stronger, and extended over more area. The young man then took up the work in earnest, glancing thro' drawers, cupboards, files and boxes. He was unsuccessful and was about to go out to notify the board of health when he appeared on the scene.

"What's that horrible smell, father?. Has some one died here, or did you spill the ink?"

"My boy, don't agitate me. I have lost one of the best clients I ever have had or ever expect to have. And all just because I had a consuming desire and wanted—"

"What?"

"To eat."

"But, father, what—(sniffing).

"Don't ask me. It's too horrible to tell."

"Well, then, let's send for the police."

"No, no, my boy, it will soon pass away and then it will—"

"Well, then, I'm going for the health officer."

"If you do I'll disown you. I mean it for the best. Leave me."

"But, father—"

"Leave me I say."

After the "disobedient" son had left he walked to the door meanwhile taking several deep inhalations of the gaseous "floating solidification" with which the room was filled, and appeared to be revivified. He locked the door and turned around. Then in the glory and exuberance of his

newly-gained strength he walked to the safe a new man. Opening it he took therefrom with the greatest of care a butcher knife, a loaf of bread and a—all wrapped up in a spring overcoat. These he spread out on his desk preparatory to feasting. He was just to start when there came a loud rapping at the door and demands for entrance. Hastily gathering the mess into the spring overcoat, he dropped it out the window into the ash receptacle below, and approached the door. Upon opening the same he was surprised to see several uniformed officials.

"We're health inspectors. What's the smell?"

They made a thorough inspection of the room, then went into another for further search. They looked over the plumbing gas fixtures, tore up the floor and dug into the wall, but the search was fruitless. When they had retired, he sat in his chair a long weary while, then dragged his weary length up, locked the office and went home.

Next day the chief of police brought into his office a closed box, and opening it before his astonished eyes disclosed to view a spring overcoat and—"Is that yours?" he asked.

"They're mine," was the amazed reply.

"The law is severe against people who commit such nuisances as leaving or throwing articles of this nature in ash barrels, but if you'll get rid of it some other way I'll let you go this time."

Upon his promise to otherwise dispose of the objectionable relishable, the chief left him to conjure some means of doing so.

He realised he had no small task ahead of him, that it was momentous, but he set manfully to work to think. An idea finally struck him. Going to the cellar he took down a part of the stone foundation wall and digging a long narrow hole into the soil outside the wall with a long pole, shoved the—which he had placed in a strong wooden box, clear to the end, and then carefully filling the hole with stones and dirt cemented the wall and went back to work with a lighter heart.

In the mid-afternoon of the next day he saw some men with picks and shovels set to work to tear up the pavement and sidewalk in front of the place and saw them begin to dig into the soil. They dug all day in search of something, and all night. The next morning, low and behold if they didn't exhume the self same box containing the—which he had planted so carefully the day before. With fear and anger together, he went out to them and claimed it, saying it contained certain articles which he had desired to conceal from friends and relatives, and by dint of some soft words and drink money, it was delivered over to him.

Despite this misfortune, he was not all discouraged, and decided on another scheme. He purchased a lot of perfume and allowed it to soak. The next morning apparently the fierceness of that article of digestion

(though it didn't appear to want to die just then) was much abated.

He procured a roll of tar paper and carefully wrapped the objectionable in it, after which he placed the whole in a larger and stronger box than he had formerly used, and filled the interstices with sawdust soaked in whiskey (whiskey-soaked to keep it full). He telegraphed for an express man to take it to his home.

"What'll you charge to take this to 19th St.?

"A quarter, sir."

"All right. Now when you get there throw it off in the garden, and don't by any means let it remain in front. Don't forget," was his last admonition.

Half an hour later the man came back flurried and said he had been arrested for causing a nuisance.

"There must be something dead in that box. It smelled awful," he said. "The judge fined me $5, but let me off if I would get rid of it," and he gave the man a half dollar.

Another hour passed before he heard anything further from the—, then the police chief came in on a jump.

"Say, I thought I told you to get rid of that stuff."

"Well I did, didn't I? A man just dumped it a few minutes ago."

"It stinks. Your name's on the box, and if you don't get it away from there in 60 minutes, you'll get 60 days. I'll watch you."

Poor man, what could he do? Leaving his business he sought out the express man again, and by a good bribe got him to help him get it home. After he got home from the office and had had dinner he went to work and dug a six foot hole, and by eleven o'clock he had the thing securely planted.

"No sleep all night. Dog howled. Cat meowed. Horrors." Such was the diary entry next day.

Just out of curiosity the next morning he went to the spot of his last night's burial. For ten feet around all the grass, flowers, vegetables, and even the weeds all were dead. There was nothing but a barren waste.

"Well, I'll tell you he was getting discouraged, but he decided he could afford to lose the herbiage, if he could have peace, so he let it rest that way. He had peace all day.

When he got home that night, wife said the dog had howled all day, and was even howling then. He decided it was caused by some change in the atmosphere, and possibly by a mutation of the moon, and thought if he chained the dog up it would stop his howling. And so he chained the dog.

"Whole infernal regions let loose. All the dogs for forty miles around howled and yelped below my window. Also about sixty cats held meeting of war.

Well, he finally had to dig it up again.

He then tried to feed it to the dog and to the cat. The dog died, the cat would not eat it. He tried to poison neighborhood animals with it, but they would not take it. Nothing would work. His hair was turning gray. Wife was going home to

mother, and he was going wild, when he hit on a brilliant scheme.

All one whole day he plied on coal in the furnace and got a red-hot, roasting fire, one calculated to remind one of the infernal regions. Then dressed as he had garbed it, he cast the——from him into the devouring flames and watched them eagerly lick at the "morsel." He watched the covering start to flame, then closed the door. Against this door he piled a table, some boxes and other things to serve as barricades from possible escape, and thus left it to die.

He slept that night the sleep of the just, lulled by the thought that at last his most terrible enemy had met its Waterloo, congratulating himself that his ingenuity was short of marvelous, and thanking himself that he had rid the community of a deadly Nemeses, and an undying enemy.

It was early spring, and then, as you know, the nights are apt to be a trifle cold, damp and uncomfortable. Well, next morning he awoke rather earlier than usual and was surprised to find the house strangely cold, since he had left a roaring fire in the furnace the night before. Then came the thought——. Could it be true? With clammy brow and vague fears he descended to the cellar took from the furnace door the obstructions to exit of anything less strong than its weight, and looked in. Then he saw that his worst fears had been realised. The fire was out. There in the center of a grateful of half-burned cinders lay that——. (Will it never die?) stark bare looking as clean and palatable as if it were to be just served for lunch. With a heart-broken sigh he took it from its (intended) "last" resting place and carted it to the kitchen. There he left it on the servant's table. Then he wearily crawled back to bed. Shortly after betting up the second time his first thought was for his enemy. A thousand and one schemes flared up his agonized mind as to how he might stifle its all and ever-pervading voice. But none were fit.

Finally he decided to take a last look at that—— before his last struggle, for he had concluded that this must be his last struggle. He would not be equal to another. If he could not rid himself of it now, he must die, then he would have the monster placed over his grave as a warning. As he approached the place, he had left it his heart began to beat violently. The vile evidence was nowhere to be seen. Had the baby eaten it, or had it taken wings? Maybe it was hiding from him. As he stood there, the servant girl came in.

"Jane," he said, "have you seen anything of—of—of something that was lying on the table here something white?"

"That, shure, and I et that. It was as nice a piece of pressed lobster as I iver tasted. I'd tank the person as left that to lave another, ivery morning."

"Only a slight attack of nervous prostration and shock. He'll be able to resume work in a few months. Keep him quiet though." Such was the admonition of the doctor when called hurriedly to attend his case.

WILLIAM APMADOC.

The musical journals, some time ago, had much to say concerning the silvery voice of Madame Melba. Walter Damrosch, the well-known conductor, is credited with saying that Melba's voice was unique in at least one respect, it had no registers. Another made the remark, after the Damrosch idea: "This will appeal to all students of singing, who spend laborious hours, days, weeks and months, trying to knit the three parts of their voices together." A Solomon come to judgment. The registers are there, just the same, only that Madame Melba has succeeded in the perfect blending of them by judicious practice. Years ago, about ten, her voice was not as warm as it is to-day, but it had perfect technique. Some one has said: All the old facility and ease of execution are still there. Coloratura is still the simplest of tasks with her. Brilliancy and recklessly she makes the most astonishing leaps and staccati and her trill is still the most wonderful thing in music. When Madame Melba trills, there are two distinct notes. She is truthfully the only singer in the world to-day who has a real trill. All the others are "Shakes."

The following amusing story is told of Melba: Several years ago a very wealthy and prominent New Yorker wanted to have the prima donna sing at a musicale he was to give at his house, and he asked a friend of his who knew Melba to make the engagement. He said that he must limit the price to two thousand dollars, which was to be paid for an aria and three songs. When the man went to Madame Melba, she said she would be very glad to sing on the date mentioned, but her price for all private engagements was never less than twenty-five hundred dollars. People who were able to have her at all were able to pay that sum. The mutual friend protested with her and tried to get her to lower the price to the limit that had been set.

"Why," he said, "should you charge such an enormous price for a few songs? Here I am, a man of more than usual ability, as you know, a man with considerable reputation in my profession, and yet I would be glad to work for two months for two thousand dollars. You have no more brains than I, you have not worked any harder than I to prepare yourself for your profession, and yet you demand this outrageous price."

Melba laughed at him and said in a mischievous fashion, "My dear man, God did not give you a voice, otherwise you could have made such money."

The "Western Mail," a few weeks ago, under the heading of "Welsh Musical Disease," recounts what Mr. Harry Evans, the noted conductor and adjudicator, said at the Bala Eisteddfod concerning Welsh tenors. "They were degenerating" he said, "and were becoming absolute nuisance at many Eisteddfodau." This remark was greeted with laughter. He added that, first of all, they had a few years ago the tenor who shouted himself red in the face. Then they had the high-collared tenor, with a finnicking tone in the back of his head; but nowadays the tenor was a sort of bleat. A good bleat should be admired as sheepish, but bad bleating was extremely bad. The vibrato voice, general throughout the country, was spoiling the voices of Wales. They wanted more voices of the type of Eos Morlais, who sang naturally. Nowadays tenors produced their songs in a tremendously foggy voice, and he recommended them to dispense with the vibrato and sing clearly and straightforwardly. Why did the Welsh choirs sing out of tune and fail in competitions? he asked. It was because the tenors played around the correct notes.

Wales had been gifted in a more marked degree than any other nation, yet she was not making the progress she should. What became of all the wonderful voices Wales produced? His opinion was that they were wasted. They wanted someone to guide them, and generally, through sheer thoughtfulness and running indiscriminately about the country for trifling prizes and working vanity into singing by means of the vibrato, voices were soon ruined. "Unless we Welsh people buck up," continued Mr. Evans, "we shall be left further behind than we are at present in every branch of music.

"Although we have the talent, imagination, and voices, to go with a deep religious sentiment, we are making no progress. We must make up our minds to sing more naturally to retrieve our musical supremacy. The vibrato style of singing is becoming a musical disease in Wales, and the sooner we rid ourselves of it and stamp it out the better."

Question: Who are the vocal instructors guilty of teaching these bleating vibrats?

The musical world is discussing with much zest Madame Nordica's purpose of reproducing the Wagnerion theatre on the Hudson. The site for the great reproduction was bought June 4 last, for $100,000. So far have her plans for the immediate erection of the theatre progressed that the contracts have been placed for the building materials. The house where the Wagnerian operas are to be given both in German and English is but a part of the philanthropic scheme planned by Mme. Nordica.

On the twenty-acre site she has just acquired the prima donna is to found an American institute of music, where, taught by the foremost teachers in the world, American young women and men who aspire to win operatic honors will be taught

every branch of music and given a better musical education, with vastly less expense than they can now hope to get abroad. An open air theater will be another feature of the institution.

"Call my object philanthropic or what you may" said Mme. Nordica, "but the idea of founding here in my own country an American Bayreuth has been my life's ambition. In this plan of mine I am assured of the hearty co-operation of men and women of wealth. The latter years of my life I hope to give entirely to seeing this great institution grow until it can have no rival.

"The buildings that will be a part of the American Institute of Music alone will cover four acres. They will be erected close to the Lillian Nordica festival house. In connection with the institute there will be dormitories and houses where the students, at little expense, will be able to live while pursuing their musical studies.

"The Lillian Nordica festival-house will be in every way an exact reproduction of the theater erected by Richard Wagner. The Wagner operas will be given there in the summer with the greatest artists in the world.

A prince of the British Royal Family sings as a choir-boy. A cablegram announced lately that well known musical endowments above the average crop out from time to time among the members of the British royal family. Prince Edward, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, seems to be the latest instance. When he lately was entered as a cadet in the royal navy college his father asked the officials to try him for the college choir, stipulating that no favor be shown him, but that he be accepted or rejected solely on the merits of his voice. The youngster has gone through the tests and emerged successfully. It is said the young prince has a singing voice far above the average.

The great tenor Chevalier Albert L. Guille, recently a visitor at Cleveland, was ruined by his diminutive form. Henry Abbey, the greatest of all maestri, said to him one day, "Chevalier, if you were only reasonably tall I would give you $2,000 for each performance." The Chevalier said of himself, "If I had been 6 feet tall instead of the midget that I am, my voice would have gained me more than $1,000,000."

"Were I even as tall as my wife, who is 5 feet 9, or as either of our three sons, who are about the same height, it might have been different," went on Chevalier Guille, regretfully. "But my 5 feet 3½ inches—bah!" and he glanced revengefully at his diminutive form.

"But I have made lots of money in my day," continued the chevalier. "Patti was the most liberal in recognizing my gifts. During the last two years I was with her in the United States she paid me $3,000 a month and all expenses. During the other six years of my engagement with her, while abroad, I received $2,000 a month and expenses."

How many times have we noticed in these columns how poets, painters and art critics employ musical words and phrases in their various writings? And, how true it is? Richard Watson Gilder in the April Atlantic Monthly is in proof of this in his charming and strong sonnet to the "law" of liberty, saying:

True love to liberty is never foe,
And he who loves alone is truly free:
Thus thought I when I heard the pulsing flow
Of mighty music rushing gloriously
Along the channels of unchanging law;
Thus thought I when I gazed upon the skies
And there the circling universe I saw
Moving in obedient and glad harmonies
About a central inescapable power:
No sun, nor planet, nor wild comet's course
But owns that sway in every separate hour
Of all its centuries; to that one force
Freely it yields—as hearts that never rove
But pour their being in a single love.

The Berlin correspondent of "The Musical Leader and the Concert Goer," C. V. Kerr, furnished the following amusing item, in a recent number: In a paper on "Systems of Notation" read before the Pedagogical Congress for Music by the venerable critic, Wilhelm Tappert, much stress was laid upon the importance of requiring pupils to write down the music they happened to be studying either as a copy or from memory. In this connection, Tappert told two amusing instances in which his requirements met with decided opposition from the parents of his pupils. One young woman, from an old family of aristocratic lineage, failing to bring in the required task, was rather sharply reprimanded and requested to do so at the next lesson. Upon her next appearance, she came armed with a note from her irate and aristocratic mother who begged to inform Herr Tappert that "as yet no member of the von Finkenstein family had found it necessary to write a single note of music." The other instance occurred in Hebrew circles, presumably those of the *haute finance* a young scion of which responded to Herr Tappert's request with the explanation: "In our family we don't *write* notes; we *buy* them."

There are thousands of witty musical sayings and incidents that should not be lost. It would be well to preserve some of them among our music-notes, such as the following:

A great singer being asked what was meant by the terms "Voice Specialist," replied:

"They mean a professor of singing who knows absolutely nothing about the cultivation of the voice."

The following incident happened in 1905:

A bad singer, who had been advertised as being wonderful, made his debut before a large audience—which remained silent during the first act. In the second act, he sang his grand aria in such an execrable manner, that the entire audience began to hiss and made such a noise that it was impossible to continue the performance. The annoyed debutant finally advanced to the footlights, and said:

"If you do not stop that noise, I shall repeat the whole aria."

With such a menace, the audience remained quiet.

Welsh Settlements in Ohio.

Wm. Harvey Jones, Columbus, O.

This article is not sufficiently broad in its scope to include the history of every settlement in Ohio wherein the Welsh people may have largely resided and must, therefore, be confined to those communities which were originally settled by Welsh people. Classified in this manner the leading Welsh settlements in Ohio are Paddy's Run, Butler County; Radnor, Delaware County; Welsh Hills, Licking County; of Gallia and Jackson Counties, and Gomer, Allen County. Other communities in Ohio were settled by the Welsh people, but these were probably the earliest in the history of the State, and derived their pioneer population from sources almost altogether outside of Ohio.

Clannishness is a marked characteristic of the Welsh people. It is to be observed in their many attempts at establishing colonies or settlements for their people, not necessarily to the exclusion of other races, but for the accommodation of those who spoke the Welsh language. The Welsh colonies under Penn near Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, New York and other places bear witness.

A second characteristic of the Welsh people which has considerable bearing upon their history as American citizens was their love of liberty, particularly religious liberty, freedom of conscience, the right to think. About the close of the Revolutionary War a very perceptible wave of religious dissension and reform spread throughout Europe, a movement which afterwards disclosed its most terrible aspect in the French Revolution. At that time the freethinkers of Wales came athwart the wishes of the government of Great Britain and were compelled to leave the country. America was the Land of Promise and, consequently, between 1790 and 1820 many Welsh people immigrated to America.[1]

1"I endeavored to prove, before I left Britain, that all who dissented from the established religion in that country, were persecuted by the Higher Powers, and that it was their duty, unless they could obtain equal liberty with the rest of their fellow citizens at home, to immigrate to that country where they might enjoy their natural birthright without fear of molestation. I am still of the same opinion; notwithstanding the difficulties you have to encounter in the way for the sake of liberty you should surmount them all and embark for America, where the persecuted Penn founded a city of refuge for the oppressed of all nations; here religion has to demonstrate its efficacy from the 'force of argument instead of the argument of force.'"—Letter of Morgan J. Rhys, 1794.

The church of Rev. Thomas Griffiths in Pembrokeshire, Wales, emigrated with him in a body in 1701 and formed the "Welsh Tract Church" in Delaware.

In 1776 Rev. Richard Price, of London, a native of Glamorganshire, Wales, published a pamphlet entitled "Observations on Civil Liberty and the Justice and Policy of the War with America," which caused considerable comment among the friends of the Colonists and made him a recognized leader among them in England.

In fact the leaders in the reform movement were compelled to flee for their lives and in some cases did not depart soon enough to escape imprisonment.[2]

This very religious fervor identified the race at an early date with the movements to convert the Indians and long before the Revolutionary War the Welsh missionary was pushing westward through the forest to preach to the Indian by his own campfire. In his efforts to save the Indian's soul, the good missionary was not unmindful of the beauty and fertility of his lands and hunting rounds, and it was not long until the Welsh colonists were familiar with much of the western country. Perhaps the most distinguished Welsh missionary was David Jones, known as "Chaplain Jones," of Great Valley, Pennsylvania, who journeyed through Ohio in 1772 and 1773.[3]

Prior to 1800 the Welsh settlement nearest to the Northwest Territory was that of Beulah, in what is now Cambria County, then a part of Somerset County, in the western part of Pennsylvania, about 80 miles east of Pittsburg. This settlement, together with Ebensburg which grew up beside it, was a source of by far the greater part of immigration of the Welsh people to Ohio prior to 1825, and particularly of Paddy' Run and the Welsh Hills. At that place a distinguished Welsh preacher by the name of Morgan John Rhys had purchased 20,000 acres of land for the purpose of establishing a Welsh colony and had founded a village for his people as early as 1796.

When originally laid out Beulah gave promise of becoming a populous and prosperous settlement, and up until 1805 events justified the

2Morgan J. Rhys, the founder of the Welsh colony at Beulah, Penn., mentioned hereafter, was compelled to escape at great hazard. In his "Reasons for Coming to America" he said: "We are not without seeing their persecuting spirit already. Many of our fellow countrymen say that hanging or burning is too good for us; that we should be tortured and torn in pieces by wild animals. But what for? For nothing in the world but for desiring their welfare, and for trying to open their eyes to see their civil and religious right, but thus far they love darkness rather than light."

Rev. Thomas Evans, a Unitarian minister, was imprisoned in 1776, at Carmarthen, Wales, for two year for advocating civil and religious liberty.

3 Chaplain Jones was born May 12, 1736, near Newark, Delaware. He was the son of Morgan and Eleanor Evans Jones, who came from Cardiganshire, South Wales. He was baptized May 6, 1758, into the Welsh Tract Church. He was educated at Hopewell Academy and was ordained December 12, 1766, at Freehold, New Jersey. In 1775 he became pastor of Great Valley, Pennsylvania, Baptist Church, and April 27, 1776, enlisted in the Fourth Pennsylvania Battalion, in which he served until January 1, 1783, when he was transferred to the Third Pennsylvania under General Wayne. In 1786 he was pastor at Southampton, and in 1792 he returned to Great Valley . In 1794-96 he was chaplain of General Wayne's troops in the Indian wars, which terminated in the treaty of Greenville in 1795. His name is signed to the treaty. In 1812-1814 he was again chaplain in the army and after the close of the war returned to his charge, where he died February 5, 1820. His diary kept by him in his journeys through Ohio in 1772 and 1773 is published in "Cincinnati Miscellany," Vols. 1 and 2.

promise, but about that time important economic changes were wrought whereby the Welsh village was cut off from the direct route of travel from Philadelphia westward, and was left without resources and hope, began to decline, and finally was completely abandoned.[4]

To this settlement in the fall of 1795 and in the winter of 1796 came the families of the following Welshmen: Thomas Phillips, William Jenkins, Theophilus Rees, Rev. Rees Lloyd, William Griffith, James Nichols, Daniel Griffith, John Jones, David Thomas, Evans James, George Roberts, Thomas W. Jones, John Jenkins, Isaac Griffiths, John Thomas, Rev. Morgan J. Rees, John J. Evans, William Rees, Simon James, William Williams (South), Thomas Griffith, John Thomas, John Robert (Penbryn), John Roberts (shoemaker), David Rees, Robert Williams, George Turner, Thomas Griffith (farmer), James Evans, Griffith Rowland, David Edwards, Thomas Lewis and David Davies.[5]

This colony formed the nucleus of the Welsh settlements in Ohio. By far the greater portion of the Welsh settlers Northwest of the Ohio River prior to 1825, either came directly from this colony or employed it is a temporary stopping-place on their way from Wales.

Our Welsh pioneers did not long remain at Beulah, as indications pointed to a more fertile country further west. The Welsh settler was not satified with the hilly and somewhat unfertile regions about Beulah. Besides, about the year 1800 the flood of emigration westward was at its height. The spirit of emigration is contagious and as the Welshman saw the great number of eager, enthusiastic travelers pushing past his very door and heard the many stories of the bounteous lands beyond, he concluded to go farward also. By the year 1825 Beulah was practically abandoned by its original settlers.[6]

4"In a valley on the headwaters of the south fork of Black Lick Creek, in the midst of the Allegheny Mountains, about three miles west of Ebensburg, Cambria County, Pennsylvania, a few heaps of stones, covered with moss, trees and ferns and here and there an excavation nearly filled with debris and vegetation, mark the site of the extinct town of Beulah."—J. F. Barnes History of the City of Beulah.

5Egle's History of Pennsylvania, p. 470. Day's Pennsylvania Historical Collections, p. 181. "They were, in religion, Dissenters, or Welsh Independents, and were men of strong religious conviction." Egle's Hist. of Pennsylvania, p. 471.

6Morgan J. Rhys, the founder of Beulah, was born December 8, 1760, in Glamorganshire, South Wales, and died in Somerset, Pennsylvania, December 7 1804. He was well born and well educated. His parents were John and Elizabeth Rhys (English, Rees). He united with the Baptist Church at Hengoed while very young. He entered Bristol College in August, 1786, but remained there but one year. In 1787 he was ordained pastor of Penygarn Baptist Church, Pontypool. In 1792 he went to France but remained only a short time. About 1793 he published several pamphlets and also a "Guide and Encouragement to Establish Sunday Schools, etc." In 1794 he fell under the ban of the English Government and fled to America. After landing at New York he journeyed through the Southern States and Northwest Territory seek-

PADDY'S RUN.[7]

Paddy's Run is located about twenty-two miles northwest of Cincinnati, on a small stream by that name. The present name of the village is Shandon. It is situated in a level valley bordered by hilis of some considerable height, and is noted for its productive farms and well-to-do people and general homelike prosperity.[8]

The valley of Paddy's Run varies in breadth from half a mile to one or two miles, and in length from four to six miles, terminating in the valley of the Great Miami. It is one of the most fertile localities in the Miami country. It is noted for its production of cereals and its stock raising.

Its settlement dates from 1796, when a Welshman by the name of Ezekiel Hughes arrived at Cincinnati from Wales, and together with Edward Bebb and William Gwilym squatted on the east bank of the Miami river near the mouth of Blue Rock creek until the government should survey the west bank of the river and open the country for settlement.[9]

In 1801 the land on the west side of the Miami was placed on the market, and Ezekiel Hughes purchased sections 15 and 16 in what is now Whitewater township, Hamil-

ing a suitable place for a Welsh colony. In 1796 he married the daughter of Colonel Benjamin Loxley. In 1798 he purchased the land where Beulah was located. He then took charge of his colony, became pastor of the church, Associate Judge, Recorder of Deeds and Register of Wills, etc. He was buried in the cemetery of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia.

Rev. John T. Griffiths, of Edwardsdale, Penn., a prominent divine and recognized as the most useful writer of Welsh history living in America today, has compiled and published the facts to be obtained concerning Morgan J. Rhys, including his letters, diary, and several sermons and speeches. From this publication all the foregoing facts concerning Morgan J. Rhys and Beulah Pa., have been obtained.

7This article is based on the writings of B. W. Chidlaw, Hon. Ed. H. Jones, of Hamilton, and Miss Hannah Morris, of Shandon, which have furnished valuable additions.

8"The level valley, bordered by hills that gradually rise to quite a pretentious height, little streams like silver threads winding their way toward large rivers, fine gravel roads, well tilled and highly productive farms, large inviting looking homes, commodious barns, lawns and pastures of Kentucky blue grass and in summer and autumn fields of abundant harvests and orchards of all kinds of fruits,—all these go to make up a landscape worthy a place on the canvass of the painter."—Rev. C. A Gleason, Hist. Paddy's Run Cong. Church.

9Ezekiel Hughes was the first Welsh settler in Ohio. He was born in Llanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, August 22, 1767. He sailed for Philadelphia in April, 1795. He remained there until the Spring of 1796, when he visited Washington, D. C. In the early summer of 1796, accompanied by Edward Bebb, he started on foot for the Northwest Territory. They remained a few weeks at Beulah and then took passage on a flatboat down the Ohio, bound for Cincinnati. In 1803 Hughes visited Wales, married Margaret Bebb, and returned to the banks of the Miami in 1804. In 1805 his wife died. In 1808 he married Mary Ewing, a native of Pennsylvania. In 1806 he became Justice of the Peace. In 1819 he was instrumental in incorporating "The Berea Union Society." He was one of the charter members of the Paddy's Run Congregational Church, and a faithful attendant though residing 13 miles away. In 1828 a Presbyterian

ton County, while Edward Bebb purchased a half section in Morgan township, Butler County.[10]

The settlers for the most part occupied the lands in the community in the following order: 1802, William Gwilym, Andrew Scott, John Vaughn, David Francis; 1803, James Nicholas, the Parkison family consisting of three brothers, Jacob Phyllis, John and Samuel Hardin, Bryson Blackburn, George Drybread, John Howard and Thomas Millholland; 1804, James Shields, John Halstead, Abel and Thomas Appleton; from 1804 to 1812, William Evans, William Jenkins, King and Alexander DeArmond, Rev. Michael Battenberg, John Merring, Robert Mahaffy, Rev. Hezekiah Shaw, William D. Jones, Peter Youmans, Ephraim Carmack; 1817, Rev. Rees Lloyd and family.

In 1818 emigration directly from Wales was revived, and the following families came from that place: John C. Jones, Evan Morris, John Breese, Richard Jones, John and William Davis, George Williams, Evan Humphreys, Griffith Breese, Humphrey Evans, Francis Jones, John Evans, David Jones, John Swancott, David Davies, Evan Evans and Tubal Jones.

Between 1820 and 1830 the following families settled: Deacon Hugh Williams, Joseph Griffiths, Henry Davis, Thomas Watkins, David Roberts, Rowland Jones and John Jones.[11]

The early settlers passed through experiences similar to those of other pioneers of their times. The opening of the public road from Cincinnati to the Miami furnished a market for their produce at Cincinnati, and the fact that that city was located along a great artery of traffic made the market a good one. The twenty-two miles to market had no terrors for the Welshman. As a result, the earliest settlers became landowners, their lands became more and more valuable with the increase of facilities and the descendants of the pioneers are for the most part well-to-do, if not wealthy.

Church was organized at his house and he united with it. He died September 2, 1849.

10Edward Bebb, who was the first actual settler at Paddy's Run, after locating his land, walked back to Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, took unto himself a wife, Margaret Owens, and returned to take possession of his new home. Their son, William Bebb, afterwards Governor of Ohio, was born December 8, 1802, and was the first white child born in Morgan Township, Butler County. William Bebb died June 12, 1840, and Mrs. Bebb December 3, 1851.

Edward

11William and Morgan Gwilym, who came from Cwmaman, South Wales, and reached this colony in 1802, resided for some time at Red Stone, Pennsylvania, where they assisted in the manufacture of the first iron made west of the Alleghanies. Rachel, the daughter of William Gwilym, and Ann Rowlands, born May 28, 1800, was the first white child born in Colerain Township, Hamilton County, Ohio. Morgan Gwilym brought the first two-horse wagon and iron castings into the neighborhood. William Gwilym died in 1838, aged 74 years. Morgan Gwilym died in 1845, aged 76 years.

James Shields, who arrived in 1804, was a native of Ireland, educated at Glasgow University. He was a member of the Ohio Legislature for nineteen years. In 1828 he was elected to Congress. He died in 1831.

It is to be observed that the first settlers came from the vicinity of Llanbrynmair, North Wales, which is said to have been one of the most moral and religious places in Wales. When they came to America they did not leave behind their Bibles or religious tenets, and with the ring of the ax they mingled the sound of thanksgiving and praise. The cabin preceded but a short interval the house of worship; indeed, from the beginning it served as a habitation and a house of worship as well.

The most important item in the history of this community is the story of the Congregational church, which was organized September 3, 1803. Among the earliest settlers was one J. W. Brown, an itinerant preacher. He traveled from settlement to settlement in Hamilton County, and in 1802 preached the first sermon in Paddy's Run. The first meetings for the most part were held in the open. In July, 1803, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and articles of faith. September 3, 1803, the committee reported at a meeting held at the home of John Vaughn. The first members were Benjamin McCarthy, Asa Kitchel, John Comstock, Andrew Scott, Margaret Bebb, Ezekiel Hughes, William and Ann Gwilym, David and Mary Francis.

In 1804 Rev. Brown was ordained. He filled the position of pastor until 1812. Since 1817 the pastors have been: 1817-1820, Rev. Rees Lloyd; 1820-1829, Rev. Thomas Thomas; 1828-1831, Rev. Thomas G. Roberts; 1831-1834, Rev. Evan Roberts; 1836-1843, Rev. B. W. Chidlaw; 1843——, Rev. Ellis Howell.

These were followed by Rev. Jos. H. Jones, Rev. James M. Pryse, Rev. D. W. Wlison, Rev. J. M. Thompson, Rev. George Candee and others. In ninety-five years the pastors numbered eighteen. Beginning with a membership of thirteen in 1803, at the end of the first quarter of a century, it numbered about ninety. By 1850 the membership was over four hundred.

From the organization of the church until 1825 the meetings were held at the cabin of the members, or in the wagon shop of David Jones or in the open air. In 1823 a church building was begun, but it was not ready for occupancy until 1825. In 1855 a new and more commodious church was erected and occupied.

As John W. Brown, the first minister, was English and not Welsh, and several of the first members of the church were not Welsh, the services were carried on for the most part in the English language, yet services and communion were had alternately in English and Welsh for a considerable period. In 1820 Thomas Thomas and Rees Lloyd were joint pastors, the former preaching in English, the latter in Welsh. Preaching in both languages was continued for many years. The last Welsh pastor was Rev. Pryse, and the last Welsh sermon was preached in 1886 by Rev. Rhys Lloyd, of Oakland, Cal. The Welsh

people clung to their language and traditions for many years and among the old folk they are often tenderly referred to.

Miss Hannah Morris, a descendant of the first family of that name, writes: "There is only a very little of the Welsh or the Welsh influence here now. I think there is but one person that can read Welsh, about a dozen that can talk it, and about as many who can understand it."

A Sunday School was organized in 1819 and has always been an important factor in the religious life of the community.[12]

It is recorded that the first school in the township was conducted in a log schoolhouse erected in 1808. The teacher, Polly Willey, had twenty pupils and drew a salary of seventy-five cents a week and boarded around. She was succeeded by Mr. Jenkins in 1808, who taught not only from the textbooks, but also from a code of "morals and manners" of his own. In 1821 a boarding school was established for advanced scholars by Rev. Thomas Thomas. The following are some of the more prominent persons who received their early education at the Paddy's Run schools: Charles Selden, Rev. T. E. Thomas, William Dennison, Governor of Ohio in 1861; G. M. Shaw, of Indiana, and Hon. Daniel Shaw, of Louisiana; Murat Halstead, Dr. Albert Shaw, editor Review of Reviews; William Bebb, Governor of Ohio 1846-1848; Dr. Knowles Shaw, evangelist; Rev. Mark Williams, missionary.

Indeed, the most remarkable fact in connection with the history of this settlement is the great interest taken in the proper education and religious instruction and training of the young. This is true of all Welsh settlements, but it is truly remarkable in the case of Paddy's Run. Scores of men have gone out from this Welsh settlement to gain prominence in their chosen profession. It is estimated that the church alone has given to the world ten ministers, five foreign missionaries, five teachers in the American missionary work, two eminent journalists, one hundred and five teachers, a score of physicians and several attorneys at law.

(To Be Continued.)

12"The members knew but little of Sunday school work ,and in order to obtain some knowledge of method, Thomas Lloyd and William Bebb were appointed to visit Hamilton, the county seat, then a town of seven hundred people, and learn how other schools were conducted. * * Reaching Hamilton they learned to their surprise that there was not a school in any of the three or four churches."—Gleason's Hist of Paddy's Run Cong. Church.

ACROSS THE YEARS.

Across the years there steals to-day
A memory sweet and olden,
Of silvern spring, in dewy mead,
Where cowslip beds were golden.

Across the spring there leaned one morn
A face all smiles and laughter.
I little dreamed that far-off time
'Twould haunt me long years after.

O playmate of the joyous hours,
The cowslip beds are gleaming,
The crystal waters flash and dance,
But I alone am dreaming.

CLARA E. REWEY.

St. Augustine, Fla.

The Old Bull Ring at Llantrisant.

We are told that the nearest ideal spot where one might form some idea as to a sport which was popular in Wales at one time, that of bull baiting, is at Llantrisant.

Bull baiting was a sport peculiar to England, and savoring, like some others, of our ancient Gothicism. Houghton, in his history of bull baiting, tells us that some of our countrymen were very fond of this, which they termed sport, and there were people who bought bulls for that purpose, and traveled with them at great cost, to all the chief towns and cities.

Bulls were also baited, in order to make their flesh tender and more digestible—in fact, baiting disposes the animal's flesh for putrefaction, so that unless taken in time, baited flesh is soon lost.

The place still known at Llantrisant as the Bull Ring is a circle surrounded by twelve or fifteen houses, of which, when the baiting last took place in 1820, there were five of them public houses, "The Star," "White Hart," "White Horse," "Bear," and another called then the "Irish Harp." It is very curious when we think of it that the Welsh people never give a Welsh name to a public house, or a dog. I have made inquiries far and wide in regard to hounds, and have failed to find that either in Gwent or Morganwg they ever had a hound bearing a Welsh name.

The bulls, previous to being slaughtered, were tethered by a long rope fastened to a circle or ring of iron, let into a very large stone, which latter was strongly secured in the earth. The dogs were then turned loose upon the bull, who was thus termed "baited." There was a celebrated breed of dogs—white terriers—at Llantrisant, and they were trained to seize and hold the bull by the tongue, when "Taurus" soon had to kiss the ground. Sometimes the bull broke loose, and being goaded and infuriated, charged the onlookers. The tiles of the houses surrounding the bull-ring had been formed to reach nearly the ground, and sloped in such a position that any person could safely and easily get into a place of safety. In fact, the whole surrounding resembled an amphitheatre, and was a coign of vantage to the onlooker, and to the pursued one.

When bull baiting was abolished by statute in the year 1826 (?) the stone and ring were removed from the old bull-ring and taken to the Common at Llantrisant, and there let into the turf at a spot near Cefn Mably sand. The stone, I am informed, is still there.

The ancient place of baiting at Llantrisant is in a good state of preservation, but the roofs of the houses, covered with native stones adjoining, have been raised and slated since. I am informed by one who was born on the spot that at the last baiting one of the bulls (a furious one) got his horns under one of the dogs, and tossed it far into the air. An old shoemaker, by the name of James Morgan, who lived at Heol-y-Sarn, close by, and who went by "ffug-enw" of Shams Y Crydd, and who was standing by, witnessing the sport (!), ran forward, and, outstretching his leather apron, caught the dog in its descent.

Among the corporation papers there are several "presentments" at Courts Leet relating to the bull-ring and bull-baiting—petitions for new ropes, etc., etc. The bull-ring was "Carfax" of the town of "Llantrisant, and formed the juncture of the High street, Swan street and Heol-y-Sarn. The shambles of the butchers were close by, and a noted family of butchers usually gave the bulls—who had been cruelly used—their 'coup-de-grace.'—Exchange.

Ther is a marked resemblance between Mark Twain and the late Llew Llwyfo in his better days.

There are six Carnarvons abroad—one at the Cape, one in Queensland, one in South Australia, one in Tasmania, and two in West Australia.

An interesting point in acoustics came out recently at Newtown petty sessions. A defendant asked that his case be tried in Welsh, as he couldn't hear very well. Chairman: "You can't hear better in Welsh!" We invite evidence on the point.

To the memory of the late Rev. John Pugh, D. D., there has just been issued an In Memoriam Anthem, with the appropriate title "At peace he lies" ("Mewn tawel hedd"). The music is by Mr. Tom Price, Merthyr, and the words by the Revs. Ceitho Davies, Abercarn, and D. H. Williams, Newport. The music is set in sol-fa and old notation.

The Welsh poets are preparing for the coming war with the House of Lords. Under the title of "Trech Gwlad nag Arglwydd," the Rev. E. Nicholson Jones writes to the current "Geninen:"

Os gornest ddaw'n dasg arni—dwyro
Yw dewrion gwlad ddifri';
I nwyd ffrom os deffry hi,
Gwleiddied yr Arglwyddi.

A number of French sisters are due to arrive at Holyhead to reside in a convent which has been established in the Ucheldre mansion. The park, which, with the mansion, has been presented to the Roman Catholic community, is famous for having been the scene of open-air meetings held by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and it was there that the revival meetings of Mr. Evan Roberts were held.

There is evidently going to be a great Celtic gathering at the Swansea National Eisteddfod. There will be patriots from Brittany and Celtic scholars from other parts of France. Among the latter is that distinguished student of Celtic history and literature, Mr. Louis Henry Escot, Angevin Celt and Bard in the country of the Aude in Anjou.

In the Vale of Glamorgan the bilingual question presents several curious features. In the same locality, and sometimes even in the same house, the old people speak Welsh; the middle-aged may understand the language, but invariably speak English, while the children are monoglot English boys and girls, having no knowledge of Welsh, though they may hear it spoken by their grandfathers and grandmothers.

Now that Mr. Alfred Davies has retired from Parliament Mr. Ellis Griffith is the recognized wit of the Welsh

party. Addressing a public meeting recently, Mr. Griffith poked endless fun at the Church Commission. "This poor thing," he said, "must be somebody's offspring. But who is there to claim its paternity? Even my friend Mr. Ellis Davies, the member for Eivion, who prides himself on holding the record, disclaims the paternity of this!" And the audience roared.

Lewis Lloyd, the founder of Lloyds Bank, was born at Cwm To Fach, in the parish of Llanwrda, about five miles to the northeast of Llandovery. As to his being Welsh-speaking there can be no doubt, one of the evidences being that his name appeared as a subscriber to "Telyn Dewi," a small volume of poetry that was published before he left his Carmarthenshire home.

Dr. Roland P. Williams, of Bryn Owen, Menai Bridge, who has just qualified as a solicitor, has had a remarkable career. Commencing life as a railway clerk, he studied medicine, and became a doctor, diplomat in public health, and licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians. He forsook a large practice in Anglesey for the law, and was called to the bar, and since then he has qualified as a solicitor. In former years he was deputy-coroner for Anglesey, chairman of the Holyhead Urban District Council, and a member of the board of guardians.

Mr. Edward Davies, Dolcaradog, near Machynlleth, is eighty-seven years of age, and has been a faithful members with the Independents since he was twenty. In 1844 he attended a meeting of delegates at which the Liberation Society was founded and is, probably, the only person now surviving who was present on that occasion. He is a magistrate, and until recently, when he wished his colleagues goodbye, attended regularly to the duties of the office. He is also a member of the Aberystwyth College Council, and frequently takes part in committee and other meetings.

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here;
Green sod above,
Lie light, dear heart,
Good night, dear heart,
Good night, good night.

Haul gwresog yr haf,
Llewyrcha'n fwyn yma;
Deheuwynt teg, braf,
Anadla'n fwyn yma;
Ti, wyrddlas dywarchen,
Dy bwys ysgafnha;
Nos da, galon anwyl,
Nos da, nos da.

J. T. L.

The English lines (author unknown) were chosen by Mark Twain as an inscription on the gravestone of his wife. The Welsh version may be acceptable to some Welsh reader in search of an inscription under similar circumstances.

Walter Mapes, archdeacon of Oxford, and friend of Gerald the Welshman, was himself half Welsh, being son of Blondil de Mapes, who came into Glamorgan with Robert Fitzhamon, and married Flur, daughter and heiress of Gweirydd ap Seissyllt, Lord of Llancarfan. The famous archdeacon was born at Walterston (Trefwallter), and it was he who built the present Llancarfan Church in the thirteenth century. In the neighborhood there is a well-known spring called Walter's Well—Ffynon Wallter.

The Carfan Brook is noted for its eels. One veteran withstood the assaults of its enemies almost as long as Caradoc held in check the Roman legions. This eel had appropriated a big hole in a wall washed by the brook. Occasionally it would stretch its neck out to take a survey of its surroundings, and on those occasions an attempt was generally made to dislodge the monster, but they invariably failed. Innumerable hooks were sacrificed in the vain attempt to capture it. This state of things continued for years; but at last a specially provided hook was baited. The eel took it, and the stubborn veteran was dragged out of its den. It weighed over three pounds.

The very crown and glory of Welsh (says the Rev. E. Griffith Jones, B. A., of Balham) is that it is one of the noblest, if not the very noblest medium for the expression of religious thought and feeling which the world has ever seen. Greek for poetic and artistic subtlety and breadth: Latin for elegant verse and legal exactitude; French for literary form and social grace; German for philosophic wealth and scientific accuracy: English for all the composite uses of an imperial race; but give us Welsh for the pulpit, the prayer meeting, and the happy exercise of family worship. * * I treasure my knowledge of Welsh and its innumerable benefits as among my most priceless possessions, and there are thousands of Welshmen all over the world who will bear the same testimony if they are true to themselves.

During his recent visit to the States Principal Rhys renewed an old friendship of over forty years ago. In the early sixties Mr. John Rhys was master of the little British school at Rhosybol, Anglesey, and just coming into notice as a philologist. In Pittsburg he met his old friend Gwyndaf, and the two revived old memories. Among their recollections was an Eisteddfod at Talsarn, where the little Anglesey schoolmaster was coadjudicator with Gwyndaf and Dewi Arfon. Gwyndaf and Dewi Arfon, being themselves B. B. D., duly initiated by Clwydfardd, offered to lay Druidic-bardic hands on the schoolmaster adjudicator, who, nothing loth, was then and there initiated a Bardd Braint a Defawd, under the title of Rhys Bach o Rhos-y-bol. His present more dignified title of Rhys Glan Rheidiol is of much more recent bardic creation.

Thirty years ago there was only one Greek boarding house in Cardiff. Now there are so many and the Greek colony is so considerable that it possesses a fine church and an archimandrite. The church will shortly be consecrated with much pomp.

An ominous catastrophe is reported from Llangollen. Whilst a large stone, weighing over five tons, to be used as the "maen llog" at the Gorsedd in June, was on the way to its place the vehicle drawing it, drawn by five horses, collapsed, and several people had narrow escapes of being Druidically immortalized!

A wedding in Welsh is called by a very expressive name, which enables us to peep into ancient times. It is "priodas," or the ceremony or process by which the parties become mutually owners of one another. A man makes the woman his own, and in the same way the woman obtains possession of the man. This principle underlies the marriage service in the Church of England.

A Welsh clergyman, addressing the Sunday school, made some reference to the eternal punishment awaiting the

unrepentant sinner. He had in mind the bottomless pit, and asked the school, "Now, children, what pit is it that's so deep that it cannot be fathomed by men?" Little Johnny Owen, whose father had made some disparaging remarks concerning the morning's sermon, shot up his hand. "Well, my little man," said the speaker indulgently, "what pit is it that's so terrible and uninviting?" "The pulpit," shouted Johnny, and then the superintendent announced the closing hymn.

It was at the Ivy Bush Parliament in Carmarthen in 1451 that Griffith ap Nicholas, Lord of Dynevor, promoted the noted Eisteddfod, upon whose stage the twenty-four measures in Welsh poetry were finally adopted, and when in the last century, in 1819, the eisteddfod was revived, it was but natural that Welsh patriots of that day should turn to Carmarthen as being an appropriate place where the revival should commence.

Complaint is often made by the critics of Wales and Welsh music that leaders in this art are too content to remain in the rut of hackneyed oratorios and other choral works. The North Glamorgan Orchestral Society, under the conductorship of Mr. D. C. Williams, are endeavoring to make orchestral pieces popular among students of music and patrons of the concert. They gave a Merthyr audience a taste of their excellent quality early this season, and they have for some time been preparing for a second concert, which promises to be even more enjoyable than the last.

A Rhyl paper re-publishes the Anna Beynon series of letters which appeared many years ago in the "Haul" and the "Ymofynydd." The letters were purported to have been discovered in an old chest in America, and to have been sent by one Anna Beynon from Cardiganshire to a sister in the States. They created quite a sensation at the time they were published, and dealt with Welsh life and events in Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire in the middle of the eighteenth century. It occurred to the late Walter D. Jeremy, a London Welsh barrister, however, that the letters were forgeries. An inquiry was made, and a Welsh-American poet, Dewi Emlyn, admitted to have written them simply as a story or romance descriptive of Wales at the period just mentioned.

POETRY IN PROSE.

By R. W. Matthews.

Thy character, O God, language fails to portray. Thy goodness has been a perpetual sun to the children of men the ages down, and Thy love and Thy care has been the well-spring of affection to draw us to Thee. The mechanism of the heavens speak Thine Omniscience in indelible lines. Thou art ineffable in the nature of Thy being, and unspeakable are Thy manifold mercies to the weakest of Saints.

The multitude of the isles each and every day sings praises unto Thee. The dews of the morning and the shades of the evening attest Thy goodness to the children of Adam.

The insect and the bird, the infant and the seraph each day ascribe songs of praise unto Thee. The sunshine and the showers are souvenirs of Thy perpetual care, each day exciting our love anew unto Thee.

The boundlessness of Thy benefactions is ever manifest in this. Thy fidelity and constant solicitude; and never was there a time when Thou wast in a state of listless inactivity, or sought to relinquish this, Thy never ceasing delight. It always has been, and still is Thy chief of pleasures to create new objects of admiration and care as manifest in the radiant orbs continually thrown from Thine hand.

The multifarious orders of Creation proclaim the universality of Thy diversified and marvelous works. Thy temple is the boundlessness of Thine omniscience, and Thy conduct worthy our highest study, while Thy long suffering is worthy our greatest emulation in dealing with others.

Irreproachable art Thou! The fishes of the sea, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, each and every one speaks. Thy multitudinous beneficence; even the ant and the bee in the wisdom displayed, praiseth Thee, and Thy tender love and compassion toward us each and every day elicits our highest admiration, which cannot fail to commend and endear Thy wonderful goodness to us. Thou hast diversified Thy thoughts with the meanderings of the rivers, the murmurings of the streams and the purlings of the brooks; the hues of the forest, the nature of the fields, the verdure of the valleys and the bloom of the orchards; the sublimity of nature and the majesty of the mountains; the grandeur of the storm amid the foam of the ocean are the contrasts of these Thy beautiful thoughts.

Thou hast garnished Thy pavilion with the radiance of the stars and brightness of the sun, while the blue waters of the deep sparkle 'mid the brightness of the night and amber light of the moon, and add beauty to the scene in lambent stars. Thy footstool hast Thou adorned with the odor and charms of the flowers, and the imprint of Thy wisdom is manifest in creation's laws. Beautiful are all Thy thoughts, and in all Thy works wise and wonderful art Thou, O God.

*The above title is that accorded by Mr. Isidore Wise, who for several years edited the "Sabboth Visitor for Young Israel" and of the illustrious Rabbi Wise's Sons.

So I asked the head man at the hotel —one of the largest in this city—if he could find me an ordinary English Bible. He was very polite about it, and promised to see what he could do. He was as good as his word, for he spared no trouble in his quest, and next day a Bible belonging to another large hotel was brought in. It bore evidence of at least one of the verses I had to read having been carefully studied before, "Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh," for the last three words are underlined. On my pointing this out to the wag of was quite clear. "That hotel," said he, "has been burnt down twice, so the manager has come to the conclusion that it is expedient to keep a Bible on the premises."—Principal John Rhys.

THE FALL OF MAN.

So Mr. Zangwill says—I note
(Nor would he, willing, tell a fib),
If women aren't to have a vote,
She might as well have stayed a rib.

But p'rhaps such logic, after all,
Don't prove his case; nay—truth to say—
The fair collusion seems to fall,
In reason, just the other way.

For when Eve ceased a rib to be,
How did she on her life-work start?
Why, ate of the forbidden tree
And upset Adam's apple-cart.

Which conduct makes me eye askance
Eve's daughters' "Votes for Women" plan,
Lest, like their Ma, if they've the chance,
They re-enact the Fall of Man.

—London Truth.

The Bible.

Jehovah of all beings is supreme:
Heaven is the best, most glorious of abodes;
The Bible of all books the most divine.

Inspired book, God's greatest gift to man;
On every page is stamped the seal of heaven.
In it we find most ancient history,
The sweetest hymns and precious promises,
And most profound, uplifting stirring truths.
Its doctrines are of import infinite
Pertaining to the being of our God,
Creation of the world, beginning of
The family of man and fall by sin,
And all the problems that pertain thereto,
As well as destiny of humankind.

'Tis like the bright, majestic sun above,
Transcendent lumination, of which all
The lesser lights are but reflections dim:
Or vast and mighty ocean from which flow
Perennial, crystal, living, heavenly streams
To bless and satisfy unnumbered hosts.

The book for statesmen, jurists, poets, and
Philosophers and moralists as well;
The perfect chart for time and for eternity.
Sublime simplicity and holy fire
That warms and sanctifies the soul of man,
Sublimity and beauty exquisite,
Poetic grandeur spread on every page.
A book to rest the happiness of souls,
Of matchless wisdom and imperial worth.
It is our Pilot on life's stormy sea,

Directing our frail craft from port of time
To the blest haven of eternal rest.
Pillar of cloud by day, and fire by night,
Lamp for our feet to luminate the path
To the bright paradise of God, with all
Its fragrant flowers and delicious fruits.

Prime guardian of the liberties of man,
The universal benefactor that
Binds human hearts with hallowed ties, and makes
For the confederation of the world.
In sickness, sorrow and calamity,
When fondest hopes are blighted, and our hearts
Are overwhelmed with anguish and distress,
In it we find a balm and antidote.

The book of genius, sparking and serene
Treasury of truths incomprehensible,
To be unfolded through eternity.
The tree of lifew hich bears perennial fruit,
To nourish all the nations and make strong.
Sword of ethereal temper, double-edged,
Soul-piercer, and discerner of the heart's intent:
Oracle of prophetic mystery.

Its pages breathe with mercy, peace and love,
Benevolence, good will, philanthropy;
But hatred, tyranny, unrighteousness,
Malevolence and anger are condemned.
It lifts the nations from their ignorance,
Awakens moral feelings in their hearts,
And lives inspire unto heroic deeds.

God's flaming beacon ever flashing far,
A talisman for all on land and sea.
The book to meditate by day and night,
Of consolation an unfailing source,
And softest pillow for the dying hour.

More precious far than silver, gold and gems,
And all the pearls and diamonds of earth,
Are its great precepts, how superlative,
Surpassing all the wondrous works of God.

It points to Christ, the Holy Lamb of God,
Propitiator for the sins of man.
In vain have earthly powers all combined,
By cruel persecutions, prisons, fire,
And all the fiendish means they could devise,
To undermine this blessed Book of books.
God's edict is, "My Word shall not return
Void unto Me, till it accomplish all I please."

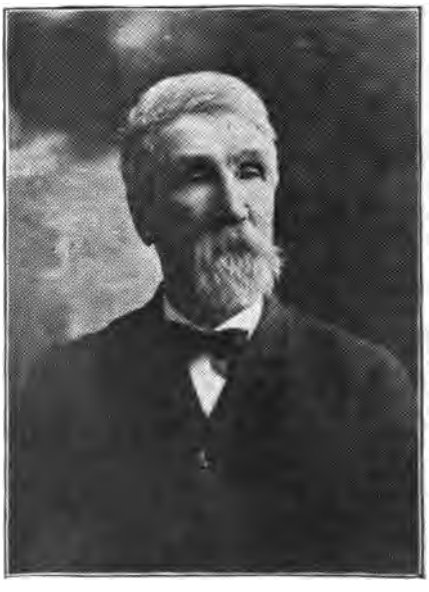
REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

CAPT. JOHN PRITCHARD.

JOHN LEWIS.

ALBERT LLOYD.



HON. JOHN R. ROWLANDS.

MADAM HUGHES-THOMAS'S LADIES CHOIR, which sang before the King and Queen at Cardiff, South Wales.

REV. HUGH WILLIAMS.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THE S. S. "MAURETANIA" AND HER COMMANDER.

One of the most gigantic sights to be seen, in my mind, is an ocean liner setting off to sea, under full sway. The mind is struck with the grandeur of the design, the grace and majesty of her motion, the lofty pride of the rejoicing and triumphant adventurer. The progress in Atlantic travel during the last fifty years has been marvelous, and today the very height of ingenuity in seamanship has been accomplished in the construction of the two largest steamships ever yet built, namely the "Mauretania" and the "Lusitania." These two vessels, built by the Cunard Line, not only exceed by seventy feet the largest ship afloat, but they are intended to be the fastest merchant vessels in the world.

One of the conditions of the British Government contracting with the Cunard Line to build the "Mauretania" and the "Lusitania" is that either ship must be able to cross the Atlantic from Queenstown to Sandy Hook at a speed of not less than twenty-eight miles per hour.

The reader may derive some idea of their immense proportions by the following figures: Both vessels will be thirty-three thousand tons, gross tonage, measuring eight hundred feet long, and eighty-eight feet wide, and of seventy thousand horse-power, and will consume one thousand tons of coal a day. They will have nine decks, with passenger and freight elevators, and accommodation for two thousand three hundred passengers, with a crew of eight hundred; and are to cross the Atlantic inside of five days.

The man that has been highly honored by his appointment by the Board of Directors of the Cunard Line to command this floating palace, the "Mauretania" ond her maiden voyage across the Atlantic, in October next, is that distinguished seaman, Captain John Pritchard, now commanding the S. S. "Caronia" of the same line. Captain Pritchard holds the distinction of having been commander on all the Cunard Line big steamships and having been in their employ for over twenty-eight years, and as senior captain of the company will soon be conferred upon him the title of "Commodore" of the Cunard fleet. He is now sixty-two years of age and will in course of another year be placed on the retired list, thus entitling him to superannuation.

Captain Pritchard was born at Carnarvou, North Wales, of Welsh parents, and was unfortunate to be left alone, an orphan, at the age of twelve, to fight his own way along in this wide world, and at that early age, we have him entering as a sailor boy in a small sailing vessel sailing from Carnarvon by the name of "Gleen," and remained on this vessel for two years and a half. Since then he has sailed almost around the world, making frequent visits to Australia, Brazil, South Pacific Islands and many other points, until twenty-eight years ago, when he entered into the service of the Cunard Line, and is regarded today by the company as their foremost commander.

By glancing over the progress that

our fellow-countryman, Captain John Pritchard, has attained under many disadvantages, and the reputation he has acquired as a worthy sea captain, and the double honor that is about to be bestowed upon him by the Cunard Company, we Welsh people cannot help not only to feel proud of such a character, but also urges us on our way with hearts that falter not, for:

"In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who bravely press onward and never say fail."

—D. Lloyd Evans, Boston, Mass.

JOHN LEWIS, UTICA, N. Y.

In the death of John Lewis, which took place June 28, 1907, Moriah Church of Utica loses a deacon whose life had been exemplary and whose chief aim was the cheering and aiding of others. Death occurred at 11:30 o'clock, terminating an illness that had weakened him the past year and that had been regarded as serious for some months. For several days, his death had been looked for momentarily.

Mr. Lewis had been a resident of the city for nine years, coming from New York. Before coming here, he had been a deacon of the Thirteenth Street C. M. Church in New York for a period of years, and he was accepted and continued as a deacon in Moriah Church. This proceeding is quite unusual, but the record of Mr. Lewis's good works had preceded him. And well had he maintained it during the years that he lived here. His deeply religious nature led him to look carefully to the wants of others, and he had been accustomed to visit the sick and render other comforts generally looked for from a pastor. He did not usurp the position of a pastor, however, but worked his best to be a worthy assistant. His attendance at church services was regular, and he gave freely of his time and means to extend its work.

Mr. Lewis was born in May, 1829, at Rhyd-yr-Onen, near Towyn, N. Wales. When a boy he took to the sea and while an apprentice visited nearly all countries of the world. Afterwards, he secured a small vessel and as its captain cruised along the coast of Wales in the merchant service. His craft was shipwrecked, and captain and crew tossed about in a small boat on the wild seas for three days before they were picked up. This experience led Mr. Lewis to leave the seaman's life.

In February of 1869, Mr. Lewis came to this country and for a little time was at Prospect, where he had two sisters, the late Mrs. Richard R. Owen and Mrs. William Griffith. Then he went to New York and was engaged with his brother, the late Robert Lewis, in a hat store. At a later time he was in the trucking business. His wife died in 1881, and two years later he was married to Miss Fanny Lloyd, who survives. Since he had been in Utica, Mr. Lewis had not been active excepting in religious matters and these took up much of his time. He was a teacher in the Sunday School of Moriah Church, and he was to be relied upon to help in any work undertaken. All who knew Mr. Lewis had respect for him and he was held in affection by those who knew him best.

Those who survive are his widow and three half-sisters, Mrs. Robert D. Jones of New York, Ann Jones of Minneapolis, and Sarah Griffiths of Portland, Ore.

HON. JOHN R. ROWLANDS, WELSH Prairie, Wis.

There is nothing more interesting in the make-up of the "Drych" than the biographical sketches of Welsh pioneers that appear in its pages almost weekly. In every northern State, a Welsh settler of some not disappears from the stage of life, and the Welsh "Drych" misses a faithful subscriber

and a constant admirer, and the mantle descends on the children to perpetuate the loyalty of the departed.

The late Hon. John R. Rowlands (Caledfryn), of Welsh Prairie, Wis., was a good specimen of the Welsh settler and pioneer. Among his neighbors, he was highly respected and honored, and Americans of every nationality who came into contact with him learned to esteem and love him.

In the year 1874, he was elected to the Legislature unopposed, which showed his popularity, and ever since, although he filled the position but for one term, he was always known as Hon J. R. Rowlands. He departed this life June 11, 1907, leaving in great sorrow a son, David, and two daughters, Jane and Ellen, and a host of friends.

Mr. Rowlands was the son of John and Jane Rowlands, Penygwyryd, Llanberis, Carnarvonshire, where he was born in the year 1827. In the autumn of 1845, the family moved to America, and settled on a place they called "Penygwyryd," after the old home in Wales. This is situated at Welsh Prairie. April 1845, he was married to Gwen Owen, a daughter of David and Jane Owen (y Gaerwen), and they settled about half a mile to the south from his home. He called his new home "Caledfryn." The Welsh settlers show their love of Wales and the Welsh language in the names they bestow on their new homes on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Rowlands was a typical pioneer, and was remarkably well informed about the nature, needs and the business of the community, and was often sought for his advice and direction. He filled the office of Assessor for 18 years, and also was chairman of the township for ten years, and was chosen tens of times to represent the township in political meetings and conventions. He loved America, and was a loyal American and a man who served the community well.

In his relation to the community, socially and religiously he was also very serviceable; a good neighbor, a pleasant friend, a participant in all gatherings to edify and elevate the people and like almost every Welshman a lover of literature, music, poetry and religious exercises, and all social movements of a moral and a cultivating nature. At home he was the same good and social man; and his next neighbor, T. E. Williams, Buckhill, whose farm adjoins his, testifies that all through the years "they never had a cross word." His good wife died 15 years ago, which affected him deeply, and he himself met the last foe bravely, as he had met every other with patience. Thousands of these Welsh worthies sleep their last sleep in American buriad grounds, and the Welsh bard touches every Welsh heart with his apt englyn:

Y tadau, p'le maent, dwedwch—feini
Y fynwent, atebwch;
Ai lawr yn y dystaw lwch?
Adre uchod edrychwch!

REV. HUGH WILLIAMS, AMLWCH, N. WALES.

Mr. Williams is a native of Rhosybol, Anglesey, and was born in a house which was formerly a Methodist chapel, and was known as the "Old Chapel," Rhosybol, is three miles distant from Amlwch. It used to be a small village, but the population increased with the operation of the neighboring mines.

From Rhosybol the parents moved to Penrallt, where the father died when Hugh was four years old. His mother being a devout and energetic woman, she was able to rear and educate her son in a Christian way.

He received his elementary training in the British School, the only ordinary means of education for the poor. Rhosybol School was the first one Principal John Rhys, now Sir John Rhys, had charge of after graduating from Ban-

gor Normal College; but he had left before Hugh's time. Hugh was pupil teacher there for some time, but when between 18 and 20 years of age, he began to preach like a good many Welsh youths who enter on a public career. During that time a revival broke out in the place called Gorslwyd, which influenced his mind deeply, and planted in his soul the desire to become a preacher.

He left the Rhosybol school for a Grammar School, kept by the Rev. John John Noel, Amlwch, where he remained a student for 14 months; thence he went to a Grammar School at Holyhead in charge of the Rev. Richard Morgan Jones, M. A., where he passed examination for entering the Theological College at Bala. He remained there three years, where he won scholarships and prizes and was graduated second on the list.

This was the most interesting period of his life, for it was in those years he received from the late Dr. T. Charles Edwards the inspiration and stimulus which have directed and urged him along through life.

He had intended to enter Oxford to complete his education, but Dr. Edwards advised him to go to Edinburg, where he studied under Rainy, Seth, Flint Orr and Davidson. He returned thence with a strong desire to go to the University at Heidelberg, Germany, but his mother dying at the time, he was prevented from realizing his intentions.

Upon his return to his home in Anglesey, he undertook, in colaboration with the Rev. Owen Owen, Liverpool, to translate the "God-Man," a book by Principal Edwards, which became popular throughout Wales. Mr. Owen also encouraged Mr. Williams to write a commentary on the Romans, which was published in two volumes, and had a ready sale of from 1500 and 2000. He has also published two smaller volumes on the same Epistle, which have been highly commended by ministers of different denominations, and which are selling generally throughout the Principality and among the Welsh in the colonies and the United States.

Later he undertook to write a Commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians, but before the work was accomplished, he was induced by the National M. C. Sunday School Committee to prepare a work on the Epistles of John for the use of Sunday Schools. This is prepared for the press, and there is considerable expectation for its appearance.

Mr. Williams is now on a visit to the States, and has already preached to congregations East and West, and is likely to extend his tour for several months. He is an interesting and somewhat eccentric speaker; quaint in his original sayings, and dramatic in his ways, putting things forth in a peculiar manner which seems to make old things appear new and novel.

IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY OF ALBERT LLOYD.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd, Hubbard Ohio. Born at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Nov. 20th, 1875. Died at Hubbard, O., June 22nd, 1905.

Heavy clouds are hanging o'er us,
Since our Allie lies below;
He would always line the cloudy
Days with smiles and sunny glow;
Tho' we mourn our loss in sorrow,
Tho' we bear our cross in pain,
Yet, God knew the best for Allie—
Knew our loss would be his gain.

Tho' our Allie rests in silence,
Yet in mem'ry blooms his love,
Tho' in dust his body lieth,
Yet, he liveth safe above;
God has taken him to glory,
Tho' we loved him all the best;
Grant, O Father, peace and solace—
Still all storms in every breast.

Allie lies where summer flowers
Decorate his lonely grave,
Which his darling ones have planted,
And with tears they daily lave;
Shall we ask the Guardian Angel
To protect the sacred spot,
Till the morn of resurrection
Dawns upon our earthly lot.

Father, grace bestow upon us,
Souls of whom are so distress'd;
Pour that heavenly, healing ointment
To the hearts of those oppressed;
Parting with such loving brother,
Filled our days with bitter pain,
Yet know when we enter Canaan,
We shall meet our Allie again.

MAY LLOYD (His Sister).
Hubbard, O.

A BUNCH OF THOUGHTS.

(By Morien Mon Huws.)

"Thoughts are things."

Thoughts are the seeds from which actions spring.

Be sure to use the right kind of seed.

Thoughts, like chickens, come home to roost.

God always gives us strength to bear the troubles of each day.

The troubles of the past are gone—let them stay gone.

The back is made strong enough to bear the burden.

Live one day at a time.

Sufficient unto the day is the trouble thereof.

Don't resurrect the old worries.

Bury your troubles deep.

To-morrow will bring new opportunities.

The man who thinks that all is evil is apt to see much evil.

We generally see that for which we look.

Just as we, here on earth, are surrounded by a great sea of air, so are we surrounded by a great sea of mind.

Rise to the upper chambers of your mental dwelling.

We attract to us the thoughts of others of the same order of thoughts.

Get on shore and throw out a life-line.

Do not associate with pessimists.

In the human heart are aspirations which expand and rise toward the Infinite.

Every thought, word and deed is helping decide your next place in the Creator's world.

The Creator makes no mistakes.

Each one of us is a needed part of His great plan.

God, the maker of all things, does not change His laws.

Get into the society of optimistic people.

There is no "revenge" in God's mind.

"As you sow you reap."

LIFE AND DEATH.

A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day;
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy—and that is life.

A little short-lived summer's morn,
When joy seems all so newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above,
When one bird sings—and that is love.

A little sickening of the years,
The tribute of a few hot tears;
Two folded hands, the failing breath,
And peace at last—and that is death.

Just dreaming, loving, dying so,
The actors in the drama go—
A flitting picture on a way,
Love, Death, the themes; but is that all?

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

Men with long heads are capable of using them on short notice.

When two friends get mad, each begins to think how much he has done for the other.

Lucy had a little cat,
Willy hat a little dog,
Mother had another cat—
But it was a cat-a-logue.

It takes about as many tailors to make a man as it takes collectors to induce him to pay for the job.

What has become of the old-fashioned man, who, when he bought anything at a store, asked the clerk: "What is the damage?"

A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence, he said,, "Nothing, excepting I lived with her twenty-one years and never did it before."

Mrs. Saintley—Come to church with me, Jack. They've got a new man in the choir who has a magnificent bass voice.

Saintley—No, my dear. No Sunday basebawl for me!

"Guilty or not guilty?" "Yes," responded the man at the bar. "What's that?" queried the Court sharply. "You asked whether I was guilty or not guilty, and, of course, I am. Of the two conditions I could not well escape both." "But which are you?" "Oh, go on, judge, what's the jury for?"

Jonah was making the best of his tight squeeze. "What's the use of kicking?" he soliloquized. "This apartment is not a bit smaller than the city flat I used to occupy."

And then Jonah crossed his legs and began to whistle, "What's the Use to Blubber When There's Blubber All Around?"—Chicago News.

De lightning bug he come aroun'
An' hang his lantern out;
De whippoorwill begin to soun';
De owl begin to shout.
De bat comes bustlin' in to see
Why all de fuss is made;
De bull frog says, "It's up to me
To lead dat serenade!"

De daisies decorate de road,
De clover's bloomin' sweet;
Dey've all done jus' de bes' dey knowed
To make things fine an' neat
An' every one is on de go,
We all feels glad again;
Miss Summertime is back once mo'—
We thought she'd missed de train.
—Philadelphia Press.

A judge from one of the African crown colonies, now home on leave, is telling this story: It is the custom in the local courts to administer to the natives the form of oath which they consider most binding. One day a Christian colored gentleman, of whose good faith the judge entertained some doubts, was about to give evidence. At his own request he was allowed to take the oath of a Christian. Then the judge intimated that he must also be sworn in the na-

tive fashion. The man was visibly disconcerted. "Oh! no, massa," he pleaded. "Not dat. Me very bad native,, but me damn good Christian."—The Manchestern Guardian.

It is a good story of Henry M. Stanley, after his return from Africa, when writing his "Dark Continent."

He used to spread his reference maps on the floor of his room, and on one day after searching for a map which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant who found it near the fireside, with Stanley's cat on it asleep.

He started to turn the cat off, when Stanley said:

Never mind—don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the map until the cat wakes up."

The cat slumbered on, and not until she rose did the famous explorer reach for his map.

A man who was summoned for beating his wife tried hard to put all the blame upon his mother-in-law, and was chided by the bench for lack of gallantry.

"Why should it always be the fashion for a man to malign his mother-in-law?" the magistrate remarked. "Is chivalry quite dead among us? I knew a man once who never spoke an unkind word to his mother-in-law, never blamed her in the least for his quarrels with his wife, and never had the bad taste to complain about her to other people."

The wife-beater started open-mouthed as he listened to the recital of the domestic paragon's virtues. Then he said:

"Oh, yes. I've heard of that fellow before. His name was Adam!"—"Sphere."

In Russia it was the common belief up to the time of Peter the Great that beardless men were also soulless and that a man who purposely admitted having his beard marred could never enter heaven. The great Peter above referred to ordered his heathens to "shave up," so as to appear mor civilized, and when they refused to comply with his edict he fined the wealthy and middle classes 100 rubles for each beard that was permitted to grow and each peasant and laborer a kopeck for the same privilege. Finally the priests were appealed to, and the informed their parishioners that unless they submitted to having their beards shaved they need not expect that St. Nicholas, the gatekeeper of heaven, would be able to distinguish them from the bearded Turks. That had the desired effect.

Mr. Angell, in "Our Dumb Animals," has this to say about fishing:

Always kill fish as soon as they are taken from the water by a sharp blow with a baton or stick on the back of the head.

They keep better, eat better and are in all respects better than those that suffer just before dying.

The best fishermen in Europe and America know this—the suffering of any animal just before dying always tends to make the meat unwholesome and sometimes poisonous.

The writer recalls well when he was a boy a Welshman and his family in the same village plied fishing as his business. He and his boys each carried a wooden mallet, and as fast as fish were drawn in each was killed at once. Another fisherman asked why he did it. He answered, "Would you eat cow's meat hat died a natural death?"

"Of course not."

"Neither would I eat a fish's meat that died a natural death."

The man who is always looking for a soft snap is the loudest to complain of his hard luck.

CURRENT EVENTS.

May 24—The strike of French seamen and longshoremen, at nearly every port of France, threatens to paralyze commerce.

June 1—Ground is broken at Seattle, Wash., for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which is to be held in 1909.

June 3.—The Jefferson-Davis memorial is unveiled at Richmond.

June 4.—Edna May, the American actress and singer, is married in London to Oscar Lewisohn, the New York millionaire.

June 5.—Harry Orchard, in a sweeping confession on the stand in the Haywood trial at Boise, Idaho, tells of a series of revolting crimes.—Richard Croker's Orby, ridden by John Reiff, wins the English Derby.

June 6—Governor Hughes signs the Public Utilities Bill.

June 8—The fortieth anniversary of Emperor Francis Joseph's accession to the throne of Hungary is celebrated in Budapest.

June 10.—Speaking at Jamestown, President Roosevelt recommends a sweeping employers' liability law and legislation providing inheritance and income taxes.

June 11—Governor Hughes, of New York, vetoes the two-cent fare bill.—The French Government offers limited concessions to the wine-growers, who are revolting in Southern France.

June 12—President Roosevelt arrives at his Oyster Bay summer home,, where he plans to remain until October.

June 13—Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco, is convicted of extortion in the French-restaurant cases.

June 14—The Norwegian Parliament passes a women's suffrage bill which adds 300,000 women to the list of voters.

June 15—The second Douma is dissolved by the imperial edict, after the House adjourns.—The second Peace Conference opens at The Hague.

June 16—Andrew Carnegie increases his gift to New York from $5,500,000 to $6,750,000 to permit the erection of 100 branch libraries instead of 78.

June 21—The State closes its case in the trial of William D. Haywood, at Boise, Idaho, and Judge Wood refuses to grant a motion for dismissal entered by the defense.

June 22—The French Chamber of Deputies passes the bill for the relief of th wine-growers.

June 24—Suit is brought against the city of San Francisco in the anti-Japanese riot affair.

June 26—Mark Twain receives the degree of Doctor of Letters at Oxford, and General Booth and Mr. Whitelaw Reid that of Doctor of Civil Laws.

June 27—Thousands of members of the Salvation Army in London welcome General Booth on his return from his 45,000 mile journey.

June 29—The Government's fiscal year is practically closed with a surplus of approximately $87,000,000.

June 30.—The capture of twenty-nine Japanese seal-poachers on St. Paul's Island by the revenue cutter Perry is reported in San Francisco.—John D. Rockefeller is served with a Federal Court subpena at the home of his son-in-law, at Pittsfield, Mass.

July 3.—Caid General Sir Harry MacLean, commander of the body-guard of the Sultan of Morocco, is captured by the bandit chief Raisuli, who holds the general for ransom.

July 5—John D. Rockefeller arrives in Chicago to give Standard Oil testimony before the United States Court.

July 6—French courts render a number of decisions restoring to heirs of Catholics money bequeathed to the Church for masses for the repose of the souls of the dead.

July 8—King Edward and Queen Alexandra leave London on their way to visit Ireland.—The Evicted Tenants' Bill is passed to a second reading in the House of Commons by a vote of 315 to 98.

July 8—Eugene E. Schmitz, convicted of extortion, is sentenced to five years in the penitentiary amid the most riotous court scene ever witnessed in an American court-room.

———o———

Police Surgeon (to would be cop)—How is it, my man, that your right arm is developed out of all proportion to the rest of you? Italian Applicant—Grinda da org', shina da fruit, roosta da peanut. —Puck.

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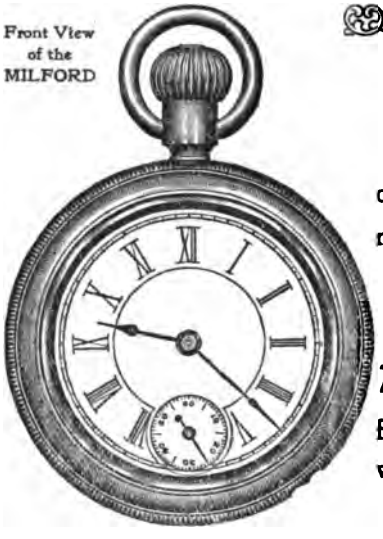

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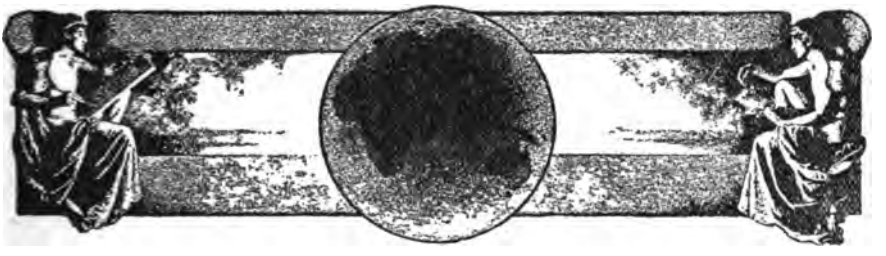
A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII. AUGUST, 1907. No. 6



Thoughts of the Month.

Justice then Benevolence. History keeps on repeating itself as in former times. To-day we have millionaires who squeeze wealth out of degraded labor to endow schools, colleges, build libraries, and help foreign missions. This reminds us of the English philanthropists and capitalists of a century ago, who were agitating against negro slavery in Africa, America and other parts, and raising funds for their emancipation although worse kinds of slavery, and more degrading kinds prevailing around them. They were as one says "buying the freedom of black slaves by riches drawn from the labor of white ones." In our country to-day we have plenty of instances of our rich doing exactly the same kind of Christian work! They help the well-to-do to have education at the expense of miserably degraded workmen, workwomen and work-children who sweat to make Christian work possible. Justice should precede benevolence.

A Friend of Man. Wales has the honor of having given birth to the founder of social reform in the person of Robert Owen, whom Friedrich Engels calls "a man of sublime and childlike simplicity of character;" and he further adds that every real advance on behalf of the workers links itself on to the name of Robert Owen. In ages to come, nations will thing more of Robert Owen than of the Napoleons, the Wellingtons and the great captains who have helped to destroy the world. This poor draper's apprentice inaugurated a movement which resuscitated Christianity which had been dead for ages, and which especially had been buried during the industrial slavery of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. During that evil period, love of money had killed the love of man, and religion sided with moneymakers. Christ's dogs which should have barked, were dumb; and they joined interests with the greedy dogs which never had enough.

He Failed. 'Tis true, truth so has failed, and right has sorrowed and has wailed, for wrong is right beneath the sky; here evils thrive and mercies die. God's grace is foreign to this strand where ills and wrongs conspire and band; but Christ's great failure on the Tree will yet shine out in victory! He failed to win; wrong wins to fall. Good crucified will conquer all!

The Social Conscience. There are several evidences to-day that our government is the development of what we may call a social conscience, because we hear so much of commissions, the Interstate Commerce Commission, Public Service Commission, etc. This good work should go on growing until we have a general Federal conscience which will undertake to arrest the corrupting evil of selfseeking which has almost destroyed our system of self-government. To be effective, this spirit of inquiry must become universal and particular. It is pitiable how this spirit of selfseeking has spread over and through every nook and corner of politics and business like a spider's web. This national spider's web, which the Demon of Mamon has woven over and through society, secular and religious, prevents the grace of the religion of Christ from reaching the hearts of Christians. Their gospel is money-making, and grace is interest on their investments in various corporations, companies and other sections of the spider's web.

A Suggestion. Recently we drew attention to the necessity of giving man the rights and privileges of the beast. We stated that there are horses, dogs and cats which (we almost wrote "who") live in luxurious homes and fare sumptuously every day, like the rich man of yore, while there are hundreds of Lazaruses around who wallow in homes no better than pigsties. This is no exaggeration among servants of Christ high in the church, for we find that even in Christian Wales, and even in episcopal circles, there are curates who raise families (very many of them) on far less than the Bishop's horse costs. It is estimated that the ordinary Bishop's horse costs $1,000 a year, where there are hundreds of curates who get less, and thousands of poor laboring people who would consider $1,000 a year a fortune. Can we justify such an order of things in any way as Christian? In earnest now, are we Christians? If we are, doing these things, then Christ was no Christian!

People as Owners. There is a class of people who in their hearts believe that society has been especially created by God for their exploitation, and that the idea of the popular ownership of the necessaries and conveniences of life is an evil which should be combated with every means legal and otherwise. In the opinion of corporations, the people have no right to anything except to lie quiet while vested interests are

operating on them for their own selfish ends. It sounds ludicrous to hear an attorney employed by a corporation applying the words "immoral, dishonest and wicked" to the people of a town who desire to own their own water supply! The people should own what they generally need, rather than be dependent on a corporation who charges enormous prices for their service. If the people have a right to live, they have an equal right to own the necessaries of that life. Corporations should be subservient to the people not the people to corporations.

Feat and Duty. Every kind of deed and action is immoral and ungodly, as long as it is the end to itself, and is reckoned by the doer and the spectator as a feat instead of as a duty and a benefit to others. The end of everything is beyond and outside itself. This, although very simple and the nearest truth to man, and the truth that will do him most good, has been hitherto the least comprehended and applied to human life. Man—foolish man!—is generally far-sighted. He always looks afar off, studies things and questions beyond his reach and outside the bounds of practicability; while he neglects all those things which are needful to him, and are fitted to benefit him greatly and permanently. He often brags of the things that keep him in bondage, and is proud of the means which are daily used to subjugate and degrade him! These considerations show the darkness that surrounds him, and the darkness that reigns within him. Hitherto the American has been used to boast of millionaires,and the enormous wealth piled up like those classic mountains, without in the least dreaming that such wealth is the devil's means of destroying our republic with the cooperation of the people. We have yet to realize that wealth is not the end, but the means to some higher and better end, namely the beautifying of everywhere, and the beatifying of every human being.

Truth in Black and White. The South is beginning to awaken to a new truth, which is after all but a very old one, the undesirable relation between the saloon and the criminal, black and white. It is not the negro alone that is evil, but it is the saloon that is the incentive to most evil and crime. The degrading influence of liquor is becoming a part of the Southern creed, and it is going to help the temperance cause and to help civilize the black and white man. This is going back to first causes, which is needed if we wish to reform man branch and root. By making means ends, we close the way before we have half reached the goal.

Godliness means Goodness. There is reason to believe that Christianity would succeed better if we would start to rely more on deed and less on creed. It is really a surprise to find that Christ was a great believer in deed, and He thought very little of creed apart from deed. It is said that He went about doing

good—not simply preaching and doing naught else. Believing without doing seems to be making more disbelievers than all else. People become unavoidably indifferent to a profession that is merely artificial, churchy and formal. If the Church brought forth more fruit, society generally would commence to admire and love it. The Church should be like the Tree in the vision, "which bare twelve manner of fruit, and whose leaves were for the healing of the nations." If the Church were rich in good works, the world would be constrained to believe in God and His goodness. It is goodless profession that makes the world godless.

Popular Talks on Law.

By William C. Sprague, President of the Sprague Correspondence School of Law.

CONTRACTS.

12. THE STATUTE OF FRAUDS.

It seems strange that there was a time when contracts of any and all kinds could be made by word of mouth, and that consequently oral evidence was permitted in the courts to prove such contracts. Knowing as we do that witnesses to oral agreements are liable to defects of memory; that they must all die; that within a short time after a transaction, misunderstandings and differences of opinions arise readily among people who see and hear the same thing at the same time; and that perjury in such cases is so hard to prove—we wonder that our ancestors did not sooner see the necessity of guarding the safety of contracts by some stricter rules of law.

When in 1676 the English Parliament passed what has since then been known as the Statute of Frauds, the purpose of which was to safeguard contracts, it enacted the most important piece of business legislation ever put upon the statute books of any country. So wise was this law that it has stood to this day, practically unaltered in England, and is to-day, with some changes to fit local conditions, a part of the statute law of nearly every state in the United States.

The Statute of Frauds declares that as to certain kinds of contracts a writing is necessary. The chief kinds of contracts affected are contracts relating to land. Before the passing of the statute, an interest in land could be transferred without writing; hence no proof was required of such transfer excepting the oral testimony of witnesses to the act. If these died or suffered a lapse of memory or swore falsely endless trouble was liable to arise. The statute cured this by requiring a writing.

Another important provision related to executors and administrat-

ors. Prior to the passing of the statute an executor or administrator orally promising to assume responsibility relating to the estate he represented could be personally held, if witnesses to such promise could be found. The statute declared that such a promise must be evidenced by some note or memorandum in writing signed by the party to be charged, or by some one lawfully authorized by him to sign. Again, one could be held on an oral promise to answer for somebody else's debt, default or miscarriage. This the statute changed by requiring a written promise. One could formerly be held to an oral agreement made upon consideration of marriage. This the statute changed by requiring a writing. Also, one could be held on an oral promise to perform an agreement, no matter how far in the future the performance extended. This was changed so that oral agreements for a year or less, and these only, were good without writing.

The effect of this statute, as you will see, was far reaching. It did not declare such oral promises void or illegal; but it did declare that no action could be brought in court by one man charging another with such a promise unless proof could be made, either by way of the agreement itself in writing, or by way of some note or memorandum of the agreement signed by the party to be held, or signed by some one lawfully authorized by him to sign. It did not prevent parties carrying out an oral contract if they desired to do so; and if they did carry it out neither party could recover back what he had paid or have the transaction set aside.

As to what sort of writing is required for the proof, it may be said that if the contract itself was in writing, that is sufficient proof. But the contract itself need not be in writing. Anything in the way of a memorandum, note, or letter signed by the party to be charged, wherein he admits or acknowledges the contract, provided this memorandum or note contains sufficient data as to the terms, will be good evidence. The memorandum need not be in any particular form; it may consist of a letter or series of letters or telegram, or series of telegrams, the condition being that the writing be signed by the party to be held, and that it contains enough to make it sufficiently clear as to the terms of the contract. In most of the states the writing need not express the consideration for the contract. Where it is necessary to express the consideration, the words "value received" are held sufficient. The wording of the statute permits of the signature by an agent.

Now, as to the bearing of this statute on the transfer of lands, it may be said that a writing is required not only to a contract for the sale or title to the land itself, but also to the creation of rights of way, to the transfer of standing timber, growing grass, fruits on the trees, but not of such crops as are produced by annual planting, which are not usually considered a part of the land, and may, therefore, be sold without writing, provided the contract complies with the other conditions of the statute.

Sometimes the question arises where there has been an oral bargain and the land has been actually conveyed pursuant to it, as to whether the conveyance will stand and the seller can claim his purchase money. Generally speaking, such a bargain will stand and the seller may sue for the price. If the price has been paid and the seller refuses to convey, falling back on the fact that the bargain was an oral one, the only thing the buyer can do is recover back his money.

That part of the statute relating to the promise of one person to answer for the debt, default, or miscarriage of another will be considered later when we come to the discussion of guaranty and suretyship.

The provision regarding promises in consideration of marriage is a very needful one. Where marriage is being considered, loose arrangements are often made with reference to property which, without proper proof, are almost certain to produce litigation. The requirement that all promises made in consideration of marriage be made in writing does away with much confusion and litigation. This statute does not refer to mutual promises of marriage. Mutual promises to marry when made orally are good.

An important part of the statute refers to contracts that are not to be performed within a year. The statute requires that these be in writing. It applies to such contracts as cannot by their terms be fully performed within a year from the making thereof. If the parties may or may not perform within a year it does not fall within the statute. If the contract is to be performed on a happening that may or may not occur in a year, it need not be in writing. Thus an agreement to take care of an invalid until the invalid recovers need not be in writing, as the recovery may take place within a year. An agreement to support another during life is not within the statute, for the person may die within the year. The statute does cover, however, such agreements as relate to the employing of people for a year only, if the service is to begin a day later than the date of the contract. Contracts that provide for the paying of money in installments, the dates of payment running more than a year, are not enforcible without some memorandum in writing evidencing them, and signed by the party charged.

Perhaps the most important part of the statute is that relating to the sales of goods where the price is more than $50.00. This part of the statute, which has been adopted generally throughout the United States, will need separate treatment. This will follow in our next.

(To be continued.)

Church Records.

E. L. G. Brown.

Every record that exists bearing on church building, tells of a deep interest in the work among those who shared it, and the records which can be read only in the workmanship of the existent churches to-day speak more eloquently than those in pen and ink. The melting down of personal ornaments so that the gold might serve in the erection of the church such as Biblical records teach, has not entered into all church building, but in all there must have been much self-denial and forethought, or churches built centuries ago would not be in use to-day in such a state of preservation as to show in many cases only light marks of age, and in such a style of architecture as to make them models for modern churches.

Every village in the Old Country has its record to be read in its church, around which the village has grown. No town can claim to be a city unless its church ranks as a cathedral, and thus the civic dignity of a community is bound up with the ecclesiastical. Many of the village churches might be called miniature cathedrals, and whether small or great, the old interest which led to their erection has descended to those who are now privileged to use them, and the greater the age of the church, the greater is the pride of its possessors, and the greater their care to preserve true to the original plan of the builders every detail in the old structure. Many modern builders recognize their masters in the architects of such old churches. Their designs as seen in the churches give features of architectural interest to the districts where they stand, and their materials have proved themselves worthy of their choice in preserving their usefulness in the structure.

The written records of mediaeval church-building are few. Some there are which tell that the men of learning of those times, the Monks, busied themselves with the building by manufacturing within the walls of the monasteries, the tile which were to serve as pavement or as wall decoration for the church. Their work in this form remains in many of their churches to-day to bear witness to their interest; and the glory of many a quiet rural church which travellers hear nothing of, is its mosaics. The pictures worked out by the mosaic workers rival those of the stained-glass window painters in their coloring, and other stories cling to the mosaics than those the pictures tell. These mosaics may well be numbered with the church's records, and they link the present to the past.

The deep interest in church-building in the past seems to have accumulated into one vast supreme effort in the many modern churches which are only just beginning to make their records. All will make and keep them long according to the

capability of their structure, to withstand the ravages of time; but none will read more eloquently than those of the church which has just recently been built at Liverpool in England for the blind. The brilliancy of the materials used in the structure and especially in the decoration of the reredos will be felt by those who frequent the church, and the strength of this old-world tile of the potter's will lengthen out the records, which will read more brightly because of the wonderful beauty that the builders have seen fit to give their work.

Welsh Settlements in Ohio.

Wm. Harvey Jones, Columbus, O.

WELSH HILLS.

The pioneers of this settlement were Theophilus Rees and Thomas Phillips, who have been mentioned elsewhere as members of the Welsh colony which settled Beulah, Cambria County, Pennsylvania, in 1795-6. Rees was probably among the earliest of his race to leave the parent settlement in Pennsylvania with a view to settling elsewhere. As early as 1800, he began to inquire into the advantages of the country beyond the Ohio and in August, 1801, commissioned his son, John Rees, "Chaplain" Jones, mentioned elsewhere, and Simon James, to explore a tract of land in what is now Granville Township, Licking County, Ohio.[13]

Upon their favorable report, on September 4, 1801, Theophilus Rees purchased approximately one thousand acres in the Southwest corner of the Northwest quarter of Granville township, Licking County, Ohio, and Thomas Philipps purchased eight hundred acres immediately north of the Rees purchase in the same quarter. In the same quarter at the same time ,the following purchases were made: Elizabeth Conroy, 200 acres; Henry Jenkins, 100 acres; David Roberts, 400 acres; Walter Griffith, 100 acres.

About one year after the above purchases were made, Theophilus Rees and family, his two sons-in-law, David Lewis and David Thomas, with their families and Simon James started from Cambria County, Pennsylvania, to take possession of their lands. At Wheeling they were joined

13The facts leading up to the immigration of Rees and Philipps to America are as follows: In 1787, a pamphlet containing a bold criticism of the attitude of the British Government toward religious reform was published in Wales. Its authorship was attributed to John Philipps, son of Thomas Philipps, who was then a student in a college near the border line between England and Wales. To avoid arrest Philipps escaped to America, and repaired to Philadelphia. From there he appealed to his father to come to America. His father prevailed upon his friend and neighbor, Theophilus Rees, to come also. A colony of their neighbors was made up and they arrived in New York May 14, 1795.

by James Johnson, an Indian scout, and his family.[14]

Before the party reached its destination, Lewis and Thomas had stopped at Zanesville and Newark to work. Cabins were erected for Rees and Johnson, the former about one mile northeast of Granville, the latter about a mile further over the hills to the north.

It was not until 1806 that Thomas Phillips, accompanied bv his son, John, and family came to Ohio. They settled on their purchase a short distance north of the Rees settlement. In 1809 Samuel Joseph Phillips, another son of Thomas Phillips, came to the Hills, accompanied by his family, consisting of his wife and five children.[15]

The following list shows the date of the arrival of the principal settlers in the Welsh Hills: 1802, Theophilus Rees, James Johnson, Simon James; 1803, David Lewis, David Thomas; 1804, Thomas Cramer, Peter Cramer; 1805, John Price, Benjamin Jones, Thomas Powell;[16] 1806, Thomas and John Phillips, James Evans; 1807, Jacob Riley;[17] 1809, Samuel J. Phillips, David Jones; 1810, David Thomas, Samuel White, Sr., Daniel Griffith; 1811, Thomas Owens; 1815, Nicodemus Griffith; 1816, David Pittsford; 1821, Edward Price, Edward Glynn; 1822, Thomas Hughes, Evan Davis, John Davis, etc.

It has been said that the first thing a Frenchman does in a new country is to build a trading post; an Englishman builds a blockhouse, but a Welshman builds a church. It will be observed that a number of the Welsh families who settled in Welsh

14This incident is peculiar. It introduced into a Welsh settlement a strain of Virginia blood which refused to mix with the Welsh for generations. The second wife of James Johnson was Martha Bazil Lee, or Bazileel. Her first husband was Isaac Reily, an Irish minister of considerable note at Philadelphia during the Revolutionary War.

15They traveled in the manner characteristic of the times. They had two horses and no wagon. One horse was used as a pack horse, while the wife rode the other with a child in each saddlebag and a babe in her arms. The father walked and led the way. The two boys aged seven and nine drove the cows. In this manner they made the journey of over three hundred miles.

16Born in Radnorshire, South Wales, January 12, 1870, settled at Beulah,, Pennsylvania, 1801, ordained to the ministry and supplied the church at Beulah and for a time at Welsh Hills. Had a remarkable memory, and is said to have committed to memory great portions of the Scriptures. Was very eccentric and because of a grievance on the building of the Welsh Hills Church, declared he would never enter it again. He kept his word, but seated on a stump outside he listened to the sermons and joined in the services. He died July 6, 1848, and is buried in Granville.

17Riley was the husband of Sallie Tilton, who was born at 1782 at old Fort Tilton, afterwards Tiltonville, in what is now Warren Township, Jefferson Co., Ohio. Her father, Joseph Tilton, was a member of the settlement at Fort Tilton in 1774. Joseph Tilton's wife was Susannah Jones, said to have been a niece of Captain Paul Jones of Revolutionary fame. She is buried at Indian Mound Cemetery at Tiltonville, and her monument reads, "Departed this life October 15th, 1838,, aged 88 years, 9 months and 20 days." Her granddaughter, Susannah Reily, daughter of Jacob Reily, married Smuel G. Philipps, the son of Samuel J. Philipps.

Hills were also the pioneers of Beulah and Ebensburg, Penna. The year following their settlement at Ebensburg they organized a church which became the parent church of the Welsh Hills Baptist Church. The Beulah Church was a Union Church for the accommodation of all worshippers regardless of their denomination. The prevailing spirit in the church, however, was their pastor and promoter of the colony, Morgan J. Rhys, who was a Baptist minister. Accordingly the tone of the church soon became Baptist and the church transplanted to Welsh Hills was Baptist. Nearly all the charter members of the Welsh Hills Baptist Church were members of the Beulah Church, and from the letters issued by the latter to members of the former, we find that not less than thirty transplanted their religious as well as their material possessions from Beulah to Welsh Hills.

No sooner had the settlement reached any considerable number than the church was organized. This event took place September 4, 1808. The following were the constituent members: Theophilus Rees, David Thomas, Nathyn Allen, David Lobdell, Joshua Lobdell, Thomas Powell, Elizabeth Rees, Elizabeth Thomas and Mary Thomas. The church worshipped at private houses until 1809, when a log church was erected. It was succeeded by various structures until the present church was built in 1840.

The Welsh Hills Church has done a great deal toward keeping the people together in the faith of their fathers and has furnished a means by which the traditions of the race have to some extent been preserved. A very large per cent. of the population of the settlement have been church members and church goers, and the church has never failed of the active assistance of the best people of the community.

Regarding education as the handmaid of religion the pioneer Welshman soon took steps to establish a school as early if not earlier than the organization of the church. John H. Philipps had been a school teacher in Pennsylvania and immediately upon his arrival in 1806 began to instruct the youth of the neighborhood at his cabin. He was the first teacher in the log school house erected in 1806. In 1825 "The Old Stone School House" was erected. This building is still standing, and is located about a mile and a half northeast of Granville.

"The Old Stone School House" is as dear to the hearts of the people of Welsh Hills as Liberty Hall is to the American people. The school conducted here was large for a country school, sometimes numbering as high as sixty in winter and forty in summer. The building was abandoned in 1858, when a modern school house was built in another part of the settlement.

Before leaving Wales nearly every adult who settled on Welsh Hills had learned a trade and few, if any, were farmers before settling on the Hills. As a result the Welsh pioneer was an awkward but ambitious farmer. His success is due not to his adaptability

to farming, but to his economy and thrift. He was a small farmer and few undertook to cultivate so much as 200 acres. He believed in reclaiming a small tract of ground and gradually extending his operations. Every grain was harvested and every garnered grain was saved. They were supporters of the temperance cause, and early in their denunciation of slavery.[18]

Welsh Hills school contributed twenty-nine soldiers for the Union Army. Six soldiers of the War of 1812 and five for the Mexican War went from the settlement.

The Welsh Hills settlement comprises about 5,000 acres of land for the most part in the northeast quarter of Granville Township, Licking County, Ohio, while a few hundred acres lie in McKean Township, in Newton Township, and still more in Newark Township. The land is very hilly, but not what could be called a rough country. The land is fertile for hilly land, and is well adapted to stock raising, particularly sheep. Grain raised on the Welsh Hills is not so productive to the acre, but is of superior quality.

The population has preserved its character as a distinctively Welsh settlement until very recent years, but in later years it has been gradually losing its distinguishing traits. The Welsh language was used generally throughout the community during the first generations, and in the church until about 1830, and after that but little. It is seldom heard to-day.

The fact that the Welsh Hills was but a few miles from Granville and Denison University gave the Welsh boys an opportunity to satisfy their pronounced ambitions to secure an education. The great majority of the youth from the Hills have attended Denison University and a large number are graduates of that institution.

RADNOR.[19]

This Welsh settlement is situated in Radnor Township, Delaware County, Ohio, and lies just east of the Scioto River, near the northwest corner of Delaware County, about five miles north of the city of Dela-

18A letter from the church to the Association in 1836 contains the following: "Resolved that this Association utterly abhors the vile system of slavery as practiced in the Southern States and recommends to all Christians to use every lawful and consistent means for the immediate and total abolition thereof."

19This article is based very largely upon "The History of Radnor,' by B. W. Chidlaw.

Benjamin W. Chidlaw was born at the village of Bala, in North Wales, July 14, 1811, and was the son of Benjamin and Mary (Williams) Chidlaw. In 1821 his parents immigrated to America and arrived at Delaware, Ohio, the same year, where his father died a few weeks after arrival. His mother purchased a small farm a few miles north of Radnor, where B. W. spent his boyhood days. In 1827 he attended an academy kept by Bishop Chase at Worthington. In 1828 he attended Kenyon College at Gambier. In 1829 he studied Latin and Greek under Rev. Jacob Little at Granville, preparatory to entering Ohio University at Athens. In November of that year he enrolled at that school and spent two years there, completing his junior year. In 1832 he entered Miami University at Oxford, where he graduated in 1833. He preached for some time and then took

ware. The pioneer of this settlement was a young Welshman by the name of David Pugh, who purchased land warrants for 4,000 acres of land, being the southwest quarter of Township 6, Range 20, of the United States Survey, from Dr. Samuel Jones, of Philadelphia, in 1802.[20]

In 1802 Pugh rode from Philadelphia on horseback to visit his purchase. Upon his return to Philadelphia he arranged with Henry Perry, of Anglesea, North Wales, to make a settlement upon the tract. In the fall of 1803 Perry and his two sons, aged fifteen and thirteen built a cabin on the land and occupied it during the following winter. In the early summer of 1804 Perry left the boys in possession of the cabin and returned to Baltimore after his wife and other children.

In 1804 David Pugh again visited the tract and divided his land into lots of one hundred acres each and sold them to the following: Richard Tibbett, John Watkins, John Jones (from Wales), and Hugh Kyle and David Marks, from Pennsylvania. In 1805 the following families arrived from Wales: Evan Jenkins, David Davids, Richard Hoskins and David Davies. John Muller also came from Pennsylvania. In 1807 came David Penry and John Phillips, brothers-in-law of David Pugh, Elenor Lodwig and children, Thomas, John and Lititia. In 1808 came Benjamin Kepler, Elijah Adams, Thomas Warren and John Foos.

During the war of 1812 Radnor was a frontier settlement, and immigration was suspended. After the close of the war it was renewed again briskly and the following families arrived: Joseph Dunlap, Samuel Cooper, Robert and John McKinney, Obed Taylor, James and Matthew Fleming from Pennsylvania and Maryland; Thomas Jones, Ellis Jones, David E. Jones, Edward Evans, John Owens, Roger Watkins, Watkin Watkins, William Watkins, John Humphreys, Humphrey Humphreys, Benjamin Herbert, Morgan D. Morgans, J. R. Jones, J. Jones, John Cadwallader, David Cadwallader, David Lloyd, John Davies, Mary Chidlaw, Robert and Stephen Thomas, from Wales. By the year 1821, nearly all the land in Radnor Township was taken up.

Elijah Adams was the first Justice of the Peace in Radnor and held the office for many years. Thomas Warren opened the first tavern in 1811, in a log building 20 x 32 feet and two stories high. The first child

charge of the missionary work of the American Sunday School Union in Ohio and Indiana, at which work he was engaged for over forty years. He was chaplain during the Civil War. After the war he continued his labor with the American Sunday School Union in Ohio traveled throughout the country. He made several visits to Wales. He wrote "The History of the Welsh Settlement at Paddy's Run," "The History of the Welsh Settlement at Radnor," "The Story of My Life," and contributed largely to current periodicals. He has made many valuable contributions to Welsh History in Ohio. He died on the 14th day of July, 1892, in Wales, at Dolgelly, a few miles from Bala, his birthplace.

20David Pugh was from Radnorshire,, South Wales, and landed at Baltimore in 1801. He is the ancestor of the numerous Pugh family of Columbus and vicinity.

born in the settlement was David Penry, Jr., and the second Mary Jones (Warren) in the spring of 1807.

As in all Welsh settlements, the history of the settlements is the story of their religious and educational growth. The history of the family is one with that of the school and church. So it is Radnor. Nothing in the story of this settlement attains the prominence of the story of the school-house and the church. From the earliest schools were conducted and the youth instructed in the means available. In 1821 there were three log school-houses within the township, on the farms of John Phillips, Ralph Dildine and Benjamin Kepler. In later years the number grew to fourteen, while the number of children enrolled became approximately three hundred.

The first church organized in the township was of Baptist denomination. It was constituted May 4, 1816, with the following members: John Philips, Hannah Philips, William David, Thomas Walling, David Penry, Mary Penry, James Gallant, Elenor Lodwig, Daniel Bell, Reuben Stephens and Elizabeth Stevens. For two years they had no pastor. The earlier pastors were: 1818-1824, Elder Drake; 1827-1829, Jesse Jones; 1830-1836, Thomas Stephen; 1836-842, Elias George. The first church edifice was of logs and stood near the graveyard. In 1833 a stone church was erected on the same site In 1867 a brick church was erected and in 1903 the present beautiful brick church was built. This church has always been strong, and during its career has numbered close to 200, besides sending out several ministers and missionaries to other lands. At the present time it has a membership of about 150 and supports a vigorous Sunday School.

Probably as early as 1808 the Methodist Church was represented by an itinerant minister, who preached at the cabins of Henry Perry and Elijah Adams. A society of the church was effected in 1812 at the cabin of Henry Perry. It became connected with the Delaware circuit of the Ohio Conference. In 1838 a frame church was erected and the church organization perfected. In 1858 a brick structure was erected. The present membership is about seventy-five.

In 1820 the Welsh Congregational Church was organized at the cabin of John Jones (Penlan), with the following charter members: William Penry, Mary Penry, John Jones, Mary Jones, Margaret Morgan, D. Morgans, John A. Jones and wife. The first pastor was Rev. James Davies. He was succeeded by James Perregrin, 1825; Thomas Stevens, 1827; Rees Powell, 1838; Evan Evans, 1853; Rees Powell, 1858; James Davies, 1863; Thomas Jenkins, 1870; D. A. Evans, John B. Davies, J. V. Stephens, and Benjamin Harris, the present pastor. The church was remodeled and refurnished in 1904. The present membership is about 200 and includes the majority of the descendants of the old pioneer families.

The first Presbyterian Church or-

ganized in Radnor Township was established in 1819 on the farm of James Dunlap, some distance from the village of Radnor, near the Scioto River. However, the Presbyterian Church was organized in the village of Radnor in 1848 by the withdrawal of a number of persons from the Congregational Church. The church has not been very strong and at the present time numbers about seventy-five members. Rev. Henry Shedd was the first pastor and he was succeeded by M. Jones, John Thompson, H. McVey, D. Wilson, J. Crouse and others.

The Welsh Presbyterian Church was organized by recruits from those of the Calvinistic and Presbyterian faith, and in 1850 a house of worship was erected. The pastors were Welsh-speaking ministers and the language was long employed in the services, especially in the Sunday School. In 1877 a brick church was erected.

A review of the commercial history of Radnor settlement reveals nothing but the most substantial thrift, industry and prosperity. Radnor township is a beautiful farming district, unsurpassed for fertility, and is largely devoted to the cultivation of grain. There is evidence of thrift and prosperity on every hand. Radnor village is but a small collection of homes about the school and churches. It is located amid a little cluster of elevated knolls, hardly rising to the dignity of hills, and is surrounded by broad fields and beautiful farms. No more cozy and homelike place exists. The farmers in the community have grown wealthy upon the products of their fertile fields and almost all the inhabitants of the village either own farms in the surrounding country or have sold their farms and are living in comfort in the village from the proceeds of their sale.

The township has no poor. All seem to be happy and prosperous. The Welsh language has about disappeared, although the Congregational Sunday School has a class for the old people which is conducted in the Welsh language.

Before leaving Radnor, mention should be made of the remarkably large number of soldiers who enlisted from this place in the Civil War. A list carefully compiled from the official roster shows that they number no less than one hundred and sixty-one. When it is observed that with the present population, which is not less, and, no doubt, more than the township had in 1861, is not over 1,500, and the total number of electors is only between three hundred and four hundred, the fact appears still the more remarkable.

WILLIAM ApMADOC.

As we float gently down the St. Lawrence river—a queenly river—on deck of the "Canada," Dominion Line, Captain Richard Owen Jones of Bodedeyrn, Anglesea, in charge of that beauty of a ship, and glancing over the waters on the right from Quebec until we enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we are in full view of a magnificent range of mountains seven hundred feet above sea level; a harmonious range, forming a picturesque natural battlement of the Province of Quebec, the whole panorama of green, varied by immense gaps, and covered by nature's richest hues, brings to mind John Greenleaf Whittier's verses, a living and spiritual interpretation of what many feel as they are viewed:

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

* * * * *

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her sighs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

It is George Meredith, novelist and poet of the philosophical trend, that remarks in his "Diana of the Crossways," "The powers of harmony would seem to be tried to their shrewdest pitch when Politics and Love are planted in a human breast. * * * Let Love lead, the God will make music of any chamber-comrade." The following bit of history of last May—an Iowa incident—called to mind the above quotation with slight alteration:

A courtship in which sacred music played an important part, will end in the marriage of J. B. Trowbridge, director of vocal music at Moody Bible Institute in Des Moines, Ia. Miss Mae C. Wall, who studied music with him some years ago at the institute, will become Mrs. Trowbridge.

Mr. Trowbridge met Miss Wall some years ago when she was attending the institute. They studied sacred music together. Later, Miss Wall became a member of the faculty.

A short time ago she left the institute to go to her home at Ankeny, Ia. Then Mr. Trowbridge went to Iowa, but without telling his friends of his intention of returning with a bride.

Even theological seminaries cannot put barriers in the path of love, as the following item of recent news from Louisville. Ky.. shows: "Several girl students of theology and

music at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary have left the school because of the adoption of strict rules prohibiting them from receiving gifts from male students and limiting the number of calls their sweethearts may make. The rules were adopted on account of the frequent marriages among the students.

Poor pussy has almost lost all its prestige in the matter of violin-string "furnishings." While the strings of violins and other stringed instruments are usually designated as "catgut," most of the material employed in their manufacture is taken from the bodies of sheep. An investigation of the source of supply of the materials entering into the manufacture of musical instruments in Germany has revealed the fact that nearly seventy thousand pounds of sheep gut are used annually for strings.

Karleton Hackett, the renowned vocal authority, made a strong plea at the Illinois Music Teacher's Convention, held last June 6, at Moline, Ill., for more extended use of the English language by American singers. The title of his paper, "What ails our Mother Tongue?" shows the spirit of his sentiments. He branded as provincialism the demand of the public that artists should use the foreign languages in opera and recital. Such a condition would not be tolerated in foreign countries, he said, and he further remarks that artists devote so much time to mastering French and German that they fail of clear enunciation of their own language. But, we may ask, does the public demand that singers should use Italian, French and German? An English and an American-English audience, surely, would choose that operas and recitals should be given in English, if that language could be understood amidst the mist and whirls of vocalization. It is only once in a while that we listen to distinct enunciation of English, by American and English singers. There must be a reason for such a condition. Is there any teaching of English, of its lyrical and dramatic literature, going along side by side in the vocal studios of Chicago, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Salt Lake City and San Francisco? We doubt it. In the music schools of Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany, we have been informed by successful students of the same, that history, musical and general, dramatic and lyrical literature, and languages are parts of the curriculum. The "reading aloud" of poetic selections in private, and in the vocal studio, would produce a necessary back-bone of intelligence and interpretation. Can articulation, enunciation, phrasing and sufficient feeling in the singing of young men and women students be expected, if the study of words and their musical pronunciation, and the duty of how to *think* and *feel* in song, have been ignored? There is nothing the matter with "our mother tongue." Much of the trouble lies we believe, at the door of the majority of teachers, and much more at the door of aspiring vocalists who "imagine a vain thing."

Anent the foregoing, we are tempted to refer to J. A. Fuller Maitland's admirable little book on "The Musician's Pilgrimage." In one chapter, he deals with the musical "prig," and says that the kind of prig that remains a prig to the end is a peculiarly objectionai type, and that the only way to reduce the number of these pretenders to musical knowledge is to increase the general musical culture of the nation. Mr. Maitland significantly remarks that here is one of the great advantages of the German education, for though there may not really be more musically gifted people in one country than in another, yet a certain knowledge of at least the rudiments of music and its more usual terms is as universal in Germany as familiarity with the main outlines of history or geography with us. The genial author writes from an English standpoint, but his remarks are applicable also to the American public..

A Few Landmarks of English History.

By Benjamin B. Esau.

I.

It will probably be admitted that constitutional government, as we understand it to-day, dates from, and owes its origin to, the tremendous struggles which marked the fall of feudalism in England. To understand this growth of the power of the people, then, and to appreciate its causes, it will perhaps prove interesting, and possibly profitable, to summarize a little of the history of England, when it will be seen that, all unintentionally, the powerful factions—destined thmselves to pass away—were, under an inevitable fate, made to pave the way for reforms which they had not the faintest inclination to help establish; and indeed would have fought bitterly against, as their successors did, when it was too late.

Not that highly organized governments were not known in ancient times; history reveals many such. But they had been tried and found wanting, and had gone under. In reading the history of the struggles of the republicans in France and elsewhere at the close of the last century we find these old republics a fruitful source of comment and quotation, but it can be fairly asserted that the Englishmen of the middle ages who had so much to do with the constitutional struggles knew but little and cared far less about ancient history.

CELTIC CODES.

It is admitted that the Celtic tribes of Great Britain and Ireland had a very comprehensive code, in which the rights of the common people were rigidly protected. It is asserted that Alfred the Great, certainly the foremost man of his day, studied

this code, and was so struck with it that he also drew up a Saxon code of laws, admittedly largely based on the old Celtic code, and these laws of Alfred were those under which England was governed until the overthrow by the Normans, when popular rights were no longer recognized, and darkness prevailed for nearly 300 years.

Much is said of Magna Charta, and of the Lesser Charta, but these were rather privileges wrested from weak kings by powerful nobles than a real recognition of the rights of the people.

GROWTH OF THE GUILDS.

The first germs of popular government will be found in the trade guilds and city charters. The members of the same craft in a city banded together for mutual protection, the different crafts again united for protection or aggression, and it was thus that the common mechanic first secured recognition, was given a suffrage, even if limited, and was made to feel that he was a man. How this privilege was prized is shown by the steadfast loyalty and desperate valor of these burghers in defense of their rights, when assailed now and again by king or baron.

In such troublesome times it is to be wondered that these guilds and cities should have contrived to exist at all, but somehow or other they managed to ride the numerous storms, and the rapid growth of some of the cities in wealth and importance is one of the wonderful features of English history of the middle ages.

FEUDAL SYSTEM.

The Normans despised the people they had conquered, and introduced what is known as the feudal system, under which no one observed any law he was strong enough to defy; barons waged war on one another, were with or against the king in this or that struggle, and it was simply the rule of the strong and domineering.

The feudal system may be said to have reached its highest fruition in the reign of Edward III., after whose day it began rapidly to wane. There can perhaps be no better example of the inherent weakness of this system than the way in which, when a weak king was on the throne, the whole system tumbled to pieces, no matter in how good a condition his predecessor may have left the government. And it is perhaps worthy of note that all of the early concessions to the people were either wrung from weak kings, or were granted in return for support against rebellious barons.

Edward III. was one of the very "strong" Kings of England. Of course he was a warrior; all strong kings were in those days, but he seems to have endeavored to govern honestly; he was popular enough with his people to be able to keep his nobles thoroughly in check, and in return for this support certainly amended many abuses that oppressed the common people. England under Edward was recognized as the most powerful nation in the world, and though still nominally under the feudal system popular rights had

made great advances. As Macaulay says, while there were great abuses, and the nobles looked with infinite contempt on commoners, still there was a legal system, fairly carried out for the times, and while the most arrogant nobles could not quite hold themselves above the law, so the poorest peasant was not utterly outside its protection.

It was during this reign that one of the most awful visitations on record resulted in a great advancement in the condition of the people. This was the fearful plague of the middle of the fourteenth century, almost too horrible for the mind to conceive of. With no idea of freeing the common people, but as an absolute necessity owing to the dearth of men, the infamous Norman law of villanage, which bound a commoner in serfdom to wherever he happened to be born, was abrogated, and the people had made their grandest stride forward, not the burgher of the city, be it observed, nor the skilled craftsmen of the guilds (known as freemen), but the tillers of the soil.

DEFECTS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

But with all this concession and advancement the feudal or semi-feudal system was inherently defective; it predicated a strong hand at the helm and with that removed the whole machinery fell to pieces. Edward III. was not only popular himself, but his son, Edward the Black Prince, the hero of both Crecy and Poitiers, was the idol of the English nation. His wife, too, Philippa of Hainault, whose touching intercession for the burghers of Calais is so well remembered, was equally beloved on both sides of the Channel. But Edward grew old, his noble wife died, and in his declining years Edward became the prey of favorites of both sexes, and the condition of affairs became such that a cry went up from the nation to the Black Prince to check these evils. He was a prudent as well as a brave man, and acted shrewdly in a most delicate position. He called together a parliament, the favorites were banished, remedial legislation passed, and so beneficent were its acts that this was ever afterward known as the "Good Parliament." The country greatly rejoiced, and built great hopes on what might be expected on the accession of so wise a prince; but these anticipations were doomed to disappointment, for at this juncture Edward the Black Prince died; his father soon followed him, and Richard II., infant son of the Black Prince, succeeded to the throne and England's long series of troubles began.

RICHARD II.

England was undoubtedly badly governed during Richard's minority, for there was great discontent in the land, culminating in the noted War Tyler rebellion. Richard showed some spirit over this affair, but soon gave himself up to a life of luxury. His was a reign of the most absurd extravagance in dress. Richard loved to be called "The Troubadour," and spent his time and the country's means in pageants and the like. Again there was great discontent, and a powerful revolt of the barons,

but Richard's time had not yet come, and this was quelled.

To understand English history from this point it is necessary to digress a little. Besides the father of Richard (Edward the Black Prince), Edward III. had several other sons. One of these was the noted John o' Gaunt, the head of the House of Lancaster, of which we read so much in English history, and his eldest son (cousin, of course, to Richard) was Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke. This Henry Bolingbroke was a very different man from his cousin. Brave but cool, cautious and calculating, he seems to have made every event in his life serve his purpose. In the revolt of the barons already referred to Henry supported Richard, yet unless history greatly errs there was no love lost between the two cousins. There would seem to have been some scheme on foot toward a change, for we find Bolingbroke and Norfolk denouncing each other as a traitor, both protesting undying loyalty to Richard, and each claiming the right to mortal combat to decide the matter, as was the custom of the time. It is impossible to tell at this day, but it is a reasonable interference that they were fellow-conspirators, but quarreled, and then hastened to denounce the other. Great preparation was made for the combat and both noblemen were in the lists when Richard, before whom the fight was to have taken place, refused to allow the contest to proceed, and in its stead announced perpetual exile for Norfolk, and a period of years for his cousin Bolingbroke. (Richard II., i., 3). Richard must have been regarded as fairly powerful then (probably through dissension and mutual suspicion of his enemies), for both these eminent noblemen submitted to the decree. It is worth dwelling on this matter, for the whole course of English history was to be influenced by it.

In connection with this affair it is interesting to note that the Norfolk family, in spite of this incident, has always been one of England's leading families, noted for their unswerving loyalty and steadfastness to pledged word. The story is well known of the Duke of Norfolk who, though warned the night before the battle of Bosworth Field, refused to desert Richard III. because he had sworn to be true, even though he knew Richard's to be the losing cause. This Norfolk gave his life rather than desert his leader. (Richard III., act v., sc 3). The lines warning him are often quoted in English history:

"Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

The present duke (1903) is highly esteemed. The family has always resented the charge of treason in this encounter with Bolingbroke, and the present Duke of Norfolk has been at considerable expense in having old documents searched in order to prove the charges unbased. At this late day it is not likely very convincing evidence for an outsider could be found, but the family published a

book which they consider thoroughly clears their ancestor of this charge. To most people the record of the family since that day would be the best evidence.

Bolingbroke was but a short time in exile when old John o' Gaunt died. Richard now committed an act of stupendous folly. He thought fame and wealth were to be made by an invasion of Ireland, which had only been nominally subdued. To secure the means for the expedition he confiscated the Lancaster property, which was very considerable, (Richard II., act ii., sc. 2). The English nobles were ever very jealous of what they deemed their rights, and, no matter how much they liked to cut one another's throats, would usually combine against a common foe, so there was great murmuring against this act of Richard's. He had interfered in an appeal to arms, they said (and which of course they pretended to regard, and perhaps did, as an appeal to God); he had practically exiled Bolingbroke for a term of years without a trial, had broken brave old John o' Gaunt's heart, and now had stolen his cousin's property. The burghers, too, had long been sick of Richard and his favorites, with their prodigal license and extravagance, and the clouds grew blacker and blacker for Richard. With the headstrongness of a weak and pettish character, however, Richard would not yield, but sailed for Ireland. Here he met with but indifferent success, while matters in England were fast growing from bad to worse.

Bolingbroke retired to Brittany, where his family held large possessions (the family was also, through marriage, closely related to some of the leading Welsh families) and gathered together a considerable force for the invasion of England—to regain his property, as he asserted. It is quite probable that he had planned some such expedition from the first, but Richard's fatuity had made his path easy.

There can be little doubt but that Richard's motive in exiling the two disputants—Bolingbroke and Norfolk—had been to get rid of two formidable adversaries.

Bolingbroke landed unopposed. No one seemed to care to champion the fickle Richard's cause. The only real adherents he had were with him in Ireland, and adverse winds long prevented their crossing back to England. When Richard did return he found himself completely deserted, treated with such contempt, in fact, that he was fain to surrender to his victorious cousin, then advancing on London. (Richard II., act iii., sc. 2.) There Henry was received with great acclamations, and was tendered the crown by nobles and burghers. He replied that Richard was king, and seems to have pretended that the honor proposed was being thrust upon him. (Richard II., act v., sc 1). Despised, rebuffed and deserted, poor Richard signed his abdication, when Bolingbroke was chosen, and crowned as Henry IV., not by any

right of inheritance, be it observed, but by the will of the people, declared through their representatives in Parliament assembled, and another tremendous step in advance had been taken by the English people. (Richard II., act v., sc. 1).

The Red Omen.

By Joseph Keating.

No wonder David stopped in confusion.

There, coming directly towards him, along the self same pathway on the hillside, he saw a red-haired young woman. And sacred tradition among the hills of Glamorgan said that it was unlucky to meet a red-haired girl when you were on your way to work in the mines. It was a sign of danger. If the sign came to you and you still persisted in going into the dark mine that day, you would be wilfully rushing to your doom; whereas if you turned back with the red-haired girl, when you met her on the hillside, the day might bring you happiness instead of sorrow.

This idea occurred to David; occurred to him pleasantly. He stood watching the red-haired girl as she came along the mountain path. A hill-girl of nineteen or twenty walks with a springy sensuous movement, for her form is supple, just developing with the freshness of a red rose opening from the bud. The old brown dress that this girl wore fitted loosely over her full bosom. She carried a small basket on her arm. A hat very much like the basket, because it lacked ribbons and trimming affairs, covered most of her hair; though from her joyous movements and her singing, she sang an old Welsh song with a full deep contralto, she did not seem to wish to hide the color of her red hair.

The sun made the dark-green of the woodside glisten pleasantly, for the early morning rays were shining with a faint suggestion of gold; and the charming blend of yellow gleams upon the green leaves threw off flashes of colored lighting from the tree tops.

Below, sordid collieries blackened the valley and the miners were hurrying to work.

The red-haired girl stopped singing when she came near David.

"Where are you going, Gwen," said he; "so early in the morning? You have a basket on your arm, but you cannot go shopping at six o'clock on a summer's morning."

Gwen laughed at this: "Of course, I am not going shopping. I am going to the mountains to gather 'wimberries;' and you must go to the bottom of the world to gather 'blackberries.' And we must both hurry on to our work——."

She attempted to go by. The path was narrow. He laughed and stood in her way.

"You know I cannot let you pass this morning, Gwen?"

"Well—shall I let you pass me? Will that do? You must certainly go quickly to the mine."

"No," said he. "I cannot go into the mine to-day."

"Why David?"

"Because I have met you. You know I dare not pass you this morning, Gwen."

"But I must pass you."

"I dare not let you do that."

Gwen's radiant look changed to perplexity. "I dare not go back," said she, "until I have filled my basket with wimberries—or I feel that some great danger will—"

David laughed: "The fairies put that thought into your mind, Gwen, when they led you out so early this morning to warn me of danger. You dare not go back; and I dare not go to the mine."

"Then what can we do?" she asked with a troubled look. . .

There was only one way out of the terrible difficulty. David said, hoarsely:

"The wimberries grow only on the top-most heights of the mountains, and it is dangerous for you to go alone."

He wondered if the mountains would fall upon him for this audacious suggestion—because Gwen was such a lovely girl.

But instead of any such catastrophe they were in a moment silently walking beside each other, away from the dangerous mines, towards the high mountain tops, where stunted bushes hid the dark-purple berries.

They went upwards to a height where neither road nor path guided their feet. The short slippery grass of the mountain-side made climbing difficult. Occasionally they had to catch at tufts of gorse to prevent themselves from slipping down the hill. Even then they sometimes lost foothold and slid at full length upon the tuft.

They laughed joyously over these accidents; but the steep way at last made them tired; so they rested, side by side, upon the shining grass, and looked downwards.

They were upon the unmarked green of nature, here and there about them a slender tree—the "mountain-ash"—with its leaves of delicate green and its clusters of very red berries; and far below them the white steam and the black smoke of Glancynon village and its works.

Blackbirds perched upon the slender trees near by sang to their mates, their melody occasionally broken by the warning bark of a sheep-dog, as he ran to guard his flock from the edge of a mountain precipice.

David, unheeding these things, had taken out his pipe, and as he smoked the thought he turned over in his mind had a momentous application to the girl sitting beside him. He was silently trying to fit them to words. But they seemed too terrible, and he dared not venture to speak. So he went on smoking in silence.

David had very dark bright eyes,

and black, wiry hair which shone in the sun where it escaped from beneath his tattered cap. Mining life made his face quite pale and made his firm huge form awkward; and his rough, dust-black clothes hung loosely about him. You might not think of romance if you judged by David's rude exterior; for the outward does not at all express the Celtic nature. But the tenderness of a poet for his poem might express David's attitude towards the red-haired girl at his side.

Gwen shaded her eyes with her hands, and looked down the mountain-side:

"See all the children climbing the hills," said she.

"They are going to pick wimberries, too. And they look as happy—as happy—" David stopped; he wanted to say "as we are," but as that seemed so terrific, he changed it to—"the birds;" a mere generality that did not in the least express his meaning.

The shrill voices and laughter of the children though coming from far down the hillside, sounded quite near; for voices from the lower world float clearly upwards in the rarefied purity of the mountain air.

But Gwen said in alarm:

"If all of those children must fill their baskets with wimberries, there will be none for me."

"Shall I not help you, Gwen?"

"But I must fill my basket quite full—or I shall not be happy."

"You know I would be your slave to make you happy, Gwen."

He leaned near to her very fair cheek.

This caused more alarm than the children's invasion:

"Let us hurry," said Gwen, scrambling up.

David rose, too; and they recommenced their mountain climbing.

He said reproachfully: "I don't know why you should be so frightened this morning about a basketful of wimberries."

She struggled, panting, upwards; but as soon as she could spare breath for an answer, she said:

"Nor do I know why you were so frightened, this morning, about going into the mine."

The mystifying element in this retort—its mysterious meaning—silenced him utterly. He could find no answer.

Without speaking, therefore, they clambered up—gripping the short mountain grass with their hands to help them in their upward struggle. Still, even by this method, Gwen would lose her foothold at the steeper places, and stretch her full length upon the green. She laughed at these accidents. And as she would not let go her hold upon the bush or tuft of grass for fear of rolling down the hillside, the sleeve rumpled back and exposed the beautiful white of her plump round arm outstretched above her. The David struggled to her side and raised her—trembling as he touched her shapely, yielding body; while his heart became turbulent with unspoken passion. She had persistently silenced him, and he

had a great story to tell her!—a story as old as the hills they were climbing. But she would not hear it! He wondered if she knew it already? He decided to ask her as soon as the difficulties of climbing were out of the way.

But as soon as they reached the mountain top, Gwen plunged into her work with the baffling declaration that every word meant the loss of a wimberry, for the swarm of children were close upon them and she must fill her basket with all haste or suffer dire penalties.

So David, in unhappy mood, went upon his knees and began the filling of her basket. To pick wimberries properly you must investigate every one of the millions of tuft-like bushes, which cover the whole of the mountain-top like fairy mounds. But so much stooping would break your back. So you go on your knees, pressing down the wiry green leaves under which the purple berries hide. You need not be afraid of scratches. The green covering of the mountain will do no harm. And following the traditional method of wimberry-picking David and the red-haired girl, side by side, crawled on their knees from bush to bush, in an absorbing search for countless thousands of microscopic purple berries to fill one large basket.

Soon they were surrounded by the children who came swarming over the edge of the summit, a laughing, chattering, singing band of mites: small boys with big baskets; small girls with smaller voices; and an occasional big sister in charge of a whole colony. The white sun glared fiercely down; but the breeze blowing over the hill-tops gave the air a genial, cooling touch, and made it fresh and delightful; and the happiness of all these souls upon the heights made them seem, in a double sense, nearer to heaven.

Almost as soon as the children reached the mountain-top, their perfect appetites called for satisfaction; and they drew packages from the baskets and began eating. Afterwards they spread themselves over the wide area of the summit; and as they bent in their search for the wimberries, their colored garments made them look like little bright mountain flowers scattered far and near, among the green mounds.

David and Gwen kept to the edge of the mountain-top and occasionally caught a glimpse of the village far below—in the sun-lit valley.

"There are enough wimberries here," said David, "for all the angels."

"Oh, I shall soon fill my basket," answered Gwen joyously.

Later, David looked into the basket, steadily, as if trying to count how many more berries would be wanted to fill it. His hands were stained with the dark juice.

Gwen, lifting her head, turned to the basket. Her hands were full of the dark berries. She lowered them carefully to the others, and spread them out so that the surface should be even. She sighed:

"I am hungry. I must not eat the berries we have picked. And I have nothing else to eat."

"You forget, Gwen," said David. He drew a small oblong tin box from his pocket.

Gwen clapped her hands.

"Of course! You were bound to take your food into the mine. But there will only be enough for you."

"If the whole of it will be enough for you, Gwen, I shall be quite satisfied."

"Oh, no! You must share it with me."

Nothing could please David so much as this arrangement.

Gwen put her basket aside, and opened the tin box. Then, using a wimberry bush for a table they sat together and ate with thorough enjoyment; for even very dry bread will taste sweet high up in the mountains.

They soon finished that delightful meal; but as the basket was nearly full Gwen made no haste to return to work; and David drew out his pipe and smoked in silence, looking furtively, now and then, at Gwen, as if trying to make up his mind to adventure.

They had rested near the edge of the summit, and Gwen sat where, by peeping over the green rim of the mountain, she could get a view of the deep valley; and in the haze with which the sunlight filled the valley, covering all things with a white veil, their far-down, silent ramshackle every-day old village, became a mysterious vision and a dwelling-place for fairies.

The far-away voices and laughter of the happy children came to them with the breeze across the hill-tops.

A lark, poised high in the air above them, poured out the melody of his soul to the summer morning.

David heard the melody. And a plaintive thought came to him that he preferred the unsung melody of the joy he felt with this red-haired Gwen sitting beside him. But to her, the lark's song was the challenge of a rival. She, too, was a songster. Her voice rose in melodious emulation, and her rich liquid notes seemed to gleam in the sunshine as they floated higher into the heavens. The loose-necked bodice she wore exposed the upper part of her white full bosom as it rose and fell with the earnestness which she put into her old Welsh melody. But she sang with ease and natural power; for melody is the native gift of the women in the Welsh hills.

David laughed at her.

"The nightingale should not sing in the sunshine, Gwen. Your contralto has silenced the lark. He thought he heard the nightingale and so went back to his nest to sleep again."

Gwen laughed with him, and defiantly sang yet again. And her enthusiasm tempted David. He joined her. And such purity of voice you would never expect from so unpromising an exterior as David's. But all the training in the world could not produce such beautiful tones as came from these two uncultured hill-dwellers. The world lavishes its wealth at the great houses of song: among the Welsh hills the richest melodies are sung for the mere love of it. Upon the hill-sides in the sun-

light you hear the singers. And, again, out of the darkness, on a moonless night, there suddenly rises in the air a perfect voice, singing the song of the heart; more voices join, and the harmonies that are sung make the darkness thrill with a mysterious charm. The hills are like a rich orchard of song; melodies come from the people, naturally, as ripe fruit falls from the trees.

But the singing of Gwen and David came suddenly to an end.

Something far down below in the valley caught Gwen's attention. She bent out far over the edge of the hill-top and stared down towards the village. David's interest in everything she did made him also bend and look over.

The colliery works lay almost straight beneath them.

"What is it, Gwen?"

She pointed to the dark surroundings of the pit head. David suddenly became absorbed. He stretched far over, gripping the grass beneath him.

Around the colliery he saw a great crowd of workmen. His experience told him at once that they had just been drawn up the pit from the dark workings; for their faces were black with coal dust, and they carried pit-lamps with the little lights still burning inside.

"An accident—someone killed in the pit!" whispered Gwen in terror.

David made no answer—the thing below fascinated him. He strained still further out over the mountain edge. He saw the men separate into small groups as if casually, and move away from the pit head.

"Is it an accident?" asked Gwen, still whispering in awe.

"They are not carrying any one," he answered, but did not move. He shaded his eyes to get a more sure view.

"What has happened?"

"They are moving away in twos and threes."

"Who is hurt?—perhaps killed!" Gwen's white face twitched nervously with the sympathy of a gentle nature only too ready to sorrow for the sorrows of others. "How terrible and cruel the mine is! What has happened?"

David still leaned over watching.

"They are not carrying anyone on their shoulders. They are separating. They would form in a regular line if they were bringing anyone of us home for the last time. They are going to their homes."

He suddenly turned to Gwen. She was still trembling; her eyes still held the sorrow that had come into her heart. He looked at her gravely:

"Gwen," said he, "Do you know the meaning of this?"

He pointed to the men down in the valley.

"We shall hear that a terrible something befell the pit-workings and drove them out for their lives. They are bringing home no one upon their shoulers—to-day; but I know only too well if I had gone into the mine to-day they would now be bringing me home—dead!"

Now there came into Gwen's face real terror. Before this she had shown the keen distress of a sympathetic nature. But now this gave way to a look of utter anguish. Tears came into her eyes; and her body quivered with the horror of the inner thought.

David wanted to take her in his arms to quiet her distress.

"Would you be sorry for me, Gwen? Now we can see the meaning of this mysterious day. Do you know that when you came singing in the sunshine along the mountain path so early this morning you were more than ever my good angel, for you came really to save me. My life now is really yours. You cannot throw me aside any more. Don't you see, Gwen, that to-day changes everything?"

The tears still shone in her eyes. But her lips smiled. Her sorrow had gone. And for a second she seemed willingly to capitulate. An impulse made her lean towards him as if to yield. But that was only in the first overpowering burst of tenderness. She drew back for no reason at all; she had really betrayed her secret in an unexpected way. But the most subtle problem in the world is the problem of how to make a beautiful girl—whether of high or low degree—admit capture.

"I must fill my basket," murmured she, trying to slip away.

But David caught her in his arms. She trembled. Yet if she feared him she took a remarkable way of expressing it. Her yielding supple body lay close to David's breast, and her red lips lay quietly under his own.

"You must love me, Gwen."

She would not answer.

"You will marry me?" he said anxiously.

She played Tantalus.

"Let me go," said she. "I must fill my basket."

"But tell me," he pleaded: "You will marry me?"

"Perhaps I will."

"When?"

"When I have filled my basket! See, all the children are here—picking all the wimberries!"

And she broke away. He laughed and knelt beside her once more amidst the wimberry bushes. And, before that day closed both knew in their hearts that it was indeed the good fairies who had brought about their meeting on the mountain path that morning; for, when Gwen had at last "filled her basket" and they went down into the valley, David passed through a storm of congratulations at being out of the workings that day; the accident, a terrific subsidence of the earth, had originated at his "place," the real meaning of which was that though the others had fortunately escaped, only the omen of that morning had saved one, at least, from being a victim.

Wales's Greatest Lyric Poet.

On April 23, 1887, passed away the gentle soul of Ceiriog, one of the sweetest poets Wales has ever produced. His name is as fresh as ever in his country's memory, and the two decades which separate us from him have only served to increase his popularity and make his works Welsh classics.

Like most Welsh poets of the nineteenth century, Ceiriog owed something to the eisteddfod. It was in that arena he produced "Myfanwy Fychan," and some other bright gems which add lustre to his name.

He is pre-eminently the poet of love and feeling, of patriotism, and of nature. Amatory poetry was at a very low ebb in Wales at the beginning of the second half of the last century. Welsh airs, some of them as old as the hills where they had found a home, had perished in the unequal struggle with Puritanism; in fact, had been driven out by Williams of Pantycelyn's hymns. The Welsh harp was no longer the national instrument. The art of penillion singing was all but lost. Such men, however, as Talhaiarn, Ceiriog, and, later, Mynyddog, did something to revive and restore the past at the Llangollen Eisteddfod. Ceiriog struck a note which sent a thrill through the heart of all Wales. His "Myfanwy" came upon the country like a thing divine. Its effect was instantaneous and irresistible; everyone, sinner and saint alike, felt it was poetry, love, everything, indeed, that was good and graceful in form and feeling, such a production as its own hero, Howel Llygliw himself, would have envied.

And so Ceiriog went on striking out notes of love and tenderness, each note thrilling and heartening as it vibrated on its course. With his "Oriau'r Hwyr" (Evening Hours), published in 1860, his name became as a household word in the Principality.

Ceiriog was above everything the poet of feeling, tender as a woman, and chivalrous as a knight of the Middle Ages. His poems teem with the most delicate touches, but nowhere, probably, does he excel in this respect the poem "Ti Wyddost Beth Ddywed fy Nghalon," the song in which he delineates those feelings which hunger and thirst in mother and son on parting for the first time! No plummet but that of a mother's heart can fathom the deep which swells and sways in that lovely lyric of which the following, in translation, is one stanza:—

"Sin not"—in the skies tho' this sentence I read,
In letters of fire engraven;
Tho' roared the loud thunder in accents of dread,
"Transgress not the laws of high Heaven."
Tho' slowed the swift lightning to one solid flame,
My feet from ungodliness straying,
Far stronger the words from my mother which came,
"You know what my heart, dear, is saying."

And such a mother Ceiriog's was! She seems to have been a woman in a thousand—intelligent, well-read, and well-versed in the folk-lore of

Glyn Ceiriog. It was, doubtless, at her feet her distinguished son learnt to love his country's touching story, its language, and its literature.

Ceiriog's patriotic notes are stirring and strong. Welsh bards were ever attached to the Fatherland, but few, if any, since the Reformation at least had sung the beauties and glories of Cambria, or re-called the pathetic tragedies of its past with such chaste and restrained enthusiasm as the bard of Alun Mabon. Everything Welsh — history, legend, famous spots, noted men, moving scenes, and episodes—kindled his imagination and gave him inspiration. His spirited addresses to freedom will stand comparison with the passionate strains of Burns, Campbell, or Thomas Davis, the Irish Nationalist poet. Unlike, however, the founder of the "Nation," there is no bitterness, no revenge in Ceiriog. Though a sterling patriot he was devotedly attached to the Throne, and by his songs did more than any other poet of the Victorian Era to deepen and strengthen the feeling of loyalty in Wales.

Another great service Ceiriog did was to lead his countyrmen back to Nature. He not only had the "eye" to see Nature, but also to see the necessity of bringing his age face to face with it. He was a humorist, and a facetious vein runs through his lighter productions. He was one of our first poets to practice humor without coarseness, and gaiety without flippancy. He had one great advantage over the generality of Welsh poets in that he understood music. He knew hundreds of Welsh airs, and, following the example of Burns in Scotland, wedded them to new words. More of his songs have been set to music than probably any other Welsh poet's. His style is simple, artless, unadorned, sometimes plain, but never vulgar, his verse, however, is always smooth, rhythmical, and singable. How well he understood his art the "Bardd a'r Cerddor" bears ample testimony. Much of what he wrote is weak and evanescent, but his voice is always gentle and sure. How much of the future is his one does not presume to prophecy. He is a potent and growing force so far, and "Young Wales" have adopted him as their poet. He was a prolific writer. Six volumes of his poetry have already appeared, and materials are available for another.

The poet had his peculiarities. He was very fond of ivy, and often expressed the wish that it should take the place of the leek as the national emblem of Wales. Most of his writing was done in the evenings and on Sundays. His best works were destroyed by a fire which broke out in his railway office. He was so distressed that he wept bitterly, and said 'There are my poor children gone. My best work was there—things that had come straight from my heart. I can never write them over again."

When Brinley Richards or some other composer wrote music for his verses he would often make alterations in the music to suit his own fancy. He was a very kind, open-

hearted man. Every day, while one of his daughters (Mrs. Cadle, Penarth), was at school, he wrote her a letter which was more often than not put in rhyme. Sometimes the letter purported to be from his dog, and another time from a bird, and so forth. Ceiriog was absent-minded, and one Sunday evening, when in church, he took out his watch and looked at it for several minutes unknowing to himself. The clergyman noticed him, and said, to the surprise of Ceiriog, "All right, Ceiriog, I shan't be long now."

His daughter who lives at Haverfordwest will shortly publish a book of memoirs of her father's life. The letters which he wrote to his daughter at school were, unfortunately destroyed. His fatal illness was due to a chill contracted in London. Mrs. Ceiriog Hughes is still living, at Haverfordwest, where lives also one of his daughters. The other, Mrs. Cadle, lives at Penarth.

The Blue and the Gray.

By Francis Miles Finch.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

———o:o———

There's many times a big difference between the church member and the Christian.

Dear little Maudie awoke about 2 o'clock the other morning and asked mamma to tell her a fairy tale.

"It's too late, darling," mamma replied. "Daddy will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A slate fan was presented to the King by the Blaenau Festiniog quarrymen.

An Irish visitor to Cardiff says that the new City Hall in Cathays Park reminds him of the Vatican.

The Rev. George Eyre Evans, Aberystwyth, the well-known archaeologist, has, during the last 25 years, walked over 17,000 miles in various parts of Great Britain and North America.

Ninety-five years of age, Mr. Anthony Allen has been postman at Caio (Carmarthenshire) for over 30 years. Although one of the oldest postmen in the country, Mr. Allen walks a round of six miles daily, and some of the roads are very rough.

An old farm-house near Llanishen—associated, we believe, with a visit of John Wesley—has walls 9 ft. thick.

About twenty Bretons are expected at Swansea Eisteddfod, and one of them has just indited a letter to the secretary in excellent Welsh. A re-union of Welsh-American visitors is suggested when the eisteddfod comes off.

ApMadoc, one of the leading Welshmen in the United States, is now in Wales on a visit, and intends to deliver a number of lectures on "The Welsh People in America." He was secretary of the International Eisteddfod at Chicago.

An old Welsh couplet is recalled to the mind of a Radnorshire correspondent by the present Limerick mania, when a clergyman meeting the celebrated Twm o'r Nant said:

"Dyma gae o wenith rhagorol."
Twm replied:—
"A'r ddegfed rhan i was y diafol."

The King has the advantage of most Welshmen in this—that he has walked across the Britannia tubular bridge which spans the Menai Straits. He and his father—the late Prince Consort—walked over (not through) the bridge in 1852, escorted by Stephenson, the great engineer.

Walter Davies, in his "Agricultural Survey of South Wales' (1815), states that in 1780 there was not a single house where Morriston now stands. Sixteen years later there were 141 houses. This development was due to Sir John Morris granting cheap leases on a tenure of three lives or 50 years.

Sixty years ago King Edward (then, of course, Prince of Wales) made his first acquaintance with North Wales, when o ff Bangor in the yacht with his Royal parents. He was dressed (says a contemporary account) "in a glazed hat, blue jacket, and white trousers—miniature British tar." He was tremendously cheered when Queen Victoria held him up for the loyal subjects to gaze upon.

Carmarthenshire is noted for a species of wild flower commonly known as

the Welsh orchid, but which goes among floriculturists by the high-sounding title of orchis maculata. Fears of an early extermination by the curious, as was done in the case of the Tenby daffodil, which is now grown in all parts of the country except Tenby, forbids us from mentioning the district in which the flower flourishes. It is a long-stem flower of the hyacinth type, but not quite so open in character.

The living of Cantreff, in Breconshire, which has just been conferred upon Bishop Lloyd, is a very desirable place at which to vegetate. Its income runs into four figures. In Wales only three other livings can boast of an income which runs into so many—Merthyr Tydfil, Hawarden, and perhaps Dowlais. The amount of the income of the latter place is dependent upon that of Merthyr, a stipulation having been made when the parish was formed years ago that the rector should receive one-third of it.

A true reform of the Gorsedd can never be effected without a Royal Commission—not a mere contrivance to collect evidence to fill a new pigeon hole in Downing Street, that mausoleum of grand schemes, but a simple warrant given to a trusty Welsh servant of the King, to see that the Gorsedd is properly convened, held and respected. Nothing less can keep the bards together as an order and in order, and nothing less can satisfy the nation at large.

Bro Morganwg is well represented in Britain beyond the seas. Sir Daniel Morris, brother of the Vicar of Llantwit Major, and the vicar's son are in Jamaica; the Vicar of Llanmaes' son is fast winning fame and something more substantial in South Africa while Mr. Llewelyn Hughes, son of the Vicar of Llancarfan, and his brother fill important positions on a large sugar plantation in Cuba. Mr. Llewelyn Hughes has just been home on furlough.

Sir William Thomas Lewis must have felt highly complimented when recently at Cardiff he was made the recipient of Royal honor. It was in Cathedral Road in the afternoon, where a military band was stationed in readiness to play "God Save the King" at the immediate approach of his Majesty. A motor-car approached—the driving of which was "like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously"—and the band struck up the opening bars, when, lo and behold, the seat of honor in the car was occupied by the Mardy baronet. The public laughed consumedly.

When the King and Queen visited Swansea in 1904 an unexpected incident occurred at the conclusion of the luncheon at the dock. While those attending the lunch were standing and giving the Royal party a hearty send off a schoolboy, wearing a medal, stepped forward towards the Queen, and impulsively presented a hand for her Majesty to shake. Amidst general smiles, the Queen graciously greeted the lad, and patted him on the shoulder.

Mrs. Lloyd George and Mrs. Herbert Lewis are interesting themselves in an effort to establish a Welsh Home in London, and recommend a scheme for providing one or two or three houses in different parts of the Metropolis, where two rooms could be rented and furnished cheaply, to be always at the disposal of a committee, for girls requiring lodgingss, and they suggest cooperation with the Temperance Committee and churches in London, with the Temperance Societies and Girls' Guilds in Wales.

Llenfeithin, in the Vale of Glamorgan, is a place of great historical interest. As the name implies, it was formerly the

scene of a church, which, however long ago disappeared. It was there Cadoc the Wise set up his monastery, the second in point of age and importance in Wales and all Britain. Llanfeithin is now a farmhouse—the home of Mr. Lougher, one of the model farmers of the Vro. Some of the masonry still above ground bears traces of considerable antiquity. In pulling down an old wall some time ago the workmen came across two skeletons in a standing posture. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who are the landlords, were communicated with, and they forthwith ordered the aperture to be filled up and the skeletons to be left untouched. And there they still remain.

It is well known that Lewis Morris (Llewelyn Ddu o Fon) lies buried in the chancel of Llanbadarn Fawr church under a modern stone placed over the grave by his great-grandson, Sir Lewis Morris, but, probably, not one in a thousand of those who have been in the historic church have ever heard that Dafydd ap Gwilym, the greatest of Welsh bards of all ages, was a worshipper there more than five hundred years ago. He was born at Broginin, about six miles to the north-east, three miles beyond Gogerddan, and when living there he attended the parish church.

Years ago a teacher was appointed to Llanuwchllyn who knew shorthand, but was ill-adapted for imparting education to children. One of his pupils bargained to help him with his duties in school if the teacher in turn taught the pupil shorthand out of school hours. The pupil was Mr. O. M. Edwards, and he says to-day that the bargain was one of the best he ever made. "When I remember," says Mr. Edwards, in a preface to a new edition of "Ffonografia," an adaptation of Pitman's system to Welsh, "how useful shorthand has been to me and the labor it has saved me, it is not too much to say that it has added years to my life."

There appeared in the "Revue Encyclopedique" in the year 1819 several articles referring to Wales, and in one of them an account is given of the establishment of the Cambrian Society" for the purpose of rescuing from entire oblivion and destruction all what is left of old Welsh Literature—poetry, history, antiquities, ethics, and religion. A second object of this society is the encouragement of national music. Its first task will be to draw up a complete catalogue of all the Welsh manuscripts that are in the various public and private libraries of Wales, England, and the Continent." It is evident that people thought then that the Welsh language was going to die. The same sentiment prevails to-day in certain quarters, yet the Cymric tongue thrives wonderfully, and, if anything, is more virile than ever.

The Royal visit to Cardiff, July 12, proved in every respect a great success. The occasion, as is well known, was the opening by his Majesty of the latest addition to Cardiff's docks, a great water area having been constructed upon the foreshore by the Cardiff Railway Company, who have spent close upon a million and a half sterling in improving the dock and railway facilities of the port.

The signal favor conferred upon the Marquis of Bute and the city by the visit of the King, who was accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria, was fully recognised by the unbounded enthusiasm with which his Majesty and his charming consort were greeted; and, fortunately, despite the threat of rain earlier in the day, the weather proved on the whole to be fine, no rain falling until nearly 10 o'clock in the evening.

His Majesty's yacht reached Cardiff on Friday evening, and lay in the en-

trance lock until the morning, when, at 10:30, the formal entrance took place by the breaking of a ribbon between the lock and the dock. Proceeding the full length of the dock, his Majesty landed at the north end, before a huge stand containing thousands of spectators, and there formally declared the dock open, naming it "The Queen Alexandra Dock."

An amusing incident is reported from Bethesda, Carnarvonshire. During the tour through Snowdonia recently the King's motor-car stopped opposite the Council offices at Bethesda, the door was opened, and the address of the Council was presented to his Majesty, who handed out the reply. The King did not alight, and children assembled upon the hillside opposite the Council offices had very little chance of seeing him. The car started off again, and proceeded very slowly along the street. "When it had almost got in front of the place where I was standing," writes a correspondent, "I saw that King Edward was endeavoring to attract the attention of his driver, but did not seem able to do so. I then noticed that he had dropped his umbrella. A man in the street saw it, ran with it to the Royal car and presented it to the King, who had opened the door to receive it. The King thanked the man with a smile and the car, which had stopped, moved onwards again. The King now seemed to have difficulty in closing the door, and pulled it too sharply. It did not fasten, and in opening it again for another "bang" the umbrella again fell out. This was too much for the crowd of spectators on both sides of the street, who began to laugh, and the King himself also seemed very much amused. By this time one of the attendants, in a motor-car following that of the King, ran forward, picked up the umbrella, and placed it in the car. The door was then shut, and the motor proceeded on its journey."

The death of Lord Penrhyn in March last has been followed by the appearance of the following advertisement in an American newspaper:

Penrhyn Castle, near Bangor, North Wales, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Penrhyn.—This famous seat, standing in finely timbered park, pleasure grounds, and woodlands extending to nearly 1,000 acres, occupies a beautiful situation, commanding fine sea and mountain views, and is in every way well adapted for the occupation of a family of wealth and distinction; contains a number of noble entertaining chambers, between 60 and 70 bed and dressing rooms, several bathrooms and domestic offices and conveniences; stabling for 30 horses, cottages, and rooms for coachman, &c.; shooting over upwards of 20,000 acres, with good proportion of covert, about 2,000 acres of grouse moor, and affording a great variety of game; exclusive fishing for brown and sea trout and salmon for about four miles; yacht anchorage and private sea bathing within a short distance of the mansion.

It is the more remarkable that Penrhyn Castle should be to let, because the late peer, who was enormously wealthy and the owner of the famous Bethesda slate quarries, left £600,000 in personalty alone. His son, the present peer, married a daughter of the third Lord Southampton, and has two sons and three daughters. He was formerly Unionist member for South Northamptonshire.

Captain Henry Morgan, the bold Welshman, brought buccaneering to the height and flower of its glory. His first important attempt was the bold descent upon the city of Puerto Principe, in Cuba, with a mere handful of men. It was a deed the boldness of which has never been outdone by any of a like nature. The plunder was computed at 300,000 pieces of eight, besides 500 head of cattle and many prisoners

held for ransom. But when the division was to be made only 50,000 pieces of eight were to be found, and none but Captain Morgan knew what had become of the remainder. At Porto Bello the spoils amounted to 25,000 pieces of eight, besides merchandise and jewels. Maracaybo was plundered, and three Spanish ships of war destroyed, after which Morgan decided to attack and plunder Panama. On the way he had to capture the castle of Chagres, one of the strongest in the West Indies, and afterwards for ten days his band of scoundrels suffered the pangs of starvation, the Spaniards having removed or destroyed every scrap of food along the route. But Panama, one of the greatest cities in the New World, was reached, and after severe fighting the torch was applied and the town soon swept from the face of the earth. In three weeks' time Morgan and his men marched away with 175 beasts of burden loaded with treasures of gold and silver and jewels, besides great quantities of merchandise, and 600 prisoners held for ransom. With fabulous wealth—there were not many multi-millionaires in those days—Captain Morgan retired from "business," honored by all, rendered famous by his deeds, knighted by King Charles II., and afterwards appointed governor of the island of Jamaica.

ROYAL VISITS TO WALES.

Never before was given to South Wales such opportunity as that of the other Saturday to prove its loyalty to the Crown. In fact, since Wales was united to the Crown of England there has not been such an event, when all with one mind joined to put into practice that which is meant by "a real Welsh welcome."

His Majesty seemed to have a kind of self-feeling of the treatment and the reception his ancestors used to have when coming among the Welsh hills, with their huge armies, from the Conqueror to the suppression of Glyndwr's insurrection, which seemed to have terminated the hostile visits of Royalty to the Principality; and in 1495 King Henry VIII. visited Hawarden Castle on the pretext of stag hunting, but his real motive was, perhaps, to soothe the Earl of Derby after the ungrateful execution of his brother, Sir William Stanley.

His Majesty was keen enough to discover the Welsh patriotism which is still aflame; but now of loyalty to his throne, and which burns as brightly now, in time of peace, as it did in the long pastimes of turbulence and war.

The Royal visits made by the first Edwards, the Henrys, John and Richard II., were not "angel's visits, few and far between," but on the contrary, they were numerous, and distinguished by the desolating scourge of war and carnage, and as one author remarks, that "although they were eventually crowned with success, yet they were with less glory to the conquerors than to the vanquished," who for more than eight hundred years had defended their country with an unparalleled valor and constancy.

King Edward I. was the founder of the most magnificent of Welsh castles, magnificent even in their ruins. We regard them to-day as monuments of antiquity, and despise them as the emblems of the tyranny which conquered and enslaved our country, and we triumph in their destruction, in the enjoyment of civilised improvement and commercial prosperity.

The new Queen Alexandra Dock, which was opened recently at Cardiff, will add more to the prosperity of the Principality than all the castles it ever contained. We have the following record of the Kings of England invading Wales:—

"William the Conqueror carried his arms into Wales at the head of a great

army in 1079, and after receiving homage of the Welsh Princes, and the oath of fealty, took his army to St. David's, and offered up his devotions at that shrine.

"William Rufus invaded Wales, followed by a large army, only thirteen years after his father, and was repulsed with heavy loss by the Welsh Tywysogion, and was compelled to leave the country in dishonor.

"Stephen was compelled to make peace with Wales upon conditions which exposed the feebleness of his government.

"Henry II., in the year 1157, invaded the Principality with a large army, marching by Chester into Flintshire, to be defeated by the sons of Owen Gwynedd. Rhys ab Gruffydd, the immediate heir to the Sovereign dignity of South Wales, having been slighted by King Henry, threw off his allegiance, and took up his sword to compel the King to do him justice, and King Henry regarded this revolt of sufficient importance to demand his presence in South Wales. He entered the country by the coasts of Glamorgan and Gower, to find all his efforts ineffectual, and had to return into his own territory.

The King returned in a course of a few years no less than three times, having declared his resolution at the head of a powerful army, to exterminate the whole of the population, but failed completely.

"King John invaded Wales in the year 1211, marching by the shore from Chester to Rhuddlan, and passing the river Clwyd advanced to Conway, taking possession of the castle of Teganwy, but Llewelyn cut off his retreat, and when the King had no remedy, he returned in great rage, leaving the country full of dead bodies.

"King John returned again with another army, and marched upon Conway and Bangor, and took the Bishop prisoner, who was ransomed by the Welsh, paying for his release two hundred marks, forty horses, and twenty thousand head of cattle.

"Henry III. invaded Wales in the year 1220, again in the years 1223, 1228, 1229, 1231, afterwards in 1241 and 1245, when he returned to England with his army much shattered and reduced. Henry again resolved to invade Wales in 1257, at the head of a powerful army, and had to retreat ingloriously, with his army shattered.

"Edward I., now King of England in 1274, undertook the task which his father so completely failed to perform, commenced that series of events which ultimately terminated in the conquest of Wales. Edward II., the first Prince of Wales, being born in Carnarvon. This King in 1326 took refuge in Wales from the pursuit of his enemies, but being discovered was made prisoner in the land of his birth, and delivered over by his captors to the Earl of Leicester, from which captivity he never escaped, but was cruelly put to death at Berkeley Castle in 1327.

Such difference in the circumstances under which King Edward VII. visited Caerffili to those when Edward II. went there. In this year the Queen and Barons had executed the elder Spencer in the sight of his son, and their friend the King. The King and the young Spencer put to sea from Bristol, and after struggling for some days with storms and contrary winds, landed on the Glamorgan coast, and made for Caerffili. Finding that they were not safe at Caerffili they went for Margam, thence to Llangynwyd, Neath. Chased from place to place as by bloodhounds, until he was captured, Drayton in the Baron's Wars describes the unfortunate King:—

"Who seeking succor offer'd next at hand,
At least for Wales he takes him to the seas;
And seeing Lundy, that so fair did stand,

Thither would steer, to give his sorrows ease;
That little model of a greater land
As in a dream his fancy seem'd to please,
For fain he would be King (yet) of an isle,
Although his empire bounded in a mile."

During the triumphant reign of Edward III., there appeared no sufficient cause for his presence in Wales. But we find the Welsh fighting under his banners in the battles of Cressy and Poictiers, it being the maxim with the ancient Britons of the Principality, whatever wars might be raging between them and the Anglo Normans within the island, always to make common cause with them abroad; the Scotch and Irish, on the contrary, enlisted themselves against both English and Welsh.

Richard II. landed in Wales from Ireland with 20,000 men to quell the rebellion of the Duke of Lancaster, but was compelled to surrender himself a prisoner at Flint Castle, and was finally deposed.

Henry IV. was disturbed by the revolt of Owain Glyndwr, and had in Wales at one time as many as 35,000 men under his command. Still Owain Glyndwr died "ar wellt 'l wely."—Cadrawd.

Professor ApMadoc, the distinguished Welsh-American, now on a visit to Wales, was entertained at the Park Hotel, Cardiff, on Thursday, August 15. The Lord Mayor (Sir William Crossman) presided. Madame Hughes-Thomas's pupils provided a programme of Welsh music. The Lord Mayor proposed the toast of "The Guest," and expressed gratification at being able to greet him on his return to his native land (applause). Professor ApMadoc acknowledged the compliment, and said he rejoiced at the prominent place which the Welsh language movement deservedly occupied in Cardiff. As to America, no matter what nationalities poured into the New World, all of them learned to converse and transact business in the language of King Edward VII. and President Roosevelt—the language of trade and commerce from "sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth." At the same time all nationalities could speak their own languages and cultivated their own nationalism to their hearts' content. Languages rich in classical literature were taught in all the public schools. It was a cherished doctrine among them that the study of one language helped materially in the study of another, and no restraint whatever was put upon any people in this matter. Rev. Ifano Jones presented greetings to the Welsh American in poetry. Alderman Edward Thomas asked Mr. ApMadoc to convey grateful acknowledgments to Welsh-Americans who had sent kind messages to the homeland. The Rev. A. E. Hyslop submitted the health of the Lord Mayor, which was heartily received.

MY MOTHER.

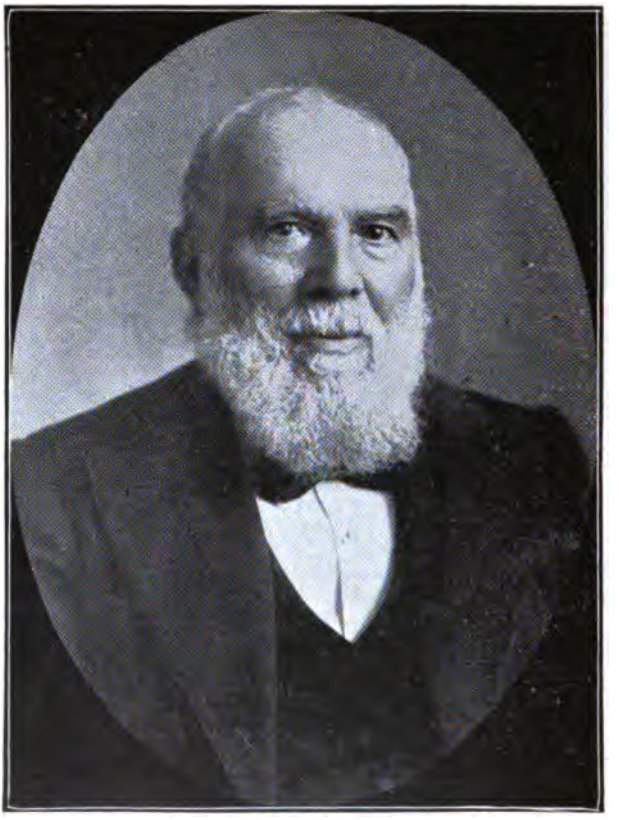
Translated from the Welsh by Owen Morris.

I was nurtured, Oh how gently,
By a mother's love and care;
She encircled me with kindness,
She commended me in prayer.
At her hands I never suffered,
She her comfort did not seek,
When in anguish, sweetly smiling,
Planting kisses on my cheek.

Early taught me true obedience
By a word or loving nod,
Taught me how to truly worship,
Night and morn, the living God;
Over me, a helpless infant,
She kept watch both day and night,
Never shunned the utmost effort,
Naught was trouble in her sight.

Now, how precious are her chidings
When I erred or went astray,
Now, the "rod" is daily blooming,
Bearing fruit along the way;
Kisses, counsel, smiles and chidings
Guided me through childhood years,
And the gems to me most precious
Are my mother's sacred tears.

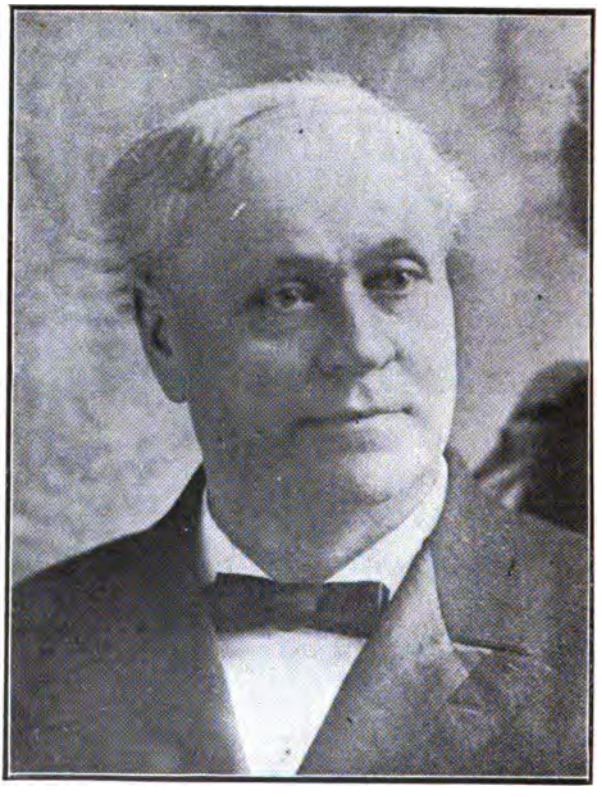
Church of the Blind at Liverpool, Eng., Showing Tile Ornament.



REV. ISAAC THOMAS.

REV. J. ELIAS WILLIAMS, NANKING, CHINA.

ELIZABETH JANE JONES,
GOMER, O.



TALIESIN EVANS.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

TALIESYN EVANS.

Taliesin Evans, formerly clerk of Oneida County, died at his home in Yonkers recently. He had lived in Yonkers for the past six years and recently his health had not been good. He was in Utica in June attending the department encampment of the Grand Army and was cordially greeted by his many friends. All will learn of his death with sorrow.

Mr. Evans was born in Floyd, Oneida County, October 6, 1847, and was a son of Rev. Thomas T. Evans, who was a well known Welsh clergyman, and who preached for many years at Floyd and Holland Patent. He died in May, 1897, over 90 years of age. The son, Taliesin, was educated in the common school at Floyd and at Whitestown Seminary. While studying in the latter institution, January 9, 1864, he enlisted in Company D, 117th New York Volunteer Infantry, and went to the war. He served as a private under Capt. David B. McGill, Capt. John Thomas and Capt. Hunt. He was among the last recruits sent to this regiment, but he took part in most of the battles in which the regiment was engaged, including Fort Fisher. He was mustered out in September, 1865, after the war closed, and returned before he had reached his 18th birthday.

He returned to his home in Floyd and taught school that winter and then attended Rome Academy for one term. He taught school on Floyd Hill and in March, 1866, he obtained a position on the R., W. & O. Railroad as trainman on passenger trains. For two years he ran between Rome and Ogdensburg. In May, 1868, he went into the insurance business in Rome with John S. Baker, the firm being Baker & Evans. Mr. Baker had charge of the fire insurance business, and Mr. Evans had sole charge of the life insurance business. He conducted this business until January 1, 1874, when James B. Paddon took office as clerk of Oneida County. Mr. Evans became his deputy and served through the term of three years.

In 1876 he was elected county clerk and served for three years, making Mr. Paddon his deputy. On his retirement in 1880, he went into the real estate and insurance business in Utica, which he conducted quite successfully. In the winter of 1887 he was at Albany, having been appointed assistant journal clerk of the Senate, a position which he filled most acceptably. He kept up his real estate and insurance business in Utica until 1889. In December of that year he was appointed tally clerk of the House of Representatives, and served for two years. This was during the 51st Congress, when Thomas B. Reed was speaker, and Mr. Evans witnessed many stirring scenes there. Soon after leaving service in the House of Representatives Mr. Evans became financial secretary of the American Protective Tariff League. His headquarters were in New York City. His business was in the field, among the manufacturers in the industrial counties of New England States, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. He had made a special study of the tariff and was regarded as an expert authority on it, and the league found his services very valuable.

November 1, 1897, Mr. Evans was appointed private secretary to the appraiser of merchandise of the port of

New York, W. F. Wakeman. Mr. Wakeman went out in December, 1901, and Mr. Evans resigned a month later. Then, at the request of President McKinley, he entered the customs service at the port of New York, as a special employe of the Treasury Department, and there he had since been employed. His duties were to investigate the applications of American manufacturers for drawback on duty on their exports of manufactured goods under Section 307 of the tariff law. His familiarity with the tariff law and with the operations of the custom house made him a most valuable employe in this department.

Mr. Evans was especially well known in political circles and was an influential Republican. He was in his 28th year when he was appointed deputy county clerk and but 30 when he was chosen clerk of Oneida County. He attended all the county conventions and served as secretary of the Oneida County Republican committee in 1887-8-9, and as chairman of the same committee in 1890. While living in Utica he was a member of the Forty Rounds Battalion, a Republican marching organization composed of veteran soldiers. In 1892 he went out for the Republican state committee, making political speeches. In the 1896 campaign, representing the American Protective Tariff League, having made a special study of the tariff question, he made political addresses all over this state and was a most forceful speaker. In the campaign of 1900 he spoke in many of the Western States under the auspices of the western branch of the national Republican committee. In the campaign of 1904 he spoke through Westchester County and in most of the northern towns of Oneida County. He stood high in the councils of the Republican party and was a personal friend of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. Since March, 1893, he had lived in New York City.

Mr. Evans became a member of the G. A. R. in Skillin Post of Rome, and later he belonged to Bacon Post, No. 53, Utica. From here he was transferred to William McKinley Post of Kingsbridge, New York, in which he has held various offices. Mr. Evans was made a mason in Roman Lodge and he was also a member of Rome Chapter, R. A. M. He was a member of the Consistory and the Scottish rite bodies of Utica and Syracuse, being a 32d degree Mason. He became a member of Zayara Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, soon after it was established in Utica. While in Utica he was a member of the Cymreigyddion. He was a fine vocalist and president of the Harmonics, a choral society of which ApMadoc was conductor. Mr. Evans was a member of the First M. E. Church in Rome and served it as trustee. In Utica he was a member of the First M. E. Church, and since living in New York he has been a member of St. James M. E. Church. In 1899 Mr. Evans took a trip to Europe and made a visit to the place in Wales from which his parents had come. He was a man of good address, of pleasing personality and most cordial manner. He was a very intelligent and well read man who made friends readily and kept them. Although he did not begin making political addresses until late in life, he was singularly successful in so doing. While living in Utica he built a handsome house on West Street near Rutger, which was afterward sold to Dr. M. M. Bagg. Mr. Evans was able to speak, read and write the Welsh language as well as English and while his acquaintance throughout the county was large, it was particularly so among the Welsh residents in the northern towns.

January 13, 1870, Mr. Evans married Miss Mary Williams of Rome, who is living. He has one son, Henry C., of New York City, one brother, Gomer Evans, who served in the same company of the 117th Regiment during the war, and two sisters Mrs. D. S. Anthony

of Sioux City, Ia., and Miss Sarah Evans of Utica. The remains were buried in Rome.

———o:o———

THE LATE REV. ISAAC THOMAS.

Rev. Isaac Thomas was born in a cottage called Wernwyne, in Carmarthenshire, on the banks of the Teivy, near Llanybydder. The event took place February 12, 1825. His father's name was John Thomas, and his grandfather was known as Thomas Thomas. Isaac Thomas's father had a brother, who was a farmer, and also carried butter and cheese to the market at Merthyr Tydvil. He was known by the name "Dafydd Ffynondafraa." He was a genial spirit and liked a drink, and when under the influence of liquor he was used to boast that he was "the arm of the kingdom," for the reason that he supplied a number of people at Merthyr with provisions.

Mr. Thomas's father was an orphan, so he had to start to work on the farm early, and never received more than three months of school in his life, but like many Welsh he loved poetry, and he wrote some good poems. He died when 60 years old, and Isaac Thomas wrote a brief sketch of his life for the "Eurgrawn," a Welsh Wesleyan magazine.

Mr. Thomas's mother's maiden name was Sarah Isaac, her father's name being Isaac Evans. It was then often the custom for children to take their father's or their mother's family name.

Isaac Thomas was one of seven children, who all grew up and were married excepting Ann. Isaac was two or three years old when his parents moved to Merthyr, and first settled at Dyffryn, between Pentrebach and Troedyrhiw, a little below Merthyr, in Glamorganshire. That was a little before the Merthyr riots; and about the first thing that Isaac remembered was seeing a body of soldiers passing Dyffryn from Cardiff on their way to Merthyr. He was then about six years old. The riots were caused by a disagreement between the masters and the union. His father, being a union workman, lost his job in Dyffryn, which caused him to move to the lower end of Merthyr, to a place called "Bedwran Fach." The family subsequently moved to Plymouth in the neighborhood, to a place called Penisa'rpentre.

There was very little education in those times, and the only school for the poor was the free school, where the weekly fee was one penny; consequently Isaac Thomas had very little schooling. Soon he commenced to work in Pentrebach Iron Works, when about 10 to 12 years old, but for some time he continued to attend a night school, working day, and in the morning when working night, but he confessed that he learned very little. He found English very hard to master, and he condemned the accumulation of letters which are of no earthly use, such as plough for plow, &c., and he was surprised that the English had never tried to improve their spelling.

He remembered the firt train on the Taff Vale R. R., from Merthyr to Cardiff. These years, while the family lived near the works, Isaac had very little religious advantages, because the church was far. His brother began to attend the Wesleyan Church, which was situated near the Vale of Neath Station, and Isaac followed him, which was the commencement of his connection with the M. E. Church, and he was soon induced to become a member, and he early turned his thoughts to preaching. This was followed by his parents joining the same church along with others of the family. He also signed the temperance pledge in his 17th year, a pledge which he kept faithfully until his death.

He started to preach June 2, 1850, and delivered his first sermon at Aberdare, and he repeated the same at Merthyr, and Dowlais, and he began to preach in different places within the district. He walked most of the way. He followed

the work of puddling during the week, and preached on Sunday, besides attending the various weekly meetings.

During these years he became acquainted with David Hughes, father of Governor Hughes of New York. They went preaching together, and were close friends until David Hughes left for the States. They met again in the States, and renewed the old friendship.

In 1856, Mr. Thomas had a call to Witton Park, Durhamshire, England, where he served as minister to the Welsh colony, where there was an iron mill owned by Bolckow and Vaughan, Vaughan being a Welshman and a Wesleyan. The company furnished the room, and paid half the minister's salary.

October, 1867, he crossed the Atlantic and became minister to the Welsh M. E. Church at Utica, where he remained until May, 1871. His subsequent charges were at Clifton, Ind., Frostburg, Md., Rendham and Horatio, Pa, &c. When 75 years old he retired from the ministry and active work, and moved to New York, where he spent the closing years of a busy life.

Mr. Thomas was a strong man as a writer, preacher, moralist, temperance man and prohibitionist. He wrote articles innumerable to Welsh papers, periodicals and magazines, and he always took an advanced position on all questions political, moral and religious. He knew no compromise, and was never known to surrender. He belonged to that class of fighters who held out to the very last; as determined and unyielding when alone as when he had a thousand to support him. He was absolutely a man of principle, true to his convictions, regardless of how others acted in the struggle. He was afraid of no man, and the simple reason for this was that he feared God from his youthful days until he passed over to the presence of his Maker. An old friend of Mr. Thomas writes of him, "What a pleasure it is to think of a man whose memory needs no embellishment or ornamentation. Our departed friend needs nought but a simple unadorned portrait of what he was. He had nothing to conceal and nothing to palliate."

—o:o—

REV. JOHN E. WILLIAMS.

John Elias Williams is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Elias D. Williams, a deacon of the Welsh Calvinistic Church at Shawnee, O., a young man who has already gained prominence in China as a missionary under the American Presbyterian Board. He attended the public schools and graduated from the High School, June, 1889, in his 18th year.

He entered Marietta College, where he worked hard, graduating with honors in Greek, philosophy and mathematics. He left Marietta to become headmaster of Salem Academy, Salem, O., where he remained for two years. He entered Auburn Seminary, where he became assistant teacher in Greek, and in 1899 he was accepted as missionary under the Presbyterian Board, and sailed from Vancouver for Nanking on the "Empress of Japan," August 15, 1899. The previous week he was married to Miss Lillian Caldwell, of South Salem, O., who accompanied him, and has proved herself a valuable helpmeet in his missionary labors.

Very soon after reaching China, the Boxer movement broke out, and July 22, 1900, they were compelled to sail for Japan, where a daughter was born to Mrs. Williams, which was named "Faith," in commemoration of those perilous times. In Japan Mr. Williams continued to study the Chinese language under a Chinese teacher. Soon after their return to Nanking, Mr. Williams was considered proficient in Chinese, and in a few years he was among the best of foreigners as a speaker in the language, and was engaged as a teacher in an institution of learning for the young, and as a local minister. He often preached also in the open air and on street corners.

During the Japano-Russian war he was appointed teacher to a large number of Chinese students, located in Tokio, Japan. The family reached Tokio, November 21, 1906. He labored hard there and among the students at Waredu, where he succeeded in converting a number to Christianity, which resulted in establishing the "Chinese Union Christian Church" in Tokio, with a membership of 60, where preaching is heard in English and Chinese. Mr. Williams remarks that more can be done among the students in Japan to evangelize China than in China itself. for these students return to different parts of China taking the light of the gospel with them.

Mr. Williams and family are home on a visit, and he has already addressed his Welsh home church twice, and the calls for his services are already numerous, and among the objects of his visit is the collection of $100,000 towards a Union Christian University at Nanking. On the journey home they visited Seattle, Wash., where Mr. Williams has two sisters, Mrs. Evan Jones and Mrs. Gwilym Roberts.

———o:o———

ELIZABETH J. JONES.

[In Memory of Elizabeth Jane Jones, a loved character of Gomer, O., who died July 10th, 1907.

A life so beautiful, so pure,
A character that could endure,
A conduct that will bear to trace
Its every act, and naught efface;
A Christian faithful to the end
Such as the Master doth commend;
A life whose influence we feel
Whose death leaves wounds that cannot heal.

If we but could prolong her day,
With loving hands that arrow stay;
If loyal hearts had only pow'r
To spare the sorrow of this hour;
Alas! for human efforts fail,
And hopes and pray'rs could not avail,
Helpless we cry and search for light,
For earth reveals but darkest night.

A mystery too deep to solve,
A cloud through w...ch no rays evolve;
A season when we cannot see,
A time when silence seems to be
The only thing that brings relief
The only remedy for grief;
When none but God can touch the heart
And He alone can peace impart.

And as this spirit wing'd its flight,
Oh! may we recognize Thy might;
Thy judgments and Thy mercies stand,
And all is safe within Thy hand;
Since Thou hast fitted in Thy love,
For her a dwelling place above,
And taken home this cherish'd one,
Help us to say "Thy will be done."

We grope in darkness when we try
To understand the reason why;
"Lead kindly light," lead thou the way,
Transform this chaos into day;
With spirits crush'd beneath the blow
Yet dauntless faith help us to know
That out of trials triumphs come,
And then to say "Thy will be done."

Denver, Col. LIZZIE OWEN.

———o:o———

A STRAY THOUGHT.

By Charles J. Fuess.

'Tis hard to tell just what to do
When many give advice,
And still more difficult in view
Of evils that entice.

So many trav'lers think they're right
And act as though they were,
'Tis hard to be full in His light
And not quite oft demur.

Now may it not be that thy life
Be full of care and woe
For rules there are to wreck this strife
That often lays hearts low.

Oh, know thyself, and know thy bounds,
And keep within His creed;
No need to fear then for thy soul,
Thy toil obtains its meed.

Man and Superman.

As a rule, man's a fool,
When it's hot ,he wants it cool;
When it's cool, he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not,
Never wanting what he's got.
As a rule, man's a fool.

As a rule, woman's wise,
When she can't get what she wants,
Then she cries.
Man can not withstand her tears,
So he "gives up" to the dears,
As a rule, woman's wise,
When she can't get what she wants,
Then she cries. —Century.

CURRENT EVENTS.

July 12—Secretary Taft settles the controversy over the property of the Catholic Church in the Philippines.—Mrs. Mary Bowie and her son, Henry Bowie, are acquitted of murder at La Plata, Md., by an appeal to the unwritten law.—King Edward visits Cardiff.

July 13—Mark Twain sails for the United States on the steamer Minnetonka, of the Atlantic Transport Line. A statue of Garibaldi, given by Italy to Paris, is unveiled.

July 14—An attempt to kill M. Fallieres is made on the Avenue des Champs Elysees by a naval reserve named Leon Maille, of Havre, who fired two shots at the President; Maille was arrested.

July 15—Richard Croker declines the Nationalist nomination for Parliament from East Wicklow.—Germany is alarmed at the success of the French war-balloon Patrie and the news that France has sixty others stored on the frontier.

July 16—Dr. E. R. Taylor, dean of the University of California, is elected Mayor of San Francisco.

July 18—The Emperor of Korea abdicates; his Ministers resign.

July 21—John Wanamaker's stables on his estate at Lyndenhurst, near Philadelphia, destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $1v0,000.

July 22—Karl Hau of Washington, D. C., condemned to death for the murder of his mother-in-law, Frau Molitor.—Hoohaness Tavshanjian, a wealthy Persian rug importer, murdered in New York.

July 25—In the Jewish quarter of Philadelphia, a riot was caused by the kosher butchers raising the price of meats.

July 27—The battle-ship Bellerophon, the second of the Dreadnought class, is launched at Portsmouth, England. Her tonnage is 18,600.—United States Senator Edmund Pettus, of Alabama, dies at Hot Springs, N. C., following an apoplectic stroke.

July 28—William D. Haywood is acquitted at Boise of complicity in the murder of ex-Governor Steuenberg.—An attempt is made to kill King Peter of Servia by changing railway signals so as to cause a collision between the royal train and another at Palanka, no one is seriously hurt.—The Moroccan troops win a victory over the rebels, looting and burning villages near where Kaid MacLean is held prisoner by Raisuli.

July 30—Secretary Taft is given the indorsement of the Ohio Republican Committee for President in 1908. The foundation-stone of the Palace of Peace, presented by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is laid at Zoegvliet, near The Hague.

July 31—Moroccan tribesman raid Casablanca, killing the native guards and seven Europeans.

August 1—Spain makes preparations to join France in order to avenge the murder of Europeans in Casablanca; France holds the Pasha responsible for the safety of Casablanca.

August 2—The Secretary of State of Alabama revokes the license of the Southern Railway to do business in the State.

August 3—Judge Landis, in the United States District Court in Chicago, fines the Standard Oil Company of Indiana $29,240,000 in a decision in which the methods and actions of the Standard are severely censured.—Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, dies at his summer home at Cornish, N. H.

August 6—Andrew Carnegie gives $500,000 to the King Edward Hospital Fund.

August 8—John Sharp Williams is officially declared to be the Democratic nominee for United States Senator from Mississippi. He defeats Governor Vardaman in the primary election by 648 votes.

August 9—An attack of Arab tribesmen on General Drude's forces outside Casablanca is repulsed by the

French troops, assisted by fire from the war-ships.

August 11—The anticlerical campaign in Italy grows in intensity. The Government frames a bill for the inspection of all lay and clerical institutions for children. The Vatican intends to fight the measure.—Sentence of death is passed on Prince Yi by the new Korean Emperor, as leader of the deputation to The Hague.

August 12—The President issues an order making Labor Day a holiday for all per-diem Government employees. —the Japanese troops capture the island of Kangwha.

August 14—The Eighth International Zionist Congress opens at The Hague.

August 15—Josef Joachim, the world-famous violinist, dies in Berlin.—The United States cruiser squadron in the Pacific starts on a visit to Japan.

———o:o———

Had Abraham Lincoln lived in Norway or Sweden, probably he would never have been known to the world as "Honest Abe," because there honesty is so common as to attract no attention. Travelers tell us that at the railway restaurants passengers help themselves to whatever they wish, and then report what they have eaten and pay for the same without any questions being asked. A person's word is always taken, and he is never watched. On the steamboats, after each meal, a traveler writes down in a large book what he has eaten. When ready to go ashore, he calls a waitress, who affixes a price to each item, adds up the amount, receives the money, and puts it in her pocket. When filled, she gives the money, without counting, to the stewardess. Instead of making them careless, they are more scrupulously honest than any other nation in the world.

———o:o———

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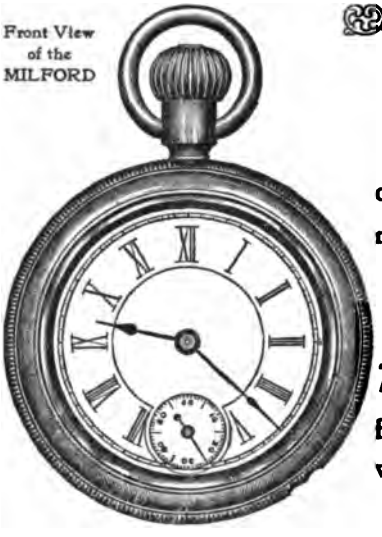

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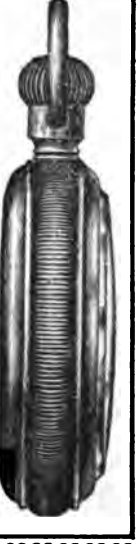

Side View of the "Milford." Note extreme thinness

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS,

Publisher of THE CAMBRIAN,

UTICA, N. Y.

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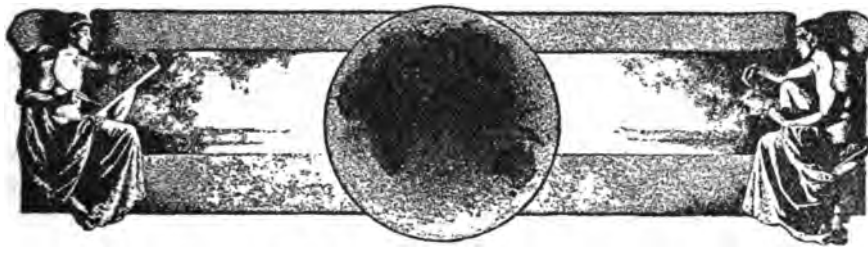

Thoughts of the Month.

Church and Labor. It has been a question for a time how to get labor into church, and some churches are devoting considerable thought and time to devise means to attract it thither. Every effect has its cause, and if we study the career of labor through the ages we shall find that idleness has been greatly glorified above labor; labor having been the most degraded and neglected of all the useful things in the world; and it is stranger still when we thing that labor is most serviceable to man of all forms of activity. This in itself is a sad reflection on human philosophy and doctrine up to now, that the most serviceable thing in the world has been the most neglected. Churches until of late have done very little to help labor, but they are moving in the direction to recognize labor as a social item. The Presbyterian Church has inaugurated a department of labor with a correspondence adjunct to instruct ministers in socialism, trades unionism, tenement-house life and other phases of city problems. These subjects have hitherto had but little attention from ministers and churches. Church religion or Christianity of late has been the quintessence of respectability, and it seems to have been the vogue to go to church to forget the world, and especially the world of common labor and misery. Christ came into the world to save the lost—have the churches come into the world to forget?

Myself and the Other Self. Christ was the first and best exponent of individualism—he was man complete. The sinful man uses his individualism to serve himself, while the perfect man in Christ turned the occasion to sin in others into grace and goodness. Every true follower of Christ is individualistic, but the end is not personal but altruistic. Selfishness is the essence of sin. We often hear the objection that altru-

ism will deprive man of his incentive to action, but history contradicts this argument. Christ proves by His life and the glorious results of His life and death that the higher life consecrates individualism to others instead of to itself which is the consideration that makes the evil. Individualism is mere worker, love of others the distributor. That is a quaint saying, "That most people are other people." The world is outside us, and so if we want to serve at all, we have to go out of ourselves. When we consider how selfish are people generally, we are constrained to believe that we need a Fifth Gospel to concentrate the great truth that the kingdom is outside selfishness, and that in order to be subjects thereof we must become unselfish.

Heresies and Sins. The Papal Syllabus has been published in all the Catholic journals, and in some Protestant periodicals and newspapers. The good Pope condemns 65 errors of doctrines inside and outside the Church. The publication seems to have passed over without much notice, and thousands of our American citizens have hardly considered or reflected upon an event which in ages passed would have struck fear into the hearts of heretics. We have become so practical of late that we care very little for doctrinal hair-splittings and theological legerdemain. A Syllabus of actual and degrading sins and evils would have struck our age better—the saloon, political corruption, the wholesale robbing of the people, the love of money, the root of all evil, &c., for instance. The good Pope does not mention these, although thousands of the children of the Church are deeply involved and entangled in the sorry and sinful business. Sociology is becoming the theology of the people.

A Strange Appearance. We had scare crows enough in our State in the form of laws, agencies, courts, police, &c., but they did not frighten the political and commercial birds of prey worth a cent; but of late, something strange has happened, the people have chosen a new husbandman to look after the farm, and the plunderous tribe which was after booty and spoil has disappeared, and far away on distant trees we may see a solitary crow or a hawk, but they take good care to keep outside the far-reaching range of the new farmer's gun. Governor Hughes is but a small man compared to the people of New York State, yet he is a "strong nation," and as a servant and stewart of the Mighty One of Jacob, he has already made the walls of our state Salvation and her gates Praise; and by God's grace, he is making her officers peace, and her exactors righteousness. An honest governor is among the greatest works of God.

Life Means Change There is unrest in religion, in politics, in philosophy, in every thing, for the simple reason that the human mind is evolving out of darkness, and con-

sequently light is increasing, and what seemed to our fathers to be orthodoxies and justice, is to us some things quite different. There will be, therefore, unrest until our philosophies religious and social are improved and the improved views put in practice. The inconsistency between creed and deed, between profession and life is one constant cause of unrest. Rest is equilibrium. This must be better managed and adjusted to attain social and religious rest. Religion and politics must give better satisfaction; people must be persuaded that the ends of both are the good of the public, not the personal pecuniary benefit of the participators.

New Way of Thinking. We may be slow to admit the fact, but yet it is becoming more evident every day, that human interest is shifting from philosophy and metaphysics to science and ethics. We are no longer satisfied with the old idea that "what is, is right," that the old order of things is the divine order, and that the effort to change and improve things is ungodly. The stagnated state of civilization so long prevalent has been protected by the false fear of God inculcated by our theologies. People were afraid to think; they were afraid to believe that wrong was wrong, if the church taught otherwise. Education and philosophy were used to justify the ways of the tyrant and the oppressor and the despoiler, and God was persistently taught to be on the side of the rulers, and the people being so ignorant, they had no argument except their own degradation and misery, and that was attributed to their sins which called for such judgments upon them. But all this has changed; education is becoming the common light of all; the human intellect is expanding; every fallacy consecrated of yore is being exposed, and the rights of the common people are becoming the "chief" and "only" end of government. The new idea, and the new method of thinking is making us all kings and priests, the true outcome of the evangel which Christ brought among men, but which they did not comprehend. Old Esaias in the grey morning shouted "Make straight the way of the Lord," but the princes of the Church have been making it crooked and keeping it crooked. The best wisdom is justice and mercy, and the human family is being educated rapidly to recognize the simple fact which the rubbish of philosophy and theology has hid.

Science and Politics. Governor Hughes has turned New York State into a school, and its people into pupils, and has himself become a kind of itinerant teacher to inculcate the simplest truths of honesty and honor. It may be said of the Governor that he is the poorest politician the State has ever seen; and it is that we need, henceforth, poor politicians and fine statesmen. He is bringing us home from duplicity to simplicity, from dishonesty to right-

eousness, from falsehood to truth, from hypocrisy to sincerity; and wherever he goes, his presence is a revelation and his speech a restoration. He appeals to the unfallen in man, to his unsophisticated reason, to his uncorrupted nature, and every honest man in the State agrees to almost all he says. He does not address the corrupt and rascally part of man, but the honest and honorable remnant, how small and weak soever it may be. Being honest and honorable himself, he appeals to the honest and the honorable in others. Recently he spoke to an audience of farmers in this simple manner: "What I want to say is that this same scientific method which we admire be applied everywhere throughout the administration of government." The scientific method stands for truth, and truth only.

The Queries of the Future. One of these days the question will rise in spite of every opposition, "Was this world created for business or for the benefit of the people generally?" A good many similar questions will rise as soon as man will start out on an intellectual career. Hitherto man has been very little higher and more considerate than the beast of the field. His morals and sense of justice were low, and his intellectual ability was used to advance his own personal interests, and when cruelty or even bloodshed was necessary (as was seen on a great scale in the time of slavery in the States) man hesitated not for a moment to use them to enforce the misery of others to serve his own gain and comfort. But after a while, when man has become enlightened enough to think in a Christian way over many things, a hundred questions will raise their heads to torment the human mind and conscience until they are settled on the Christian basis of humanity and justice. In the kingdom of Christ selfishness has no rights. The question of the rights of what is called "business" or "commercialism" will be among the foremost to be attended to, and one of the first results of the settlement will be a more humane distribution of the fruits of labor.

SEPTEMBER.

The rose is dying,
The birds are flying,
The winds are sighing,
  The leaves are red.
Bare limbs are showing,
The grass is blowing,
The month is going,
  Summer is dead.

The browning meadows
Are half in shadows
Beyond the hedgerows,
And half in sun.
The cattle bawling,
The quail a-calling,
The apples falling,
  Slow, one by one.

The nights get older,
The days get colder,
Mosquitoes bolder,
  To our despair.
As we are rapping,
And slyly tapping,
And vainly slapping
  In empty air.

The summer seeming
To be a-dreaming.
With sun a-beaming,
  Has gone so fast;
It is with wonder
We sit and ponder,
How we could blunder
  And think 'twould last.

A Few Landmarks of English History.

By Benjamin B. Esau.

II.

BEGINNINGS OF PARLIAMENT.

And what was this body that had assumed such great powers as the practical deposing of one king and the electing of another. To answer this question it is necessary to again turn back in English history. It has been said that for three hundred years England was bound in fetters by the Norman conquerors. Still there was ever a slight growth, feeble as it might be, from time to time.

William the Conqueror ruled with a rod of iron. His eldest son was for some reason disinherited by him, and William Rufus made heir. There was much dissatisfaction at this, for Robert of Normandy was very popular, while his brother was hated. William Rufus was so bad a king that a revolt of the people was threatened, and William became so alarmed, for he knew he could not depend on his own barons, that he besought the good offices of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury. Some concessions were made, more promised, and the people were quieted. Then Rufus was killed while hunting, accidentally or otherwise, and his brother Henry seized upon the throne. Robert of Normandy at once made war on him, but was captured and died after many weary years a prisoner in Cardiff Castle. Henry was a shrewd and apparently well-meaning man, so far as government was concerned. He did much to check the outrageous Norman barons, enlarged the privileges of the common people, helped trade by the issuing of charters and privileges without which they could not exist, encouraged foreign artisans to settle in England and to manufacture articles hitherto unknown there. He also introduced some scheme of representation, crude of course, by which the different cities might be represented in some sort of council when supplies were needed, or when matters especially concerning them were to be passed upon. Above all, Henry married a Saxon wife. (Read Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England.") So that for a Norman he was fairly popular with the people, as his reign was a great contrast to his father's and brother's, notwithstanding his undoubted lack of principle, and he seems to have used his influence with the people to keep his unruly barons in check.

Henry died, then came the bitter civil war between his daughter and Stephen, both grandchildren of the Conqueror. The barons were nearly equally divided, and the more they harried one another and impoverished themselves the stronger were the towns becoming, especially London, which espoused Stephen's case. The Norman soldiery had intermar-

ried with Saxons, and, after three generations, a race was growing up that, while still calling itself French, was really wholly identified with England, and their language was such a bastard French that none but themselves could understand it.

Stephen died, and Henry II. succeeded him. He was a strong king, and though extravagant in many ways seems to have ruled fairly well and to have considerably relieved the people of some of the onerous burdens that were crushing them. His dispute with Thomas A'Becket and its tragic ending is well known; also his famous amour with Fair Rosamond. His sons were very unruly, raised the standard of revolt, and embittered his last days.

Richard Coeur de Lion now succeeded, and what with his wars and crusades nearly ruined the country. Stil he was popular with the masses, and treated them kindly. (See Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe.") Killed in France, the despicable John, his brother, succeeded him. It was from this miserable creature that the Magna Charta was wrung, and though it was evtorted from him by the barons, and was intended largely for their own protection and profit, still it was a further recognition of the rights of the people.

And so, from time to time, we find the common people surely if slowly, gaining ground. John was succeeded by his son, Henry III., a bad son of an evil father. This reign is noted for great dissensions among the barons themselves, and also for a great revolt against the king known as the barons' war. The celebrated Simon de Montfort, married to the king's sister, at first successfully supported the king's cause, but at last, to save the country, took up arms against the king, captured him, and then, to relieve the anarchy existing, formulated a scheme for a parliament that should to some extent represent all interests. This was so decided an advance in the right direction that De Montfort is often called the "Father of the English Parliament." His idea seems to have been to preserve the balance between king and baron by increasing the power of the people. Tremendous results, probably little dreamed of by him, were to proceed from his innovation. Strange to say, De Montfort was not an English peer, except by marriage, was not a Norman, nor a true Frenchman, but Philo-Celts may pride in the fact that the man who established this tremendous engine for the betterment of the people was of their race, he being of an old family of Brittany, and a native of that duchy.

De Montfort went the way of all reformers of that day, and Edward I., son of Henry, ascended the throne. It is remarkable that although Edward was popular, was a great soldier and very successful, he deemed it wise to conciliate the people by largely increasing their representation, relieving them of many inflictions, and notably restored privileges originally granted by Edward the Confessor, and which had

been in abeyance since the Norman occupation. Edward I. was the king who so shamefully put the brave Sir William Wallace to death. (See Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs.") One great principle secured by the people's representatives from Edward was a control of taxation. When money was needed they were to be consulted, and were themselves to raise the amounts agreed upon. This was an extension of the privileges first secured under Henry I., as before noted. It seems at first strange that Edward should make such a concession, but the truth is probably that he felt he could better trust the people than the haughty, plotting and unprincipled barons. Certain it is that this privilege was clung to by the English people with great tenacity, as a vital principle, and the "No taxation without representation" cry of centuries later simply showed that this great principle had taken equally strong root across the Atlantic. (Read history of American Revolution.)

Edward was succeeded by his son, Edward II., a most dismal failure, and another example of a weak son following a strong father to be so often met with in English history. He was deposed by Parliament, acting under the instigation of his own wife, and was succeeded by his son, Edward III., already spoken of as a strong king. It was said that feudalism reached its high-water mark in this reign. Perhaps it would be more correct to say semi-feudal, for the people had secured too much recognition for the government to be called a strictly feudal one. Strong as Edward III. was, he was compelled to conciliate still further in order to raise the means of prosecuting his numerous wars. Parliamentary representation was greatly extended and improved, making it what it practically remained for several centuries, and this body it was, the recognized representatives of the people, which was convened by Edward the Black Prince, as already spoken of, and which, a generation later, was to depose one of Edward's grandsons and enthrone another grandson in his place.

This brings this crude sketch back again to the accession of Henry the Fourth. Holding his power as he did from Parliament, and fully conscious as he was of the deadly enmity of the barons, Henry naturally exalted the Parliament in public esteem, and it assumed a greater importance than ever. The burghers were encouraged, and London became a strong adherent of the fortunes of the House of Lancaster. In spite of all the factional struggles and misgovernment the country had made great strides forward as a nation. The term Norman had died out, and English was now claimed by peer and peasant. It was now 350 years from the Norman conquest, and the Saxon language, despised and suppressed at first, had gained ground slowly, and then rapidly, till at last the language of the whole nation was largely composed of what had all along been the real

mode of speech of the common people. It is said that it was about the middle of the fourteenth century that English became the common tongue, and by the reign now under comment (1400) the language had become scholarly and refined enough for the use of a Chaucer, that "well of English pure and undefiled."

Great changes had also taken place in the condition of the nation. Impoverished barons had here and there been fain to repair their fortunes by marrying daughters of rich burghers; in many cases, too, sons of these wealthy craftsmen secured positions under rich patrons and distinguished themselves on the battlefield, all of which tended to greatly break down the wall of utter exclusiveness that had prevailed, and helped to render the nation more homogeneous.

HENRY IV.

Henry was not long to enjoy his throne in peace, however. The Northumberland faction, the principal supporters of Henry against Richard, were dissatisfied with their share of the spoils, and raised the standard of revolt. The Welsh, too, ever restless and eager to push their national aspirations, rose under Owain Glyndwr (Glendower). Henry managed to check the Welsh, and then intercepted his northern adversaries (who were marching to join the Welsh) at Shrewsbury, where a bloody battle was fought, and where Hotspur, the hope of the Northumberland party, was killed. (Shakespere treats this epoch quite fully in Henry IV.) Henry's methods seem to have been to conciliate if possible, or else to utterly crush. So most of the leaders of the revolt were pardoned, but a second effort cost most of them their heads. Edward III., either so as to conciliate the Welsh and Irish, those ever restless people, or to secure men for his frequent wars, had given important commands in his service to Irish and Welsh captains, thereby securing large bodies of their followers as soldiers, and the great victory of Crecy over the French was partly fought by these Celtic allies. Henry now followed a like policy, and made many concessions, though one Welsh uprising was put down with much severity. Owain Glyndwr, too, was scandalously treated, but held his own with varying fortunes till his death.

CLAIM OF HOUSE OF YORK.

During Henry's reign a strange contention arose, which was destined eventually to bathe England in blood. We have seen that Henry's father, John o' Gaunt, was son of Edward the Third, but he was not next to the Black Prince, as the Duke of York came before him. It was now held that great injustice had been done. It was not disputed that Parliament could depose a bad king. To have held otherwise would have necessitated raising the standard of Richard, which no one thought of doing, and he was soon foully murdered; but it was claimed that when a king was deposed by the people the next in succession should be taken, as was

done in the case of Edward II. Had this been done, the Duke of York, instead of Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, would have succeeded when Richard was deposed. It will be worth bearing this point in mind, for on this contention was to be waged the bloody War of the Roses some years later, so called because the badge of the house of York was a white rose, that of Lancaster a red one. But Henry was too strong for his adversaries, and the claim must needs lie in abeyance—scotched but by no means killed.

HENRY V.

Henry was followed by his son, Henry V., known to all readers of Shakespeare as "Falstaff's Harry." He also was far too popular for any York manifestations. So strong was he, indeed, that he determined to essay the reconquest of Normandy, that endless bone of contention between the English and the French. He had poor success, however, for fever broke out in his camp, and he was making the best of his way home when the French cornered his little army, and prepared to annihilate it. Henry had continued the policy of his father of conciliating the Welsh and Irish and had large numbers of soldiers of those races in his service. (Read Shakespeare's play of Henry V). Driven to bay, Henry's men fought with desperate valor and won a marvelous victory, enabling the conqueror, whose only thought the day before had been a successful retreat, to dictate his own terms. One of these was the hand of Catherine, the daughter of the French king. A story of Agincourt well known to readers of medieval romance, and still told by Welsh farmhouse firesides, is that of Dafydd Gam (literally Crooked David.) A fiery Welshman, he had entered the service of Henry, as an esquire. The night before the battle he was sent out to reconnoitre. Realizing the overwhelming numbers of the French, he feared that a true report would still further dishearten the already discouraged English leaders. So he evasively reported that there were plenty to fight, there would be lots to take prisoners—an important consideration as war was then waged—and that there would still be some left to run away. Dafydd performed prodigies of valor in the fight, and while he lay dying on the battlefield was knighted by Henry in person. If Welsh history is to be relied on Dafydd was far from an exemplary person, but whatever his faults, cowardice certainly was not one of them. Military authorities assert that this stupendous disaster to French arms was due to the fact that there was no head, every noble, great or small, leading his men where he listed. This is perhaps the first battle in English history in which English, Irish, Scottish and Welsh fought side by side, and well did each maintain the national reputation. (See Henry V., act iii., sc. 2, where Fluellen, Macmorris and Jamy are introduced.)

HENRY VI.

Henry did not live long to enjoy

his triumph, and left a son, Henry VI., an infant of eight months, and another calamitous regency confronted England.

The Dukes of Bedford and of Gloucester, the former a brother of the late king, were appointed regents. The former was a man of singular ability, but was badly handicapped by the tricky and scheming Gloucester (not he who was afterward Richard III.). Still though there was much bickering and jars, the government seems to have been fairly strong, for we read of no great popular discontent or uprisings, and the York faction do not seem to have ventured to push their claims, as they did later. But still there was an uneasy feeling and doubtless much plotting and scheming. The king was weak-minded almost to the point of irresponsibility, and even when he had reached man's estate was a mere tool in the hands of others. At last the French, taking advantage of this state of affairs, began the struggle anew for the possession of Normandy. (See Henry VI.) At first the English held their own, but under the high-minded, patriotic and religious enthusiast, Joan of Arc and the brave Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, they were forever driven out of France, notwithstanding the barbarous execution of the former when captured. The loss of Normandy greatly increased the discontent in England; Gloucester had managed to offend the powerful Duke of Burgundy, and now Bedford, Henry's right hand, died. Henry, with a view to strengthening his influence abroad, had been married to Margaret of Anjou. (For a sketch of this woman read Scott's "Anne of Geierstein.") She was a haughty, imperious woman, given to great domineering, and was soon at loggerheads with most of the English leaders, and seems to have succeeded in thoroughly alienating the Londoners, hitherto the mainstay of the Lancastrians. At last the mind of the poor king gave way, and the Duke of York was made regent. Some assert he was too patriotic to push his own claims at this juncture; probably he thought the time not ripe. He at last had a deadly feud with the termagant queen. Strange to say, after some four years of imbecility, the king suddenly recovered his reason, and the Duke of York had to resign his regency.

Welsh Settlements in Ohio.

Wm. Harvey Jones, Columbus, O.

SETTLEMENT OF GALLIA AND JACKSON COUNTIES.*

About the first of April, 1818, six families left their home in Cilcenin, Cardiganshire, South Wales, bound for Paddy's un, Butler County, Ohio. The heads of these families were John Jones (Tirbach), John Evans (Penlanlas), Evan Evans (Tymawr), Lewis Davis (Rhiwlas), William Williams (Pantfallen), and Thomas Evans. After a perilous voyage of seven weeks across the great Atlantic, they arrived in Baltimore, Md., on the first day of July, 1818. Immediately after their arrival they arranged for two covered wagons drawn by four horses to convey them across the mountains as far as Pittsburg. When they reached Pittsburg they purchased a flat or push boat built for moving families, and embarked for Cincinnati. They undertook to manage the boats themselves, consequently their journey was blest with more than the usual dangers of such a voyage. They finally went ashore at Gallipolis to get provision and to enjoy the hospitality of the French settlers at that place, who, perhaps, on account of race affinity and sympathy, treated these British Celts very kindly. When they awoke in the morning they found that their boats had broken loose as a result of a storm that had arisen during the night. At this juncture the women rebelled and flatly refused to move on any further, and being attached to the Gallians, they were persuaded to abandon all hope of reaching Paddy's Run, and effect a settlement in a more convenient point. Without delay these undaunted Welshmen went out to where Rodney now stands, to get work on the State road then being built from Chillicothe to Gallipolis. While thus employed they were told of a fertile and healthy region a few miles further west, and were thus led to settle near the village of Centerville, now a part of Jackson County. The topography of the country resembled that of their native land, so each purchased land at $1.25 per acre. Immediately they began to hew out homes for their families in the midst of wild forests. Being unaccustomed and unskilled in the use of the ax, they found the work extremely irksome. They first built rude houses of round logs to dwell in, then with brave hearts they whacked away to clear a "patch" for the spring crop. It is impossible for their descendants to-day to even imagine the hardships and privations these sturdy pioneers endured. In 1829 David Thomas arrived from Wales and in 1831 Lewis Hughes and Edward Jones came to the settlement. Thus about 15 years passed before there was any material addition to this colony, save a chance visitor from some other Welsh settlement. About 1833 Rev. Edward

*By Rev. W. R. Evans, Gallia, O.

Jones arrived and preached to these Welsh pioneers in their native tongue, which was much relished. He soon returned to Wales and wrote and published a pamphlet in which he described in glowing language the land and resources of Gallia and Jackson counties. As a consequence about the year 1835, and then on for ten years immigrants, principally from Cardiganshire, South Wales, came pouring into the neighborhood. They began to locate at different points in all directions of the compass, over an area perhaps twenty miles in diameter, until the whole of Jefferson and Madison townships were taken up, and extending to Raccoon, Perry and Greenfield townships in Gallia county, afterwards into Bloomfield, Lick and Coal townships, Jackson County. About this time, decade between 1840 and 1850, times were very hard. Because of the lack of knowledge of the use of the implements of husbandry, and because the soil was not very fertile, their crops were necessarily poor, and the market even poorer than the crops. Wages were extremely low —16 cents per day—and farm produce scarcely worth hauling to market. Oats were worth but 8 cents per bushel, and corn 25 cents. About 1843 the father of the writer hauled shelled corn from near Centerville to Buckhorn furnace, a distance of 15 miles, and received for the same 25 cents per bushel in trade. How they managed to support their families is inexplicable to us now. Hogs brought at one time only one and a half cents per pound, after being driven about 20 miles to Gallipolis. But by undaunted persistency and frugality—every member of the family, from a 6-year-old child to the octogenarian—at work, they managed to drive the wolf away, and despite all obstacles, soon owned farms and stocks, and laid money away for the rainy day. And as the county is rich in limestone and iron ore, they began to invest their money in blast furnaces for the manufacture of pig iron, Jefferson and Cambrian furnaces being exclusively owned by Welshmen. The owners of Jefferson never allowed the furnace to be operated on the Sabbath day, and it was and is the most prosperous furnace in Southern Ohio. Its principal stockholders became the wealthiest citizens of Jackson County. The Welsh community in general was thrifty and well-to-do. Rarely do we find one of these immigrants and their immediate descendants in prison or the poor house. These early pioneers also appreciated the value of education, strived to obtain it, and urged their children to seek it. Evan Evans, one of the first settlers, had four sons, all of whom taught school in the winter season for quite a number of years. At one time—about forty years ago —twenty-one of the young men of Horeb Church were school teachers. At an early date the school houses were few and far between, and children had to wend their way often two or three miles, through thick forests, over rugged steeps and dash-

ing streams, to these halls of learning. The school houses were of a rude, primitive style, built of round logs about 16x18 feet, with stick and mud chimney built outside, and a fireplace for burning logs six or seven feet long. The door had wooden latch and hinges, and sometimes it was made of clapboards. At the end was a row of window glass, or, oftener, oiled paper, to admit the light. It contained a puncheon floor, made of sapplings hewed upon the upper side. The benches were made of slabs or split logs, and, generally, too high for the feet of the little urchins to reach the floor, and nothing to lean the back against. The writer has a distinct recollection of these barbarous seats. Here in these small, dusty, prison-like rooms the school master (they were not called teachers then) stood, and with rod in hand, savage looks, and gruff voice, crammed the three R's into our hollow craniums.

Historians are generally agreed that one of the peculiar national characteristics of the Welsh as a people is religiosity. Even the ancient Druids possessed strong religious instincts, and were fond of poetry and music. These were the marked characteristics of the early Welsh of Gallia and Jackson Counties. The major portion of them came from near Aberystwyth, and had witnessed wonderful religious awakenings in their native land. They were mostly members of the Presbyterian, or, as it was called, Calvinistic Methodist Church. Upon their arrival in this country they immediately erected a house of worship. If no minister could be procured they conducted prayer meetings and Sabbath Schools in the chapel. In nearly every family there was an altar, and the parents as a rule spared no time nor pains in training their children in the way they should go, and in instilling into their minds the doctrinal tenets of the Presbyterian creed. They did this chiefly by the use of two catechism,viz., the "Mother Gift" (for juveniles) and the Instructor (Hyfforddwr). The last, written by the eminent Christian scholar and founder of the British Bible Society —the Rev. Thomas Charles, D. D., Bala, Wales. The first chapel that was built in the settlement was Moriah in the year 1836. It is situated about midway between Oak Hill and Centerville, and about the center of the Welsh settlement. The church is in a flourishing condition to-day, and the Welsh language almost exclusively used. As the emigrants were pouring in from Wales, and spreading in all directions, new church buildings went up on all sides. The dates of the organization of these churches are as follows: Horeb 1838, Centerville 1840, Zoar 1841, Bethel 1841, Sardis 1843, Bethania 1846, Oak Hill 1850, Peniel 1874, Jackson 1880. Dates of organization and dissolution of extinct churches: Tabor 1848-1866, Bethesda 1856-1880, Salem 1862-1879, Coalton 1881-1906.

Several Congregational churches also were organized at an early date

of which we have no record. We think Oak Hill was the first, about 1840, Tyn Rhos 1841, then Nebo, Carmel, Siloam, Centerville, and recently Mount Pleasant. The Baptists erected four chapels—Oak Hill, Centerville, Bethlehem and Ebenezer.

In the year 1836 Rev. Robert Williams arrived in the settlement and located near Moriah. He was a man of rare talent and strong personality. For fifty years he labored with assiduity and exercised the function of a prophet, priest and king to the cluster of the Calvinistic churches of the settlement. He was a counsellor and guide, and his word was almost regarded as law. He doubtless exerted more influence than anyone else toward the intellectual, moral and spiritual elevation of his countrymen in the community in which he resided. The two other preachers that deserve special notice, on account of their abilities and long, faithful services, were Revs. J. W. Evans, Oak Hill, and E. S. Jones, Centreville. Each served the churches of the settlement for about half of a century. Other able and faithful ministers served the churches for shorter periods of time than those above mentioned.

As to Congregational preachers, priority belongs to Rev. John A. Davis, on account of ability, influence and long service. Rev. Evan Davis, Tyn Rhos, stands next on the roll.

We think that we can confidently affirm without fear of contradiction that no other settlement of Welsh or any other nationality has contributed so largely to the ministry, according to population, as the Welsh settlement of Gallia and Jackson. Here is the list: Daniel Evans, Richard Davis, J. W. Evans, J. T. Williams, E. S. Jones, David Harris, D. D., John Rogers, R. H. Evans, J. P. Morgan, John M. Jones, W. Reese, D. J. Jenkins, David Thomas, M. A., John Lloyd, D. Jewitt Davis, M. A., W. R. Evans, Isaac Edwards, B. F. Thomas, Rowland Jones, D. Luther Edwards, S. Handel Jones, R. H. Evans, Jr., Alban Alban, Thos. D. Hughes, M. A., D. D., W. T. Lewis, D. D., John Davis, M. A., D. Ellis Evans, John L. Jones, Thomas Thomas, Evan Lloyd, Daniel Lloyd, Daniel Jones, Richard Davis, Thomas Davis, M. A., Edward I. Jones, Dan I. Jones, John L. Davis, M. A., Columbus, O., Evan Rees, M. A., W. O. Jones, M. A., W. Isaac, Dr. Griffiths and others perhaps. Allow us here to give the names of a few of the physicians reared in the settlement: Dr. Jenkins, Dr. Jenkins of Lima, Dr. Griffiths, Dr. E. J. Jones, Dr. Gomer Jones, Dr. Moses Jones, Dr. Dan Jones (Dec.), Dr. Lewis, Cincinnati; Dr. Morgan, Coalton; Dr. Morgan, Jackson; Dr. Williams, Jackson; Dr. Davis, Venedocia; Dr. Alban, Columbus; Dr. Austin Edwards, Dr. Evans (Dec.), Dr. E. Hughes (Dec.), Dr. J. W. Jones (Dec.).

The most prominent among the educators are Prof. S. Morgan, W. T. Morgan, David Evans, instructor in Athens University, and Prof. J.

H. Phillips, superintendent of schools, Birmingham, Ala. He, no doubt, is one of the leading educators of the South. In the list of lawyers we may name David Alban (Dec.), John L. Jones (Dec.), R. H. Jones, Judge D. Davis, Cincinnati; Lot Davis, Ironton; Daniel Phillips (Dec.), Evan Davis, Gallipolis; John A. Thomas, Judge Benner Jones, John A. Jones, Circuit Judge; Judge Everett Evans, Virginia, and Daniel Williams, editor of the Standard Journal and our consul to Cardiff, Wales.

The Welsh also have figured quite prominent in the political arena. The following is the list of Representatives: Capt. Evans, Dr. Williams, T. Lloyd Hughes, Robert Jones, Samuel Llewellyn, Lot Davis and Evans. Hon. Stephen Morgan was elected to Congress for three consecutive terms. Gallia County sent J. H. Evans to the State Senate. In both counties the Welsh have had their full share of county offices. The Welsh also by their vim, enterprising spirit and executive abilities, have been potent factors in the material development of Jackson County. In managing iron furnaces, coal mines and brick plants they have achieved great success. Quite a number that are now dead left quite a fortune, viz., Thomas Jones (agent), J. C. Jones and John Davis, and among the wealthiest men of the county to-day are David Davis and J. J. Thomas of Oak Hill, and Moses Morgan, Ed. Jones, Eben Jones and Ezekiel Jones of Jackson, and T. J. Morgan of Wellston. Thus we see that the few hundred Welshmen who came to the poor, hilly counties of Gallia and Jackson, needy and penniless, and strangers to the language, customs and institutions of the country, have accomplished great work, and have contributed marvelously to the material, intellectual moral and civic development of the above named counties. Thousands of the descendants of these brave pioneers have scattered abroad into every state in the Union, among them many teachers, doctors and lawyers and a score of preachers, and their influence is beyond human calculation

COERCION.

Charles J. Fuess.

This mind of mine sees wisdom,
And there standeth truth.
My neighbor listeth not;
His eyes are blind,
His inclinations CONTRA.
But he SHALL see,
For I see, and though he be dear
I will force him
His eyes to open to MY truth—
That is coercion.

Royalty and Welsh Music.

By D. Emlyn Evans.

"Mor o gan yw Cymru 'gyd"—so sang one of the poets of old—or, at least, so saith a very familiar adage; and that "Wales is a sea of song" was pretty evidently the opinion formed—and expressed—by the King during the recent visit paid by his Majesty, with his Royal consort and daughter, to North and South Wales. If it were possible to mass together all the choirs, &c.—those of the ladies, the male and mixed voices, the children in their thousands, the harpers, soloists and penillion singers, flanked by the innumerable brass bands—that occupied every coign of vantage from Caergybi to Caerdydd, in order to voice their welcome to the Royal party it would form a mighty host; and one greater in the intensity of its loyal enthusiasm than even its numbers.

The Dick-John-Davids of the nation, who deny their home language and neglect their native songs had a somewhat bad time of it; seeing that King Edward, whose observant eye does not miss much of anything that is important, lost no opportunity to express his approval of those addresses presented and those songs sung to him in the "ancient tongue." It would be well also that our singers should profit by past and present experiences in this connection, as to the class of music selected—i.e., should properly gauge the Royal taste, and form a correct estimate of the character of the occasion. From the time when the late Queen Victoria visited Pale, Merioneth, in 1889, and when Royalty was first fully introduced to the melodies of Wales chorally rendered (by the Llandderfel choir), to that of our present King, it has been made abundantly and repeatedly clear that what is desired is not elaborate French, German, or even English compositions, unless very exceptionally, but music racy of the soil, and the music of the people—the nation's folk-song—firstly and chiefly.

The long labored and lugubriously unhealthy choruses which have figured so prominently of late at a number of our Eisteddfodic competitions are unsuitable for these occasions, and this lesson we ought to have learnt by now, if not by our native acuteness, by the fact that programmes presented before Royalty containing such heavy and uninviting items, have generally met the fate of being cut down to a minimum quantity. That successful competitive bodies should wish to exhibit their powers in what they may rightly consider their "tours de force" is natural enough. But in the large majority of cases it is a penance for even the musical expert to undergo the process of listening to many of those productions, some of which occupy fifteen or twenty minutes in performance. For the purposes of musical entertainment or divertisement, post-prandial or otherwise,

they are out of place; and if we must sing of the "roaring lion and hyena'" of "drooping heads and tangled hair," or the "glorious strife of savage beasts and gladiators bold," &c., there is surely enough and to spare of appropriate music to make it unnecessary to introduce these pieces and their like to the banqueting hall or Court concert room.

In this matter our ladies' choirs have shown a happier judgment, due in part, perhaps, to the fact that in their case the line is usually drawn at the barbaric and ugly in musical composition. One instance, and that the latest—viz., at Cardiff—will suffice as an object lesson and an illustration of lady singers' greater aptitude and skill in perceiving the exact character of the musical fare required. An inspection of the programme of music performed on board the Royal yacht by Madame Hughes-Thomas ladies' choir—assisted by Mr. Tom Bryant on the harp, on the evening of the King's arrival, will show that though there were a few English and other items included, and which may be looked on in the light of contrast and variety—the chief mainstay of the entertainment —the "pieces de resistance"—as it were, consisted of the ancient lays of our native land: "Harlech," "Y Deryn Pur," "Llwyn Onn," "Y Gwenith Gwyn," "Nos Galan," "Hob y Derri Dando," and "Ar Hyd y Nos;" concluding with the Prince of Wales national anthem, and the "Hen Wlad."

In the words of the "News" reporter, "it was a concert of a distinctly Welsh character," a "fact that seemed to make it especially enjoyable to the Royal visitors." It is not necessary to reproduce here the very appreciative remarks so kindly and graciously addressed by their Majesties at the end of the concert, as they have been already made widely known through the daily and weekly issues of this journal. As a letter from an esteemed correspondent informs us: "For an hour nothing was heard but the sounds of the songs of Wales—"swn caniadau Cymru"—with a few in English; and, different to many an audience in Wales (and elsewhere), the whole of the august company remained until the last line of the third stanza of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" had been sung, and that in Welsh.

THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

"I heard the evening wind serene,
  And all the wandering waters sing
The deep delight the day had been,
  The deep delight the night would bring.
"I heard the wayward earth express
  In one long-drawn melodious sigh
The rapture of the sun's caress,
  The passion of the brooding sky.
"The air, a harp of myriad chords,
  Intently murmured overhead;
My heart grew great with unsung words
  I followed where the music led."

WILLIAM APMADOC.

During the next two winters, the United States aind Canada will ring with the fervor and music of three excellent choirs from South Wales, namely—during the next three months—the famous Rhondda Valley Glee Society the brilliant party of the late Tom Stephens, winners of the chief prize and gold medal at the World's Fair Eisteddfod at Chicago, in 1893. Professor John Broad, a genial gentlemanly musician, is now its conductor, and his handling of the voices of the choir, and the interpretation of the selections in hand, proves, we are assured, the wisdom of his choice as director.

During the fall and winter term of 1908, we shall be favored with another visit from the Royal Welsh Male Choir, of Treorci, Mr. William Thomas, conductor. The very names of the choir and its conductor carry assurance that Welsh talent will shine in the foreground of choral art, during the second visit, quite as much as during the first.

In the same year, 1908, it will be pleasure unmixed to have a visit from Madame Hughes-Thomas and her delightful choir of young ladies from the capital of Wales, Cardiff. This is the splendid choir, in their extremely pretty old Welsh costumes, the national and characteristic costumes of Cambria, that thrilled with pleasure not only their Majesties King Edward VII. and his beloved Queen Alexandra, during their last July visit to Cardiff, but the thousands on the shores, and upon the yacht and boats swarming around the royal steam yacht.

Madame Hughes-Thomas is a leading instructress in vocal and instrumental music in Cardiff, is the daughter of the late and beloved Rev. Richard Hughes, of Bethania, Maesteg, a pulpit orator of beauty and fascination, and, now, the wife of one of the apostles of the new and greater Wales, the ever-sanguine, untiring, broad-minded and patriotic Alderman Edward Thomas (Cochfarf), whose name is a household word wherever Cambrians and Cambro-Americans exist. More anon concerning Cochfarf, and his persistency in favor of yr hen iaith, ei llenyddiaeth a'i chan.

Though there is time enough to write and talk of the 1908 choirs of Cardiff and Treorci, it is not too early to prepare ourselves to receive them, to patronise them worthily, and to interest the lovers of music of all nationalities in their work. The presence of two Cambrian choirs at the same time, will serve to intensify the interest in both, and will tax the ingenuity of their enthusiastic manager, Dr. J. M. Lloyd,

of Wilkesbarre, and the many friends who will gladly support him, in arranging a double tour that will surely take the country by storm.

It behooves every loyal Cymro and Cymraes, just now to give Professor John Broad and the Rhondda Valley Glee Society, a reception that will rebound to the glory of choral art, and shed undimmed lustre on the name of Cymru lan gwlad y gan.

In the death of Dr. Joseph Joachim, August 15, at Berlin, the world lost its most characteristic and manly violinist. The great master of the king of instruments was born ot Jewish parents at Kitsee, near Presburg, Hungary, June 28, 1831. When but eight year of age, he performed before a number of musicians at a private concert, taking part in a duet with his master, and astonishing the audience by his knowledge of his art. When at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, then under Mendelssohn, he won an honored place in the Gewandhaus orchestra, where he played a Rondo of De Beriot, accompanied by Mendelssohn himself, who was quick to recognize his genius. His instructor at Leipsic was Ferdinand David. After a series of artistic triumphs, too numerous to be mentioned, Joachim was created an honorary Mus. Doc. of the University of Cambridge, on March 8, 1877, and twelve years later received the honorary Doctor of Civic Law from Oxford. In August, 1882, he was appointed conductor of the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin, and Musical Director of the Royal Academy of Arts.

In appearance, he was remarkably English, it is said. Upon one of his visits to London, a hairdresser disputed with him as to the length of his locks, and endeavored to clinch the argument as follows: "Well, sir, if you as an Englishman would rather look like a German musician, I have nothing to say."

Sir Gilbert Parker, the eminent novelist, now member of the British Parliament, like all true novelists, cannot abstain from the use of musical expressions when describing the deep and mysterious things of life. In the novel "The Battle of the Strong," which deals with the fortunes of war in and around the famous island of Jersey,there is a paragraph which deals with the "game of life." We quote it. It may set some of us to think and ponder: "But paying is part of the game of life: it is the joy of buying that we crave. Go down into the dark markets of the town. See the long, narrow, sordid streets lined with the cheap commodities of the poor. Mark how there is a sort of spangled gaiety, a reckless swing, a grinning exultation in the grimy, sordid caravanserai. The cheap colors of the shoddy open-air clothing house, the blank faded green of coster's cart; the dark bluish red of the butcher's stall—they all take on a value not their own in the garish lights flaring down the markets of the dusk. Pause to the shrill music of the street mu-

sician, hear the tuneless voice of the grimy troubadour of the alley-ways; and then hark to the one note that commands them all—the call which lightens up faces sodden with base vices, eyes bleared with long looking into the dark caverns of crime: 'Buy —buy—buy—buy—buy!' That is the tune the piper pipes. We would buy, and behold, we must pay. Then the lights go out, the voices stop, and only the dark tumultuous streets surround us, and the grime of life is ours again."

Camp-meeting John Allen, the grandfather of our famous American prima donna, Madame Nordica, was for many years a picturesque figure among the Methodist ministers in the State of Maine. He was a good deal of a wag, and his utterances were much appreciated by both saint and sinner. At one time, having gone to Lewiston to attend a quarterly meeting, he was approached in the street by several young men who were evidently out for a good time. "Camp-meeting John," said the spokesman, "who was the devil's grandmother?" "The devil's grandmother," replied the old man in the quick, sharp tone so characteristic of his speech, "the devil's grandmother—how do you expect me to keep your family record?"

Fire Paintings.

E. L. G. Brown.

Who shall be your painter? Some famous man or who? Have you seen the fire's pictures, for fire is the greatest of all great painters. With the air as brush, fuel for its point, it finds its canvas everywhere. Its touch mars or beautifies, liquifies or solidifies, blackens or paints. It transforms into pictures the very substance upon which it feeds, and picture succeeds picture until the heavens catch the glow.

But such are its fleeting pictures; the clay seen in the mosaics or in the larger blocks in familiar use around and in the home, it is the strongest evidence that can be found of the power of fire as a painter in indelible colors. The tiny pieces which in the whole are mosaic, enter the kiln as colorless earth, and leave it painted as they are found in the floor or panel; and but for the distance seen and the blending in the designing, they would look one brilliant patchwork; and yet they show more half tints and shot lights than patchwork, for no dyer's art could rival that of fire.

The larger pieces of clay tile better show the wealth of color, because the surface painted is larger. Some pieces vie with the snow in whiteness and the white tile alone are sufficient evidence of the riches and variety that lie in one color. But if

white tile which modern builders seem to prefer to the warmer tones unless it is that they know no other, if these white tiles were placed together indiscriminately, the effect in the ensemble would be unpleasing and patched; for just as the snow has a whiteness that ivory has not, and both are white, so the fire's products show depths and shades gradating from the tone of ivory to that of snow. But only a practiced eye can sort white from white, and even it soon grows tired and dazzled. And the warmer colors and every color are like the white in the richness of their shades, for the fire paints in all.

Fire paints and fascinates. The child loves its sparks as toys, and the moth is lured to destruction by its flames. The heathens watched the fire and worshipped; the Mohammedan and Christian marked its effects and built, and they have left a powerful testimony to their infinite skill in the mosaics of their temples and palaces. These mosaics are a stupendous work of art, and a priceless heritage for they show no sign of age.

The Alhambra, that town rather than palace, for a lifetime would not exhaust its treasures, it is full of such mosaics; the walls glisten with them, and eighteen generations have walked its courts since its mosaic-workers worked. They wore no western dress nor spoke a western tongue; for their prophet had spoken in the east, and they kept their faces eastward toward the rising ball of fire, and the fire painted each tiny block they laid.

There is only one Alhambra; its mosaics scintillate,but they have been touched by many a morning sun for they are well done. But the fire paints on, for the New World as for the Old, in the West as in the East, for the church as for the palace, for the home as for the court, for the mosaic workers of to-day as for those of yesterday, and each morning sun touches to illuminate the work well done.

Who shall be your painter?

Little Ivor's Vigil.

By Joseph Keating.

The boy knelt down at his father's head, crying helplessly:

"Father, father!"

His father could not answer. His groaning terrified the boy so much that his eyes, bulging from their sockets, looked like merely big white balls. He stared down at the unconscious man. His lamp hung behind him on a "cog." Ivor was a very small boy. But the yellow light threw a giant's shadow upon the fallen "Bell," which was a cone-shaped solid rock, about twenty tons in weight. The black, smooth sides of the Bell shone in the lamp rays

that stretched past the boy on each side: it gleamed pleasantly, like a big black giant in a fairy tale with an intruder in his jaws.

A Bell goes on, day and night, loosening itself from its socket in the roof, till its time comes to fall; then it drops out as quietly and unexpectedly as an old man's eye-tooth. The thick props of timber which the collier puts under it, to keep it up, crack like matchsticks between the fingers. The Bell smashes anything that happens to stand under it.

Just the outer rim of this one had caught the father of Ivor bach (little Ivor). The man had gone down under the blow like a straw, with the lower part of his body pinioned beneath the rock, his head and shoulders outside it, where his boy could see in the contortions of his face what agony he had suffered before he lost his senses. And, in the lamplight, the big black smooth face of the Bell gleamed pleasantly above the stricken man.

The lamp upon the cog threw only a little circle of light; the face of the coal shone; the posts under the clod threw shadows; the smooth stone of the upper top glittered; the flats (half-round timber) across the top broke the glitter into square sections; and within the yellow circle came the boy, his father, and the Bell.

Outside the circle, blackness filled the place. The stall road stretched far back—a narrow, long, dark space —where darkness played undisturbed with his terrible favorite, silence. No human sound troubled them. But from the roof little pieces of stone slipped away and rolled down the side-walls, drawing down streams of dust to the bottom of the road with a trickling noise.

Then the pattering of light rapid touches upon the road dust also broke in. Pinheads of brilliant fire dotted the darkness, flying here and there in pairs over the tram rails and along the road sides; for the rats, knowing that darkness and silence meant safety for them, came out on their perpetual hunt for something to eat. Four or five came within the circle of light, and the lamp gave them the shadows of huge, fabulous monsters. A moving light terrorised them, it implied a human presence. But this fixed light, the unmoving boy, the stillness, emboldened them, and they ran about unconcernedly, till one or two of them came upon the prostrate head of Ivor's father. They ran over the face; then ran back again squeaking. They called their companions to the spot, and the whole half dozen ran over the man's head and body, squeaking and hopping.

This roused the boy. He rushed upon the rats, kicking at them, to drive them from his father's head.

They squeaked angrily and scampered back into the darkness of the road. The long shadows of their tails flew along the sides like evil spirits.

The boy in desperation, stooped, put his weak arms under his father's shoulders and tried to draw him away. He might as well try to drag

cut the heart of a mountain. The great cone of rock towered over the boy like a giant over a pigmy. Ivor tugged and moaned, the big, black, smooth face of the Bell beamed pleasantly in the lamplight upon the boy's efforts to take away its prisoner.

The rats came back. The news of the discovery prompted others to join. About twenty came creeping down behind the boy as he tried hopelessly to free his father. The rats came around him, crouching in the shadows of little lumps of coal; and, three or four together, in the long shadows of the posts. Their eyes looked out of the darkness like green sparks in suspense.

"I can't do it, I can't do it," said Ivor, crying. "I must run for help."

He ran to the lamp, unhooked it from the cog, and started away. But his agony made him turn to look again at his father. He saw the brown rats creeping up to his head.

He ran at them and kicked them back. They did not go far—only into the shadow of a post, from which they watched their chance to come out again. One or two of them ran off; but only to tell their friends the news. Troops of new-comers stole down in Indian file along the sides. They darted across the circle of light into the gloom beyond; then swiftly doubled and joined the others in the shadows of the posts near the fallen man.

"Oh, I must go for help at once," thought the boy.

But first he must frighten off the rats. He swung the lamp around, so that it flashed everywhere. The moving light changed the positions of the shadows so suddenly that the rows of rats, terrified by the unexpected exposure, leaped over one another in their hurry to get away.

He looked all around him. He saw no rats. But he saw his father lying under the Bell and heard his groans.

"I must get help quickly," he moaned.

He needed the lamp to light his way; so he took it. He left the place in darkness; as the other lamp, his father's, lay smashed under the Bell.

About twenty yards away, the squeaking noise of the rats became so loud that it horrified him. He turned. He saw the darkness below sprinkled with stars. He rushed back. His light flashed on a struggling mass of rats, grey, black, brown, with a whit rat in the middle, all fighting for places near the face of the unconscious man. They filled the stall, swarming everywhere, squeaking horribly.

"Oh," cried the boy.

He felt afraid of all these rats. But he saw them around his father's head. He took his life in his hands, as he thought. He leaped into the middle of the rats, hoping this would frighten them off. He killed two under his feet; the others, squeaking, tried to get away. But the swarm—circle upon circle—prevented this. The boy stood in the middle of countless hundreds of rats.

Ivor kicked and shouted, and cut

his way through the creatures to his father's side. He saw blood upon the face. He caught a grey rat just about to fasten its teeth in the flesh.

"Oh, father, dear!" he cried.

He knocked and kicked off the other rats, took hold of the grey one by the back of its neck and choked it. He threw it away and the others swarmed over it and quickly ate it up. Then they came back to Ivor's father.

The presence of the boy did not frighten them. They grew bold enough to attack. Ivor stood with his legs astride of his father's head kicking at the nearest rats. They came to the attack again and again. The boy kicked at them, knocking them over, but as they continued to come, he began to grow afraid. He snatched up a tool with two short sharp points. This called for two-handed use. His lamp hindered him in his attack. He put it down on the bottom coal, which glittered under the light. The rats shrewdly made their next attempt on the lamp. A solid body of them rushed at it. They knocked it down. Lying on one side the light would soon go out. Ivor saw it lowering, lowering. The place grew dark.

"If the light goes out," he cried, "I don't know what to do!"

He bent over and tried to pick up the lamp. The rats squeaked triumphantly, and bit at his hand with their long white teeth, and he screamed with pain. He lifted up the sharp-pointed pick with both hands and laid about him so effectively that he cleared a space around the lamp.

Then, in spite of the danger of another attack, he lifted the lamp slowly to preserve the light. Only a speck of flame remained in it. If he did not handle it carefully he would lose that spark of light. He raised the lamp level with his eyes and began trimming the flame by giving an experienced twist to the pin that ran through the bottom up to the burner.

He felt the rats crawling around his legs; but he did not move.

"I mustn't lose fire," said he, with his red tongue out twisting with the twisting of the trimming-pin.

The flame grew stronger. It threw its light on the boy's face—wet with perspiration and black coal-dust.

"Ah," said he. "Saved it!"

The light burned brightly.

He quickly hooked the lamp to his belt. He looked down. The rats were once more swarming over his father's face, and were all around him.

"Oh!" cried the boy in despair.

He laid about him with the mandrill—carefully when near his father's head.

The rats no longer showed the slightest sign of fear of the one small boy. They squeaked and ran away from the blows of the mandrill; but they came back again trying to bite at the fallen man's face.

Then something happened to make Ivor cry out suddenly in a terrified voice:

"Oh! there's the king coming in

front, now! They'll come and eat us all up."

He saw the one white rat in the swarm make its way to the front; and the tradition of the pit says that when a white rat puts itself at the head of all the others, they will eat up all before them.

The boy moaned in a hopeless way.

"Oh, I wish somebody'd come. But nobody can come this way."

The reason of his fear that nobody would pass that way, lay in the fact that this particular "stall" led away from the general workings. The management of the old Glancynon Colliery wanted a road driven to join the workings of the new pit in the Taff Valley. It was a lonely place, quite separate from other stalls; and as it led to "nowhere" as yet, no one passed that way, except the haulier who exchanged empty trams for full ones. An empty tram stood now in the stall road, and the haulier would not come till Ivor ran out to him with word that his father wanted his full tram changed for an empty one. And as his father was under the Bell, no such message might ever go from him again.

So Ivor fought without hope, anr the rats, grey, brown and white came again and again and swarmed all over him and over his father.

The boy grew very tired in the long fight; and, sometimes, he wanted to lie down among all the rats and let them eat him if they liked. But he could not bear the thought of their long white teeth in his father's flesh. This thought whipped up his flagging strength and he drove the sharp points of his mandrill into the rats. He killed hundreds of them and the remaining hundreds ate them up and wanted more.

Then he noticed that the light began to fail.

"Oh, I hope it won't go out."

The light was such a precious thing that he left off fighting to attend to it. He held it up. The flame looked red.

"It wants oil," said he, dolefully. "If it is going out for want of oil—it must be late in the night."

He trimmed the red flame and carefully hung the lamp back on his belt. Then he beat off the crawling rats.

The light grew fainter; and, at last, in spite of trimming, it died out, leaving a mass of red wick in its place. The rats set up a joyful chorus of squeaks, as the place drew darker. The red wick faded—grew brown; then vanished into the blackness of the pit. Not a glimmer of light now remained.

Then the eyes of the rats appeared in the darkness, flitting everywhere, leaping high, running swiftly along the road. One pair of green-fire eyes came to the front.

"The white rat is coming again," said Ivor.

The myriads of fire-spots came with it. They crawled about his feet. He saw the pair of green-fire eyes leap up and he felt a burning pain in his cheek.

"Oh-h!" he screamed. "He's got me on the cheek."

He dropped the mandrill, and put up his hands to his face. He caught the rat by the throttle. Its teeth came out of his cheek and fastened in his hand. He felt the other rats swarming over him—over his legs, body, throat. But he held on to the white rat. The thing squeaked terribly, and the teeth went deeper into his hand. Ivor held on, determined to kill this king of the rats. He squeezed till he felt his fingers meet across the white rat's throat. The teeth unclasped in his hand; the creature dropped, hanging by its teeth in the boy's flesh.

"Ah, old boy! You won't bite no more!" said Ivor, triumphantly.

He carefully unhooked the rat's teeth from his hand, and threw him into the middle of the others. They set up a squeaking.

"Squeak away—Oh, I wish somebody'd come! I feel so sleepy," said the boy, mumbling to himself: "I want to sleep on the rats—their backs is so soft—would make a nice bed for me, I think. Oh! nobody'll ever come!"

And as he said that a bright, steady light came through the upper side of the stall road, from the "cut" through which the air passed into the "return."

Hoy!" cried Ivor, between crying and laughing.

"Hoy!" came the answer in a tone of great surprise, for the boy's voice had come out of the darkness. The light stopped suddenly as if the one who carried it feared to come nearer without investigation.

"Come down here—come down here!" pleaded the boy.

"Who is there," came from the light.

"Ivor."

"Ivor! What in the name of goodness are you doing here—four o'clock in the morning?"

The light came down. The rats scurried away because they saw a man; and Ivor saw the "fireman" of the district making his usual morning inspection of the workings to see that they were safe before the colliers came in. The man held up his bright light to the boy's face.

"You've been here all night!" said he astounded, "All day and all night."

"Only one day and night?" said Ivor. "I thought it was a year."

Then the fireman noticed blood flowing down the boy's cheek.

"There's blood on you, too," said he.

"The white rat done it—he jumped up on my face."

"White rat?" repeated the man, sharply, half-believing that Ivor had lost his senses. "What's the matter with you, boy?"

But Ivor only said:

"Look here."

The fireman bent down with the boy and turned his light to the spot. He saw Ivor's father under the Bell.

"Oh, Arglwydd! (Lord!") said he. "Here take my light, Ivor, and run to the bottom of the pit. Tell the men there."

"But the rats," said the boy.

"I'll keep them off."

Ivor took the lamp, while the fireman tried to drag the man from under the Bell. The boy tried to run. But the all-night fight left him without strength for that. Still the new excitement gave him a little energy He at last reached the shaft-bottom. He told the men what had happened. Then he fell down and had to be carried home.

While that was being done, the other men had rushed into the lonely workings. They quickly drew Ivor's father from under the Bell. "He must be dead, sure," said they. But death's blow sometimes falls just a little short of its mark. It does not always strike home and end its work at once. Its full effect comes slowly. You may sometimes escape that full effect and live; but only by enduring the pain of a hundred deaths. The pit doctor said Ivor's father would live through it all. "It was the little boy that saved him," said the doctor. "It was a lucky thing the rats didn't get at him while he was unconscious, or they'd have torn out the bit of life that was left in him."

A Year of Christian Work at Pasumalai, in the Madura District, South India.

By Rev. J. P. Jones.

The droughts of the last three years have been serious and the strain upon our people has been growing more and more tense. The prices of food-stuffs have been very high throughout the year; and this has been the cause of considerable suffering, especially to the theological students whose stipends are so small that even in normal years the question of living within their means is a very serious one. But I am glad to say that the rains of the last two months of the year have been abundant, and that crops consequently are in a fair way to produce an excellent harvest, so that I trust that the new year will be one of prosperity and of relative comfort. It is a great relief to see our people emerge from these seasons of continued distress into a time of relative abundance; even though abundance to our common Christians means only a very poor existence.

I was glad to be relieved by the mission, at the beginning of this year, of the extra burdens of the management of the High and Normal Schools which I had to carry the previous year. During the present year I have therefore had charge of only the following departments.

I. The Station Work.

This includes the conduct of the church work at Pasumalai and of the schools and congregations in the villages.

The church at Pasumalai has experienced a year of unusual blessing

and has made definite progress in numbers and in Christian activity.

The Spirit of God, who has moved mightily in many parts of India during the last two years, has breathed in blessing and power upon our church and community at Pasumalai. For several months in the early part of this year meetings full of religious interest and power were conducted; and during a considerable portion of this time these meetings were held daily and, at times, simultaneous gatherings for prayer were held in different buildings.

The character of the meetings, at the time of deepest interest, was largely the same as that of revival meetings in other parts of the land; although we did not have ecstatic visions, trance experiences and tingling physical sensations, such as were frequently experienced in many other places. The character of the meetings, however, was such as to convince us that they were both under the direct guidance of God's Spirit and were a product of the East such as one would not expect to see among Anglo-Saxon people. I have been led to believe, through the revival influences of the last two years, that some of our theories concerning the work of God's Spirit in India, especially during times of great spiritual power, will have to be modified. We had thought that deep conviction of sin was a thing foreign to the East. But these recent experiences have shown that the Indian mind is as susceptible to such convictions under certain conditions as is the West. The only difference being, as we would expect, that in India deepest convictions are associated with devil-possession, and that those who are under the greatest stress of agony on this account believe themselves and are believed by the people to be in conflict with a mighty indwelling spirit of evil.

As a result of these meetings about fifty students from the Institution accepted Christ as their Savior and united with the church.

In October the church and the community suffered a very serious loss in the resignation and departure of the pastor, Rev. F. Kingsbury, who had labored here with great success both as pastor and instructor in the Seminary for seven years. The church feels the loss very much, and this the more, because it has not in view, thus far, a suitable successor to him. We trust that the Lord will lead to us some one who can carry on, with even greater power, the work done so well by Mr. Kingsbury. I regret that it is not easy to find a suitable man of university training for the pastoral office. The passion for large salaries and worldly remuneration and earthly honor seizes, with no less power, the minds of the educated youth of India than it does the souls of our young men of the West. There is no greater need in India to-day than that of educated young men resisting the blandishments of the world and offering themselves with whole-souled sacrifice unto the direct service of the Master.

I am glad to say that the activity of our church at Pasumalai has been maintained, with increasing efficiency, during the year. The little Junior Endeavor Society of over 100 members of bright little tots is doing excellent work under the guidance of the young men and women who are in charge of it. It is a most charming form of Christian work to guide and bring into spiritual life these dear little ones. At their annual gathering, the other day, they brought 40 rupees in offerings of various kinds as the fruit of their own activity.

The Y. M. C. A. also has maintained its school in one of the villages and has conducted independently evangelistic work in the villages.

The Pasumalai Branch of the Native Evangelical Society has continued to support its evangelist, who has preached to more than 10,000 people in surrounding villages, besides having charge of an incipient congregation. This station has the proud distinction of contributing more than any station in the mission to the general Home Missionary Society, in addition to the work of supporting its own evangelist. The offerings of our people, as a whole, have this year aggregated a total which is nearly equal to four rupees for every church member in the station.

Indeed the church and congregation are wide awake and carry on actively all the functions of a well organized church in America.

II. Village Work.

The work in the villages during this year has been continued on the same line and in the same places as during the past year. We have six schools and more than two hundred children studying in them. This large number of little ones continues to furnish us an excellent constituency to work upon in the heart of the heathen community. We have abundant evidence that our work for the scholars is productive not only of increased knowledge but also of a betterment of their life and of the impartation to them of spiritual truth and Christian ideals. We always know that whatever other work may be unproductive, this village work for the children abounds in fruitfulness and gives ground for the largest hope for the future.

The few Christians scattered here and there are growing gradually in number and in character. I wish that this growth were more manifest and marked. It is hard work to impart increased life and character to a people whose constant environment is heathenish superstition and gross immorality. And indeed, it is a very difficult thing for our agents, who live in these remote villages, to preserve their spiritual life and moral efficiency where there is so little that is good and ennobling and so much that is mean and debasing. As I visit them in their work from time to time I feel that they pre-eminently need all our sympathy and help in their own life and work. For such workers the monthly meetings at the

headquarters with the lessons and their spiritual uplift are absolutely necessary; and often these men come to these meetings thirsting for help and sympathy and for prayer and guidance in the work of the coming month.

The year of drought and of consequent distress has thinned the ranks of our village scholars and has made life a burden for the Christians to whom even in the best times there is little to be found in life beyond a meagre supply of the absolute needs of the body.

In reference to the Bible-women's work Mrs. Jones makes the following report:

"The Bible-women's work has been unfortunate this year. At the beginning of the year we had a second woman at work in three villages. She had gathered a number of women and girls who wished to study, but was obliged to leave us early in the year. We find that the Bible-woman who is useful and energetic, is the very one whom her family want and need. The woman who did a quiet but very good work in Tiruparangundram for the last two years, left us in October, and within a month, she, with her husband and two children, died of cholera. The Hindu women mourn her death and ask why it occurred. Her place has been taken by another, who finds the women friendly and is finding as much work as she can do.

Every such change is unfortunate, as no woman can go on fully with the work formerly in hand. However, we have the comfort of knowing that many women and girls have learned something of the Savior's words and teaching, though they are not now actually under instruction.

We should be glad to have another woman at work in the villages, but have not been able to secure one with the necessary qualifications, which include the ability to walk a considerable distance every day."

III. The Theological Seminary.

As in the past so during this year I have spent most of my time and strength in the discharge of my duties to this institution. And I know of no other department of work which at the same time involves larger responsibilities and brings greater satisfaction and more tangible results.

The classes of the year have been very unequal in size. The Senior class of three members which has passed out of the school at the close of the year is the smallest class since I took charge of the institution. The Junior Class of thirteen members, is, on the other hand, the largest in the history of the institution. The whole number of students during the year has been 24 men, 17 of whom are married. The 17 women also have, as usual, received two hours of instruction daily in a line with their husbands' studies, in addition to needle work under Mrs. Jones' guidance.

There are only two students among the men who have not already been engaged in mission work as teachers. They therefore furnish what I re-

gard as the best class of students; for they have already learned by experience what their special needs are and are eager to have them satisfied.

Six of the students are of a higher grade than usual and have been formed into a higher English class for study under Mrs. Jones. About eight others form another English class of a lower grade. I have given this year a new course of lectures on the teachings of Jesus, which I trust will shortly be published in both English and Tamil.

I have been greatly pleased with the deep spiritual interest felt by all the students and especially by a few. They were the first to feel the increased spiritual power at Pasumalai during the year, and I am inclined to think that they have received its greatest blessings. I have sometimes felt, during the year, a longing for an experience of spiritual blessing such as I knew some of these young men were passing through. And I am sure that their experience and burning words have been a blessing to many, both here and elsewhere, during the year.

The teachers have continued their work with great faithfulness and with comfort to myself. I am very sorry to lose the services of the former pastor, Mr. Kingsbury; for I know that his influence over the students was positive and wholesome.

Owing to the extreme high prices of food during the year the students were most of them aided by a little famine grant. Without this I question whether some of them could have had food enough to furnish strength for their studies. As it is I know that many of them have had an exceedingly difficult time to satisfy the bodily needs of themselves and their families.

In addition to the Senior class which has just passed out of the school we have also sent forth a Special Class of four students, young men of more elementary training who have received only a two years' course.

By these Special Classes we try to meet the needs of a lower grade of students who may render faithful service in smaller spheres of labor.

The evangelistic work carried on by the Seminary during the year has been of the usual type. Every Wednesday afternoon has been devoted to preaching in surrounding villages. Beyond this, every student devoted a month of his long holidays to active work within the limits of his own station or in the villages of Pasumalai Station. Then two itineracies were conducted in different parts of the mission. The longer one, which lasted two weeks in April, was carried on in the extreme northern part of our district— a very heathenish and a much neglected region. We found the work intensely interesting. And the people were on the whole very ready to listen to our message. And I trust that ere long the Native Evangelical Society will reap a harvest of souls in that region.

In all, about 40,000 people were reached by the institution in its evangelistic work during the year.

The studies of the Seminary are conducted in accordance with the following curriculum.

"A Few Landmarks of English History," the opening part of which appeared in the August number, is an interesting paper by Benjamin B. Esau of Boston, and was originally read before the Boston Cymrodorion Society. Mr. Esau's idea was to give the history of the beginnings of the House of Tudor as concisely as possible, and therefore a brief synopsis of the Norman period, the House of Lancaster and the War of the Roses was necessary. The paper will continue in several numbers and should greatly interest the readers of the "Cambrian."

The late Mr. John Andrew Doyle, of Crickhowell, was a first cousin of Sir Conan Doyle.

The story of Evan Roberts and his work, written by Dr. D. M. Phillips, Tylorstown, is to be translated into German.

The work of postal delivery at Pencoed, in Glamorgan, is entirely done by girls. This is so because young men are not obtainable, they can earn much higher wages in the collieries.

Madame Hughes-Thomas's choir will visit America next year. The Treorky Choir has also been booked for an extensive tour in the United States.

Only one Welshman has ever been Secretary for War He was Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who was War Secretary in the sixties. Before that he had been Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A writer on physiognomy is not particularly complimentary to the Welshman. He says that the Englishman resembles for the most part the lion and bulldog; the Scotsman the beaver, fox and camel; the Irishman the wolf, pug-dog and lynx; and the Welshman the cat, she-wolf, and goat. If this gentleman crosses Offa's Dyke, he will find that goats can butt and that cats are the possessors of claws!

Dr. Edmund Owen, of St. Mary's Hospital, London, and chairman of the council of the British Medical Association, was born in Canada, but is an enthusiastic Welshman, who takes keen interest in the progress of the Welsh metropolis. Ever since he had the privilege of laying the foundation-stone of the operating theatre of the Cardiff Infirmary some years ago, he has taken an active part in advocating the interest of the institution.

Ossian's new volume of sermons will bear the characteristic title, "Dayspring." It will consist of sermons preached to young people, and dealing almost exclusively with subjects in which the rising generation are interested. Though Ossian is temporarily laid aside from the work of "speaking the Gospel," he is busier than ever in writing it, as the readers of half a dozen well-known religious weeklies are delighted to know.

A strange sight was witnessed one day recently at Boncath, Pembrokeshire. Two neighboring farmers were busy haymaking in two adjoining fields. Suddenly a dark cloud overhung the scene of operations, and soon afterwards a heavy shower of rain compelled those employed in one of the fields to give up work, while those in the adjoining field kept on and were able to cart the wnole of the hay into the hayguard without the slightest interruption from the shower which compelled the others to abandon work.

Mr. Lewys-James, the leading baritone in the Moody-Manners Opera Company, has had an interesting history (says "Tid-Bits"). He was born in Aberdare, South Wales, and went to work in a coal-pit when he was twelve years old. He sang in local concerts and the competitions which are popular among the Welsh, and eventually achieved such prestige in his home neighborhood that he was urged to study music seriously. This he did for two years while continuing his work as a coal miner. Then the Carl Rosa Company visited Cardiff, and Mr. James sang privately for the director, who engaged him at once for three years, and afterwards he joined the Moody-Manners Company.

To secure the first prize in the same competition at two consecutive National Eisteddfodau is something like a record. This has been achieved by Messrs. David Chubb, Pontypridd, and Harry Lewis, Nelson, who were the successful competitors in the tenor and bass duet competition last year at Carnarvon, and again at the recent Swansea Eisteddfod. Both vocalists also appeared in the successful quartet at the latter Eisteddfod. Mr. Lewis, who works underground, won the tenor solo prize at Bangor National in 1902, and Mr. Chubb, who holds eight National Eisteddfod trophies, is one of the most successful schoolmasters in South Wales.

In the "englyn" competition to the "Ysgol Haf" at Aberystwyth, confined to the students, the following was adjudged best by Mr. W. J. Gruffydd, M. A., Cardiff:

Ysgol deg, 'rwy'n dysgwyl dydd—i Walia
A heulwen ysblenydd;
O'th bur waith ar yr iaith rydd
Daw i'r genedl der gynydd.
Miss S. Gwili Jenkins.

Lle i'r iaith yn ei llwyredd—llê noddir
Llenyddiaeth "Tir Gwynedd;
Blynyddol wladgarol wedd
Hanesiol, llawn hynawsedd."
Councillor Ed. Jones, Pentre.

Cadvan delivered a Welsh oration, and then came an apparently endless procession of bards to the Maen Llog, each reciting a congratulatory stanza. Among the number was M. Jaffrenou, the Breton poet and patriot, who was received with great cheering. Taldir, as M. Jaffrenou is known in Gorsedd circles, recited the following englyn in Breton:—

Gorsedd Barzed Kymru, bro lawen—gwen ha mad
Da zaludi hanont yv dent ugent Breized;
Hag ar gwad'u c'halon a lan gant lawenez
I weled pobl Cymru Ken nerzus vid iez.

Translated into English this means "Gorsedd of the bards of Wales, beautiful and pure country, twenty Bretons salute you. Their blood flows swiftly in their hearts when they see your people so faithful to its tongue."

"Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg," a national song by the late Dr. Joseph Parry, to words written by Alafon, the first stanza, however, being of an unknown author (Carnarvon: Welsh Publishers' Company) is of exceedingly simple construction, the first page or more—and which constitutes one half of the

whole consisting almost entirely of the common chord of the tonic, or keynote. That fact does not, of course, militate either against the merits or its possible popularity. We do not know whether the short chorus of two bars is according to the author's copy, but we think it would be more effective and better in every way if it were made to include the preceding two bars also, whatever may have evolved the anonymous first stanza, his rhyming principles are beyond us. We quote the opening lines:

Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg,
Iaith cadernid Cymru gynt;
Cadarn iaith yr hen Frythoniaid,
Iaith i lawer nerthol wr;
Iaith fu hon i Arthur Frenin,
Iaith Llywelyn a Glyn Dwr.

English words in Welsh sermons are becoming very common even with some of our ablest Welsh preachers. The other Sunday morning a correspondent listened to one of the most eloquent of these, and finding that the English words used were becoming numerous, he commenced counting them, but ultimately had to give up the job after reckoning some hundreds. There was, however, no necessity of using a single one, as a Welsh equivalent could have been very easily found in each case, and these would also be very much better understood. The practice, however, is not a recent innovation. Nearly 50 years ago an article was written by the late Aneurin Fardd, in which he deprecated the useless custom, and stated that it was "full time i osod stop ar mixio Saesoneg."

An interesting sketch of Mr. Lloyd George appears in the "Westminster Gazette," in which it is said that his career has been one of uninterrupted success. Few men have arrived so young at a position so responsible, and few men have so thoroughly justified the confidence that has been reposed in them. His charm of manner has not been spoilt by his success, and he still continues the idol of his own countrymen. In his affection for his country Mr. George has inspired a new national ideal in Wales. His position in Wales is, indeed, unique, for his name is one to conjure with from Anglesey to Cardiff. He possesses such an affection for everything and everybody Welsh that his English friends feel sometimes a little jealous. But it is believed that he shares this peculiarity with all other Welshmen who speak that strange, soft, and fascinating tongue, which one may hear sometimes in the Lobby if one stands quite close to Mr. George as he talks to Mr. William Jones or other members of the Welsh party.

The Corwen Eisteddfod, held these many years on August Bank Holiday, has long attained what some eisteddfodic friends nearer South would probably describe as "semi-national" position. It has not any very grateful associations for English choristers, as their usual success has not followed them there and this year again it resulted similarly; the singing of Tonypandy in the chief contest being very fine, as we understand, and distinctly ahead. Those who heard this choir in the second choral competition at the National Eisteddfod, Carnarvon, last year, will not be surprised to learn this. It was undoubtedly one of the most, if not the most, satisfactory and high-class performances in the competitive choral work of the Eisteddfod. Of course, a swallow or two do not make a summer; nor, if given successes such as the above, whether few or many, should there be any desire to magnify them, or to exult over the English choralist. He is not yet by any means a negligible quantity; and in a free country, open to free trade in all things, let the ablest win.

Eisteddfodwyr from all parts of the Principality, and Welshmen who have left the land of their fathers, assembled in thousands at Swansea for the meetings of the National Eisteddfod of Wales, and the Cymric festival was accorded a most cordial welcome by the citizens of Abertawe. The first prize in the chief choral competition was awarded to the Cardiff Harmonic Society, and the second prize to the Brynaman Choral Society. The winner of the Bardic Chair for the best ode on "John Bunyan" was the Rev. Thomas Davies, pastor of Bethel English Baptist Church, Cardiff. The crowned poet for the best poem in the form of a "pryddest" on "The Holy Grail" was the Rev. John Owen (Dyfnallt), minister of Sardis Congregational Church, Pontypridd. Several prizes for poetical compositions, including an ode in memory of the late Archdruid "Hwfa Mon," were won by the Rev. Ben Davies, of Pant-teg, Ystalyfera. The prize for the essay on "A Comparative Study of the Welsh Text of the New Testament," was awarded to the Rev. D. D. Williams, misister or Moss Side Calvinistic Methodist Church, Manchester. Several prizes for essays were also awarded to the Rev. John Davies, of the Wern Congregational Church, Ystalyfera. The ceremonies of the Gorsedd of the Bards attracted immense gatherings around the "sacred circle," in the Cwmdonkin Park; and the quaint and colored robes of the Welsh bards, druids, and ovates, the green of the Gaelic deputation, the black and white and gold of the Bretons, and the picturesque dresses of their ladies mingled together within the circle on the gentle rising ground, surrounded on either side by the green shrubbery and having the black lined with poplars, made the whole as pretty a picture as has ever been witnessed at any Gorsedd. A number of Celtic and other societies held their annual meetings in connection with the Eisteddfod, and various subjects were discussed at these meetings. At the meeting of the Gorsedd Society, the scheme for the reform of the Gorsedd was read the second time, and at the joint annual meeting of the Gorsedd and the National Eisteddfod Association, London was selected as the place for the Eisteddfod of the year 1909 to be held. In many respects the Swansea Eisteddfod was quite a record Cymric festival.

Mr. Roderick Williams, the conductor of the victorious Cardiff choir is a happy illustration of how keen business aptitude is sometimes allied to high musical culture. Mr. Williams represents in Wales a great commercial house in Scotland, and music is the hobby of his leisure. His choir is not a thing of fits and starts, which comes into being in time for competition and then disappears till the next contest looms into view. It is a permanent organization, which devotes much time to serious musical work, and is so engaged from January to December. Mr. Williams, so the ladies of his choir contend, is quite the best looking conductor in Wales; he is a native of Maesteg, that remarkably musical district, which has so greatly enriched the musical annals of Wales. Mrs. Williams, it may be added, was ill in bed when her husband was winning laurels at the "National," but the news reached her by telephone immediately it was received in Cardiff, and, as may be imagined, cheered her greatly in the indisposition, which it is hoped the triumph of her husband's choir will help to speedily pass away.

An Imposing Ceremonial at the National Eisteddfod—Marriage of the Swords.

As the hour of twelve Thursday neared and also passed, the Eisteddfod audience was a charming spectacle. What a beautiful silence it all was! The platform was gorgeous now. "Dyfed" announced to the audience three most interesting ceremonies:

The Marriage of the Swords, which he explained was a symbol of the reunion of the two sections of the Celtic race—the Bretons and the Welsh, which had been separated so long. The right of the platform until the middle was reached, was filled in beautiful array with Welsh druids and bards in blue, white and green; on the left our brother Bretons, expectant of great things. At their extreme left were half a dozen Breton ladies in their bright national costumes. One of them was busy taking notes.

In the middle of all and just in front of the Gorsedd banner was the coveted bardic chair. Before all, and the centre of attraction, was the Archdruid. At a given signal the Marquise de l'Estourbeilon and Gwynedd stepped forward, each with his half of the sword for the marriage. Gwynedd, evidently nervous, let his half drop on to the platform, but picking it up again, he walked on. "Pa beth ydych chwi yn wneyd yma?" ("What do you want here?") demanded Dyfed. The question seemed to puzzle the audience. It was so quaint and unexpected, so sudden, so simple. However, its meaning was of vital importance, and the Marquis d'Esteurbeillon, in his own Breton tongue—which, by the way, to Welsh ears seemed strangely familiar—gave his reason for being there. In a lower tone, Dyfed addressed the same question to Gwynedd, who, with much emotion, spoke of the desired re-union. Then the two half-swords were delivered over to the hands of the priffardd Dyfed, and locked, whilst the Mayoress followed by gracefully tying them with two ribbons—white and green—thus completing the knot of union. The cheering, the hurrahs of the crowd then broke out and knew no bounds for a time. Immediately, however, another ceremony followed—the presentation of a banner by friends of the Eisteddfod in Wales. As each demonstration succeeded demonstration the emotions and feelings of the people heightened, and the vast arena, with its thousands, could not restrain itself. The cheering was immense when the banner was handed to Dyfed, who, in his turn, handed it over to Taldir (M. Jaffrenou), the leader of the Bretons. He felt the occasion's significance, and so did the audience, which of itself cheered tremendously, and, at "Gomer's" invitation, rose as one man, cheered again, and hurrahed and clapped yet many times more. Anyone who could look and behold such a sight, and not be moved, must surely be bereft of the finer feelings of humanity. As Taldir stood there, and was in his national costume, and as the audience gave vent to its feelings, one felt that this indeed was a real "entente cordiale"—a thing that could never be effected by statutes and laws. The occasion was grand! When it came to Taldir's opportunity to thank the Welsh people for this expression of brotherhood the people listened respectfully, and punctuated his remarks here and there with enthusiastic outburst of applause He spoke out in Welsh, and this fact itself was enough to capture the hearts of Welshmen. We like Welsh uttered so that everyone may hear, and that is what Taldir did. He took this to be a tes-

timony—an eternal testimony—of the love which Wales bore for Brittany, and as a complete reunion after their separation of long ago. That banner which had been presented them would shine as a bright star of hope in Brittany; it would spur them to remain still faithful to their traditions and their aspirations. After speaking of the ties of race between Welsh and Bretons, he thanked the Archdruid—to whom the Bretons pay homage and allegiance—"Arlunydd, Penygarn," who designed the banner, and Miss Evans (Cardiff), who executed it. He ended by saying in a loud voice "Tra mor tra Brython," the audience again breaking out into applause as he withdrew. Preparation was now made for the chairing of the bard.

Stepping on the stage, P. C. Mullins sounded the Corn Gwlad, and then the Archdruid, who was accompanied by Pedrog and Elfyn, gave their adjudication in detail upon the efforts of the competitors. They had gone through the contributions carefully, and they had come to the conclusion that the best was that of "Mayflower."

There was applause for a moment, but silence was restored when Dyfed asked if "Mayflower" was present. Thousands of eyes were instantly surveying the interior of the pavilion for "Mayflower.'

When he did rise and made his way towards the platform the cheering was renewed. At the steps he was met by Elfed and Eifionydd, upon whose arms he was led along the stage, past the large crowd of bards, and to the cheering of those present.

"Pwy yw e!" came a shout from the back of the pavilion

Dyfed: The Rev. Thomas Davies, of Bethel, Cardiff.

Again came the same voice.

Dr. Gomer Lewis: Y Parch. Thomas Davies, gweinidog gyda'r Bedyddwyr yn Bethel, Caerdydd (the Rev. Thomas Davies, minister with the Baptists at Bethel, Cardiff.)

The crowd at once jumped to the appropriateness of the announcement by the delighted Gomer, but Penar went one better when there came another query from the far end of the building as to who the successful bard was.

Gomer, who stood at one side of the platform, replied with a laugh that he would leave it to "Penar" on the other side of the platform to repeat what he had just said.

"I will do so to please my friend Gomer," shouted Penar. In Welsh he went on, "Y bardd ydyw Thomas Davies, gweinidog yr efengyl yn Caerdydd" (Thomas Davies, minister of the gospel in Cardiff).

Penar said no more, but the cheering and applause which followed was deafening.

A number of bards in attendance then held the sword over the head of the successful bard as he sat down on the beautiful chair, whilst Dyfed shouted.

"A oes heddwch?"

The response "Heddwch" came from thousands of throats, and so did the responses to the other formal questions.

The Mayoress just then tied the ribbon round the right arm of the bard, whilst Mrs. Williams, the widow of Watcyn Wyn, presented him with the certificate, amidst renewed applause.

Next came the chairing song by Mr. Ben Davies, the famous tenor. The old Swansea boy was in excellent voice, and the demands of encore which followed lasted several minutes Mr. Davies was unable to give a second song as he had to sing at the evening ceremony.

The interesting ceremony concluded with the recitation of englynion by the bards.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

REV. DR. JOHN ROBERTS.

Rev. Dr. John Roberts, the eminent Welsh missionary, has labored for nearly 40 years in India. Welshmen the world over have heard of Dr. Roberts. He is probably the leading missionary of the Welsh nation. Following a four years' course in Bala College, Wales, and one year at Edinburg, Scotland, he in 1871, went to the Khassia Mountains, India, to teach Christianity to the benighted people of that far Eastern country. He has done a magnificent work.

He has had charge of the theological seminary in India, located in his mission field, from its establishment, and he has translated practically all of the Bible into the language of the ...es. He visited Wales in 1884 and was elected moderator of the Calvinistic Methodist General Assembly of Wales, but an earthquake in India during his absence devastated portions of that country and he returned forthwith to look after the needs of his field.

In 1896 he paid another visit to Wales and was again elected moderator of the General Assembly, an office which he now holds. He is in this country as the representative of the General Assembly of Wales to the General Assembly of the United States, which convenes at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and in the meantime has been making a tour of the country.

Dr. Roberts is a native of Corris, N. W., where he was born in 1842. He commenced to preach in October, 1863. Dr. Roberts is an excellent speaker, and he talks Welsh with the ease of one who has talked it all his life time, and it may be easily inferred that he is using the old tongue in far India. Mrs. Roberts is also Welsh and a daughter of the late celebrated Glan Alun, a Welshman widely known among his countrymen all over the world.

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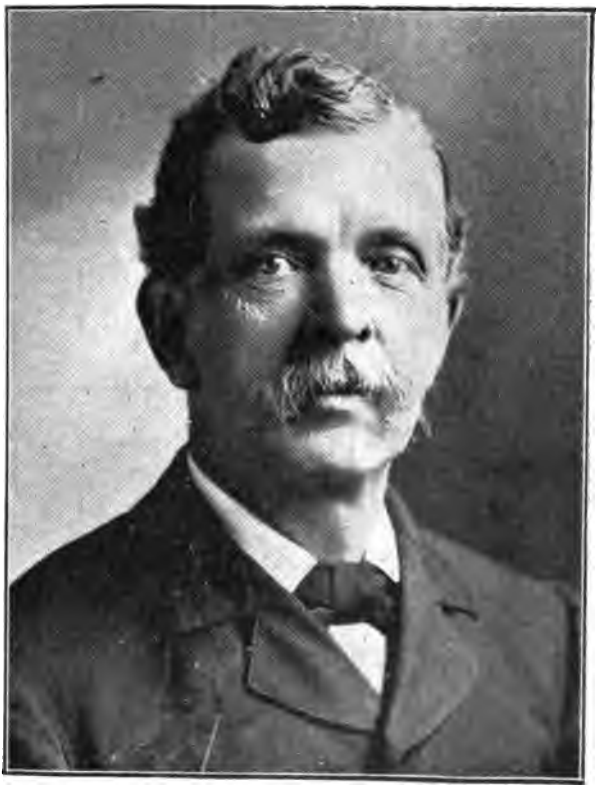
REV. W. R. EVANS.

Mr. Evans is a fine representative of the American type of Welshman, combining the original good qualities of the Welshman born in Wales with the good qualities of the American. Among his fellow Welshmen Mr. Evans may be taken for a thorough Cymro born and bred amidst Welsh surroundings, and again in American society he may be mistaken for a thorough-going Yankee.

We are tempted to add that Mr. Evans is an improvement on the old country Cymro by reason of his having acquired also the spirit and independence of the American mind. Mr. Evans is an excellent illustration of the truth that a man may combine and merge in himself two natures—the natures of a Welshman and of an American, having the consciousness of both, expressing himself in the languages of both with equal ease, and living the commendable lives of both in a praiseworthy manner.

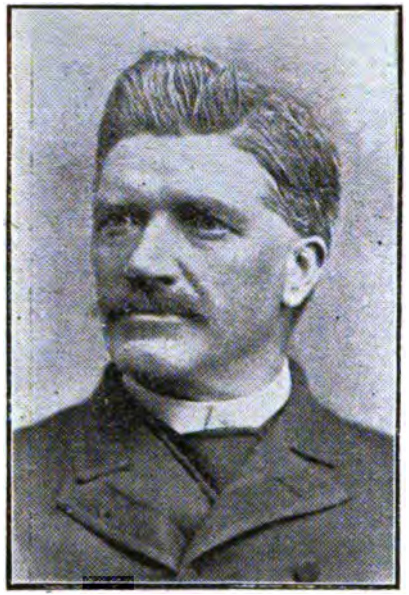
Mr. Evans also proves past all doubting that to be a thorough Welshman is no obstacle to being a thorough American, and that being both makes a man really more serviceable than if he had been only either. In this sense, Mr. Evans has been as good as two men, having served the Welsh section as well as the American part of the people excellently well and faithfully, and more



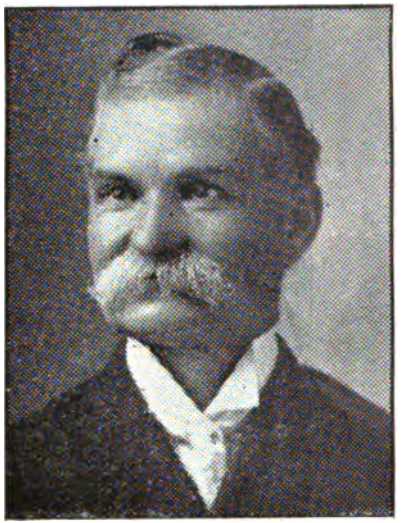
EBENEZER BOWEN.

REV. W. R. EVANS.

DR. JOHN ROBERTS.



REV. J. MYRNACH EVANS.



IFOR CYNIDR PARRY.

ALHAMBRA—Salon de Embajadores with Its Ceramic Mosaic.

is he honored by the Welshman and the American.

Mr. Evans was born January 24, 1845, in a part of Ohio which is known as the Cardigan of America, which comprises Jackson and Gallia Counties, and at a farmhouse about two miles from the place where he now resides. In early years he shared the privations and hardships of pioneer life. He attended the district school about three months a year, from the time he was five until 18. Then he attended Ewington Academy for two terms, and the South Western Normal School at Lebanon, O., the following summer. He commenced teaching when 18, and for 12 consecutive years he taught schools in rural districts in the winter, working on the farm the summer months. He was a restless and mischievous lad, but harmless at school in early days, and always had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, especially a knowledge of philosophy. When about 20 years old, he had more enjoyment conning over Smith's Elements of Mental Science, Wayland's Moral Philosophy and Butler's Analogy, than he had in the frivolous games and sports of others.

In 1873 Mr. Evans was elected deacon of Peniel Church, and was licensed to preach February, 1877, and ordained in 1883, and has preached to the same churches during all his ministerial career. He served as Secretary of the Gallia and Jackson Presbytery for ten years; presided over the quarterly Sunday School meetings of the settlement for 12 years; was elected Moderator of the Ohio Synod twice, and lastly Moderator of the General Assembly (Welsh). lately in session at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. He has been on the Examination Board for over 20 years in succession. He is president of the Trustees of the Ohio Synod these many years, is a member of the Permanent Temperance Committee, and has served for many years on the Board of Mission.

In his young days, Mr. Evans took active part in politics, and was elected to several minor offices; and in his boyhood and early manhood he was deeply interested in Sunday School and temperance work, although the environment, outside home influences, were very unfavorable. The near neighbors were uncultured people, harmless, but devoid of ambition and aspiration. His home was four miles from any Welsh church.

Mr. Evans may justly and with honor claim that he has led a strenuous life; has labored hard physically and mentally, for he has combined the occupations of farmer and minister and has throughout his ministerial career endured and still endures a great deal of exposure in all kinds of weather on account of the great distance he has to travel to fill his Sunday appointments.

In addition to all this, Mr. Evans has been a contributor to Welsh papers and periodicals and to the English press in Jackson and Gallia Counties for over 40 years. He has published a history of the Welsh settlements of Jackson and Gallia.

February 13, 1873, Mr. Evans was united in marriage to Miss Mary A. Jones, Oak Hill, and the same year purchased the farm he has lived on since. About the first of December following a son was born and the mother died. In 1875, he was married again to Miss Margaret Ann Edwards. He has reared twelve children, all living.

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REV. J. MYRNACH EVANS.

The late Rev. J. Myrnach Evans was born at Llanfyrnach, Pembrokeshire, S. W., in the year 1832, and departed this life at Cleveland, O., in ... 75th year. He was baptized at a place called Llwyn-yr-hwrdd, by the Rev. E. Jones, a son of the Rev. Morgan Jones. It was Mr. Morgan Jones that leased the land on which the chapel stood for 999 years for one shilling a year, on condition that

the church continued to believe the doctrine of the Trinity and the five points of Calvinism.

When a mere lad, he came to Glamorgan to work at the harvest on farms near Cardiff, and subsequently made his home in Glamorgan, where he learned the trade of puddling. He followed puddling at Cwmafon, Llwyni, Tredegar, Brynmawr, Dowlais, and at Middlesboro, England, and Cleveland, O.

In the year 1859, during the religious excitement, under the ministry of the Rev. W. Thomas, Rock, Mr. Evans was converted and became a church member as well as a consistent Christian.

When young he was a lover of Welsh literature, and attended the Eisteddfodau and he even wrote some poems, among which was "A Song to Mother." A Welshman who has not written a verse or an englyn is a phenomenon or a freak. He won some fame among his neighbors as a good singer of popular songs of a religious or moral character.

He practised public speaking when young, and became an elocutionist of considerable ability, and he was a successful competitor at Eisteddfodau. He also began to write to the Welsh newspapers in prose and verse. Among a meeting of bards, he was initiated into the fraternity and received the bardic name of "Myrnach" from the village in which he was born.

At one time he was very successful in poetical competitions. Mr. Evans was a genial sociable, humorous and enthusiastic character which made him very popular among a large circle of friends and neighbors.

Mr. Evans came to this country from Middlesboro, England, and settled at Cleveland, O., where he remained the rest of his life. It was at Middlesboro he passed the happiest years, which he ascribed to the kind of Welsh society that existed there, but the members were dispersed by an unfortunate strike.

As soon as he had settled at Cleveland, he joined the congregation at Lake Shore, and very soon the congregation took to his precatorial abilities, and he was invited to devote himself to the ministry. In a short time he was ordained, but he remained but a brief space with the Lake Shore church. He moved to take charge of a newly instituted church at Bethel Home, and he became a popular preacher among the Welsh of Cleveland and Ohio.

He had repeated calls to preach at different towns and villages where the Welsh had churches especially at Coalburg, Mineral Ridge, Hubbard, Talmadge, Akron, &c., where a good number of Welsh resided in years passed.

The darkest day of his life was January 21, 1898, when his wife, Eliza Evans, died suddenly of heart failure. He had hastened for medical assistance, but at his return he found his faithful partner dead. Mrs. Evans was a native of the parish of Clodau, Pembrokeshire. She also moved to Cwmafon, Glamorgan, where they were married in the year 1855. He leaves one child, Mrs. M. Thomas, Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O., and three grandchildren, two daughters of Mrs. Thomas, and a son of David, who died at Tampico, Mexico, three or four years before his father's death.

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IFOR CYNIDR PARRY.

Ivor Cynidr Parry of Scranton, Pa., is the only American winner of a prize at the National Eisteddfod recently held at Swansea, S. W. He was awarded a prize of seven guineas for the best set of patriotic songs in Welsh on Welsh heroic subjects. Every Cambro-American feels like congratulating Mr. Parry on his splendid success. Mr. Parry is a native of Llangynidr, Usk Valley, Brecconshire, S. W., where he entered on his career in 1842. Mr. Parry is related to the late typical and popular old Welsh

preacher, Lewis Powell of Cardiff, so well known among Welshmen as "Pywel Caerdydd," and he also comes from a poetic stock. His parents were Llywelyn and Mary Parry. Mr. Parry was graduated as a poet from a bardic circle, wherein the late Watcyn Wyn, Gwalch Ebrill and others shone in years gone by; but he left Wales when a young man, and migrated to the States. He settled for some time in Dakota, but has lived for years at Scranton, Pa., where he has represented several business corporations, and is now the agent of the Bishop Creek Gold Co.

Mr. Parry has been successful as a poet of 'englynion," which requires a technical knowledge of the alliterative system of Welsh poetry. His victories in the field of englyn making are numberless, and he is considered one of the best englyn writers in the States. An admirer in the "Drych" accosts him in the following englyn:

Hynodol wyt, dal ati—ein Cynidr,
Cana wladgar gerddi;
Diatal daw tal i ti—'n llifeiriant,
Aohosa'th ogoniant uwch "saith gini."

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THE LATE EBENEZER BOWEN, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Mr. Ebenezer Bowen was born near Pontardawe, South Wales, in 1838, the second son of the late Rev. William Bowen, Carmarthen, a prominent minister of the Calvinistic Methodist Church. He enjoyed the privilege of a good education and spent some of his early life at Pontypool. It was here that he took to music with Mr. John Williams and T Gwynfab Williams, then principal of the day schools at the above place, but now Rector at Dinas Powys, Pembrokeshire, S. W.

He developed a wonderful taste as a reader of music, and being of an ambitious turn of mind, he turned his attention to the United States, emigrating in 1868, coming directly to this city, where he soon found employment with the firm of Bathgate & Groger Grocery Co. Soon after acquiring the methods of business he became a traveling salesman for the paper house of McCall & Snider, and by his constant application and his untiring efforts to succeed he became the principal owner of the business, forming a partnership under the name of H. Dreman & Co., which continued until Mr. Dreman's death, when he purchased the Dreman interest, locating at 237 Walnut Stree. It was here that a great fire took place, when several lives were lost. This was almost a crushing blow to Mr. Bowen.

He redoubled his efforts, and by unceasing toil he came out of the fire free from dross, started a new store at the present location, 120-122 E. 6th St., where the business grew to such proportions that he became one of the prominent merchants of the city; and the testimony of all of his business associates was "that his word was as good as his bond." Here we find a number of young Welsh Americans in his employ. He was rather partial to Welsh young men, and volumes could be written about his philanthropy and his good advice to these young men, admonishing them never to misrepresent any article, but to be truthful and honest in all their dealings. But although he was a very devoted man to his business, he still found some leisure time to devote to music and to teach the young Welshmen to sing, for he was a musician of great ability, and was the means of bringing before the public some of our talented Welsh singers in the city. But it was as the conductor of the Welsh Choral Society that he became renowned, carrying off the chief prizes at the Eisteddfodau held in Ohio between 1870 and 1880; and to him and the Welsh Choral Society is due the honor of giving the best performance in this country of the opera "Blodwen" by Dr. Joseph Parry. He was an ardent

admirer of Dr. Parry as well as a personal friend, and usually upon an occasion of giving a concert it was his custom to have one or two numbers by Dr. Parry's upon the program. The many cantatas performed under his leadership by the Sunday School children of College Street Church recalls some of the most enjoyable and pleasant recollections of the past history of the church; for here it was that he labored faithfully for nearly 40 years, as leader of the church choir, contriving, planning and devising ways and means to make that part of the service of the sanctuary interesting, edifying and worshipful. His loss to the church in this connection is irreparable, for he was the moving spirit in that part of God's worship; and to prove how much he was interested in the coming Gymanfa to be held here this fall, he and I were planning while he was on his bed of sickness. But he has been called to join that angelic hosts in the mansions above to sing that anthem "Worthy is the Lamb," &c., once his favorite here.

In connection with the Sunday School as its superintendent he served many years, as teacher, expounder and member of the Bible class, truly orthodox, a great reader of both ancient and modern books, possessing a library of the finest collections, among them some very rare ancient works. But as a Christian character it was this life that shone with such splendor that made one feel that when in his presence, one was in the presence of a true and noble follower of the great Master, possessing a strong personality, a powerful mind, always kind and affable, gentle and loving, with a cheerful word of comfort to all, carefully weighing all matters by the golden rule of justice and equity; a man worthy the emulation of us all.

His funeral took place from the old church on College Street, wherewith he had been so long identified. Rev. W. H. Williams, of New Cambria, Mo., officiating, assisted by the Rev. M. O. Evans, pastor of the Lawrence Street Church, and Rev. Wm. Rees, pastor of Elmwood Presbyterian Church. A large assembly of his American friends and business associates, representatives of the different Masonic bodies were present. He was buried at that beautiful city of the dead, Spring Grove Cemetery, and the closing song of the beautiful service for the dead was sung by the choir, "O Fryniau Caersalem," &c., a fitting close to a grand and noble life. His memory will ever be cherished by the members of his church, and the many deeds done in the flesh will, we trust bear future fruit for the glory of God.

To the Boys and Girls.

Send us the names and addresses of 150 of your acquaintances who are Welsh and who do not subscribe to either "Y Drych" or "The Cambrian," and who you think might like to see a sample copy of one or both publications, and we will send you free, express prepaid, a fine atlas of the world full of the latest maps and information such as contained in all the standard atlases. The names must be of people in your town or vicinity, if you live in a city from your city, only one member of a household counted. If you are not sure that some of your friends do not take either "Y Drych" or "The Cambrian" send us several more than the 150 to allow for such a thing happening. The atlas is one published by the Hammond Atlas Co. of New York and Chicago, and is first class in every respect. If for any reason you should not like the atlas you may return same and we will pay you for the names sent us instead.

To Paris I went for a brief sojourn,
In Naples tarried a day,
I visited Rome and Venice, too,
Then journeyed to far Bombay
I was also a while in Jerusalem—
You think my travels were great?
But I was gone for only a week;
It was all in New York State.
—Brooklyn Life.

CURRENT EVENTS.

August 16—The Pennsylvania State Capitol Investigating Commission recommends that all concerned in the looting of the State be criminally prosecuted.

August 17.—The rush of immigrants to Siberia is so great that all the available homestead lots have been exhausted and the authorities are unable to distribute recent arrivals.—Secretary of War Taft starts from Washington on his trip through the West to the Philippines, and back by way of Siberia and Europe.

August 19.—The Transvaal Parliament votes to buy the Cullinan diamond, valued at $1,000,000, and give it to King Edward as a mark of gratitude for the recent constitution.

August 20.—President Roosevelt, at Provincetown, Mass., declares the policy of the Administration is to continue the prosecution of illegal corporate interests.

August 21.—The officers and men of the American fleet receive a flattering reception at Yokohama by the Japanese people.

August 24.—A German vessel loaded with rifles and flying the Spanish flag is captured by a French cruiser off the coast of Morocco.

August 26—The Irish Nationalists leave the House of Commons in a body after a speech by John Redmond, denouncing the amended evicted tenant bill; another committee is appointed to confer with the House of Lords.—The House of Lords passes the deceased wife's sister marriage bill.

August 27.—The Peers force the Commons to accept the amendments to the Irish evicted tenants' bill.

August 29.—Announcement is made at Washington that the St. Gaudens designs for the new $10 and $20-gold pices are accepted.—The twenty-fourth session of the International Law Association opens at Portland, Oregon.

August 29.—The damage from the recent fire in Hakodate, Japan, is estimated at $15,000,000. Sixty thousand persons are homeless.

August 30.—The Moors lose heavily in their attack on Casablanca; the action lasted three hours.

August 30.—Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Salvador respond in favorable terms to President Roosevelt's proposal for a Central-American peace conference.—Richard Mansfield, the actor, dies at his summer home at New London, Conn.

September 4.—The Kansas Railroad Commission orders a two-cent railroad passenger rate, to go into effect October 1.

September 4.—Edward Grieg, the composer, dies in Bergen, Norway.

September 5—Governor Hughes accepts the McKinley monument at Buffalo in the name of the State.

September 5.—Fifty persons are buried alive by an avalanche of snow at Juncal, Chile.

September 6—Eleven persons are killed and a dozen injured in the collision of a Rock-Island passenger train with a freight at Norris, Iowa.

September 7.—The Lusitania, of the Cunard line, leaves Liverpool on her trial run for the trans-atlantic record.

September 9.—An investigating committee of physicians report that in the New York public schools 465,800 of the 600,000 children in attendance are physically defective.

September 10.—The Hague Peace Conference adopts by a large majority the plan for a tribunal to deal with prizes taken at sea.—Oriental rioting ceases at Vancouver; Japanese and Chinese laborers quit work.

September 11.—The Pope calls the first plenary council ever held in the Philippines.—Lord Blount of England, bequeaths $400,000 to Yale University.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

'Dick proposed to me last night."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said he had better ask mamma. And what do you think the wretch said?"

"Goodness knows."

"He said he had asked her already, and she wouldn't have him".

"Then you don't believe in higher education for women?' '

"Certainly not. I think it's a sname to even teach 'em how to read. If a woman couldn't read the bargain advertisements, she wouldn't be so unhappy over the lots of things she can't afford to buy."

"Father," said an inquiring youth, "when a hen sits on an egg for three weeks, and it don't hatch, is the egg spoiled?"

"As an article of diet, my son, it is henceforth a failure; but for political purposes it has its uses."

A short time ago the government inspector was visiting one of the regimental infant schools at Aldershot, and was questioning a class of small boys on Scripture history, when the following conversation took place:

Inspector—Where did John the Baptist live?

Small Boy—In the desert.

Inspector—Quite right. Now, what do we call people who live in the desert?

Small Boy—Deserters, sir!—Dundee Advertiser.

Rev. J. G. Wood, in an article on "The Wonders of the Spring," says that the volume of sound produced by the skylark is most wonderful. "The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings.'

"I tell you, mum," remarked Sandy Pikes, as he dipped up the strawberries and cream, "when you are leading de hobo life you have to keep up with the times."

"Is that so my poor man?" said the sympathetic housewife.

"Yes, indeed, mum. Why dis time last year I used to say I came from San Francisco and people used to give me handouts 'caus dey thought I was an earthquake sufferer. Now, if I should forget myself and say I came from San Francisco dey would be liable to hand me over to de police for being an escaped grafter."—Chicago News.

A negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity of contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account

ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de gineral deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis chu'ch, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quahtah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by de congregation, an' a suspendah-button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'oceed, while I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn."—Independent.

If the fine assessed by Judge Landis were to be paid by the Standard Oil Company—

It would take a pile of silver dollars 47.74 miles high.

It would take as many dollar bills as, placed end to end, would stretch 40,841.8 miles, or nearly twice around the globe or more than five times from New York to San Francisco and back.

It would weigh, in silver dollars, 1,877,500 pounds, requiring 32 cars of 60,000 pounds capacity to carry.

It would take 1,000 men, working for $2 a day, 46 working years, 10 months and eight days to earn it.

It would buy 292,400 acres, or 456.8 square miles of land, at $100 an acre.

It would buy 19,496 automobiles, at an average cost of $1,500 for each machine.

It would take a man, working 10 hours a day, and counting 100 silver dollars a minute, one year, 29 weeks, one day and three hours, to count it.

DIAMONDS
LOFTIS SYSTEM
ON CREDIT
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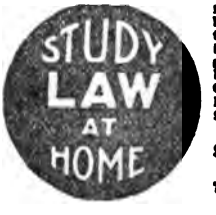

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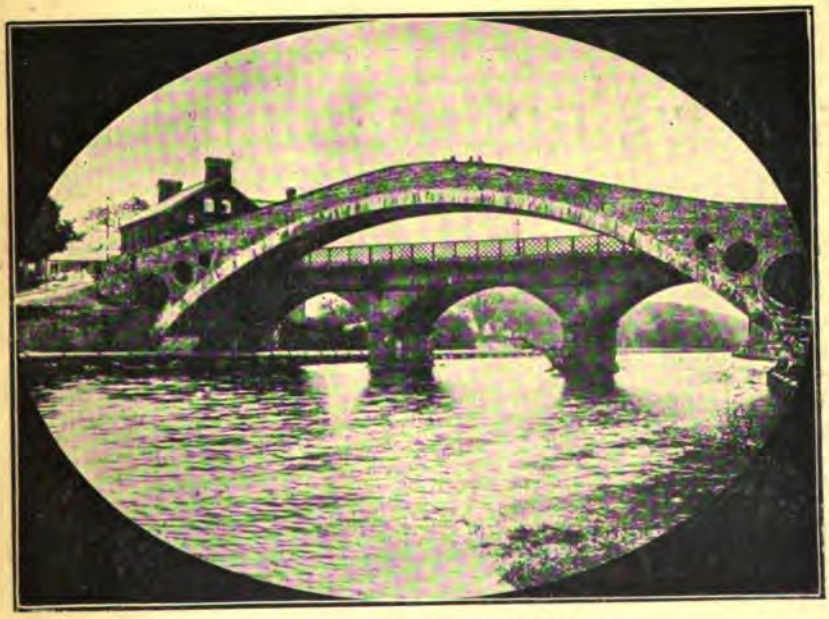

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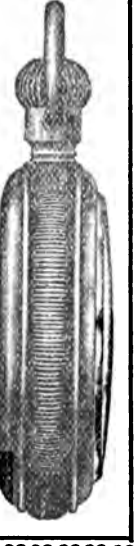

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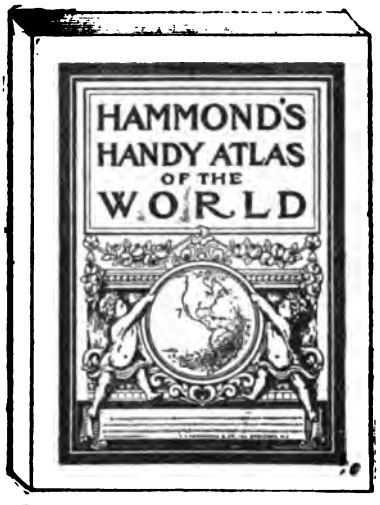

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BY G. JAMES JONES, Ph. D., D. D.
President of Providence University, Oak Hill, Ohio.

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"The Welsh people and their descendants should be enthusiastic supporters of THE CAMBRIAN for at least four reasons:

"1.—It is the only medium in this country by means of which Welsh people are vitally connected with their distinguished past. The literature of the English is the most brilliant in the world,—the brains of Welshmen have made it so. It is worth much to be able to maintain one's place in the constructive machinery of English literature. THE CAMBRIAN, more than any other medium, does that very thing.

"2.—Because as no other magazine it illustrates and enforces by means of its splendid articles the magnificent services rendered by Welshmen and Welshwomen in the development of the higher things in the civilization of the masses, especially as those things relate to English and American histories and to missionary enterprises.

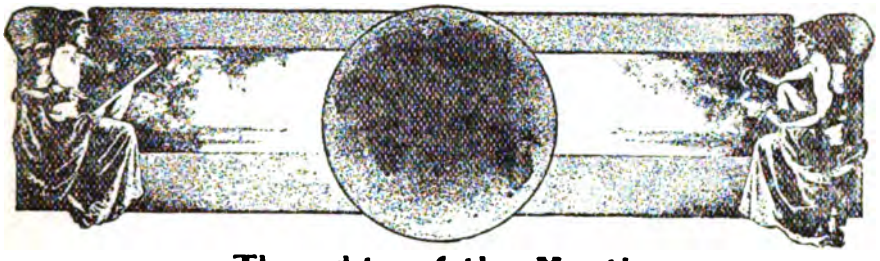
"3—.And because it keeps the Welsh fire, energy, aglow in the heart of the Brython when the Welsh language has failed to be the medium of intercommunication. To Welsh-Americans the CAMBRIAN is all-important.

"4.—Because as a monthly magazine it is far superior to the ordinary dollar magazine, and as such it is worth much more than the price asked for it. I would deny my relations to the Welsh, past, present and future, should I fail in loyalty to THE CAMBRIAN."

THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII. OCTOBER, 1907. No. 8



Thoughts of the Month.

A Desirable Change. This government will be really republican when the plan will be adopted of consulting the desires of the people generally and then legislating accordingly. It is far from being so now, and it has been far from being so. We have really been ruled by the rich by means of corrupt politics, and it is said that as few as half a dozen plutocrats have hitherto been able to turn the power of government to work in their business channel contrary to the good and the comfort of the people. It will be so continuously until the people will have expressed their will in a positive way. It has been a common argument of the friends and upholders of corrupt government to assert that the present and past way of operating the country has been and is the most profitable to the people, and when a new plan is recommended, the friends and upholders of corrupt government always become over-anxious for fear the new may impose a burden on the people! This is the argument against the establishment of a parcel post in the post office department. Critics already promise a loss to the government of not less than $150,000,000 a year, although the Express Companies make a goodly sum yearly on the business. They prosper too well in the business to wish any change. They criticize the proposition because the loss will be theirs, not the people's.

True Freedom. In an address the other day, Booker T. Washington said, "I have been a slave in body and know its meaning; but there is no form of physical slavery so hurtful as mental and spiritual slavery. Having, therefore, experienced one form of bondage, I have long registered a high, and I trust, holy resolve in heaven that henceforth no influence should

enslave me in mind and heart." We are all ex-slaves, partially. There are slaves who are free spiritually, and there are boastful white freemen, who are enslaved by their appetites. The worst form of slavery or bondage is mental darkness, wherein the soul is tied and tangled in prejudices and foolish notions which are worse than artificial bonds. Talk about slavery, is there any comparable to the drinking habit, to which so many white men and women are tied? Our prejudices also warp our intellects because they make us respect an evil and condemn a virtue. We are often misled by color and set astray by a foolish bias or an unreasonable predilection; and we will boast of our freedom although we are kept in bondage by our own foolish whims and silly creeds. We are not free unless we are morally and intellectually free.

All Thieves Alike. We have been so busy for generations thinking of naught but piling up heaps of wealth that we have neglected the foundation of our future welfare; and so of late we have awakened to the serious truth that material wealth after all is but a shabby substitute for moral virtue. Any kind of a building, put up on any kind of a foundation and with any kind of material will last for a certain space of time, and may make a fair, even a grand show, but when the crisis comes, the thing will collapse in a most unexpected way. A government built on politics and dishonest commercialism will sooner or later betray its weakness, and it is even to-day revealing its rottenness in America. It is quite evident to the philosophic mind that our politics and our business methods are a school wherein the people of the land are taught the profitableness and the honorableness even of crooked ways; and how can we expect thieves to be honest when our business is dishonest? Why should we make a distinction between a thief who steals outside business and the thief who steals inside business? What is the real difference between the grafter and the old fashioned and orthodox robber and thief? Is there any real distinction between the one and the other? In fact, the law should identify all classes of thieves under the same name, providing the same punishment for all.

Justice Disagreeable. To a certain class of human beings there is something offensive in the word "socialism." Although socialism means a method of improving society, yet a certain prejudice has been infused into the word which makes it very unacceptable to a certain class of thinkers. It may be classified with temperance, total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. There is a great number to whom temperance is quite disagreeable and even obnoxious. To saloonkeepers abstinence is quite abominable! Morality and uprightness are quite annoying to a large number of people; morality is even displeasing and

even repugnant to a certain class of Christians. They prefer that kind of exciting religion that inebriates, but does not ameliorate. They avoid doing what is right, fair and honorable as much as possible. They love that kind of religion that connives at meanness, that winks the eye next to evil. Our corporations, under grave suspicions, are impatient of control, by reason of the simple truth that they cannot rob the public so easily and so irresponsibly as before. Therefore we may almost with certainty put our finger on the sore at the root of all these evils we have just enumerated, and that is selfishness. We need not beat around the bush (as sophistry is used to do) in order to find the real cause of opposition to all the reforms of the age.

Ways Should Be Open. One quaint writer has felicitously informed us that "the Bible is full of the vices of the rich." It is there where we differ from the Bible. We pay too much attention to the wickedness of the poor, ignoring the fact that we have been creating the poor through the ages, through our bad policy and our lack of social justice. A Bishop after visiting the slums of a city, declared that if he lived there, he would have been a drunkard himself. So; our system of treating the poorer class of people has been the cause of corrupting them to the pitiable extent and depth we find them in. If we had only followed the good example of the Bible in condemning the rich and what is so beautifully called "vested interests" for the majority of our evils! These vested interests interfere with the evolution of society, because they own and hold all the avenues of egress out of poverty and its manifold miseries.

A Juster Way. "Latifundia perdidere Romam," said the Roman historian; which means that swollen estates ruined Rome. Now if any estate deserved the name of latifundia, the Standard Oil Co. does. The States fortunately is too strong a country to be ruined by even such a latifundia as the Standard, but the multiplication of such a graft will ultimately undermine the Republic. A business that pays 1000 per cent is something intolerable, where the rate of interest is from 3 to 6 per cent. It can't be righteous; it can't be expedient, although the latifundia in question may devote a good sum to the evangelization of China, etc. A cathedral, a church, a university or a library is no justification of acts of despoliation. It is better and more Christian to do justly by the people and let them provide their churches, schools and libraries.

Godly Disbelief. It is the testimony of the Interstate Commerce Commission that wages during the last decade have advanced on foot, and the profits of corporations have taken the Limited Express. Usually when labor gets 10c., corporations make it an excuse to in-

crease their earnings $1 or $2 From 1896 to 1902 wages increased 5 per cent., while corporations' earnings have increased 60 per cent. A philosopher universally known, has stated that the benefit of inventions has almost all been swallowed by capitalists; and another says "that the achievements of the human mind have been thwarted by human injustice." Governments have winked at all this wrong, and one has said "that the inequality of wealth has already lowered the spirit of the Christian ministry." The followers of the poor and lowly Christ no longer adhere to His teaching, for how oft we hear from the mouths of Christians that the Sermon on the Mount is impracticable, and that the gospel of Christ is Utopian?

The Gospel Anvil. That corrupt but brilliant mind, Oscar Wilde, in one of his beautiful works talks about those lovely links of humanity, those invisible ties which hold and draw human atoms together to keep them from becoming a prey to individualism, the origin of sin, whatever the theologians may think of it. Was not Christ a kind of a spiritual lovesmith; and was it not His mission and His mission still, to weld these lovely links together in order to create a true brotherhood of men on earth? Should not sermons and gospel songs be the music of the making and the welding of these links together, every Sunday and every day of the week? Are our churches and our ministers in the welding business at all? Are we merely pleased with the sound of the anvil for amusement's sake? Progress means increase in the number of links and the number of weldings. Are we progressing in the realization of the dreams of the Son of Man?

Fill up the Ditch. Recently the Anti-Saloon League and its representatives spoke at several of the churches at Utica. The end of the League is the abolition of the liquor business; and the friends of temperance have a strong argument against the greatest evil of the age. It depends to reach its end on public sentiment, and as soon as that sentiment shall have been aroused, the saloon will have to go, and there will be joy among the angels. Christians should work one and all in unison for this blessed end, but it is a shabby fact that they do not! This ditch wherein so many of our friends, neighbors and relatives fall into, is kept open for the simple reason that a large number of the professed followers of Christ want it open, and so they seem to preach and pray somewhat like this: "Beware of the open ditch, but don't close it!" We remember reading of a coal shaft which was usually left open, and on a post near by was the queer notice, "Please don't fall in!" The Anti-Saloon League wants this ditch filled up, so there will be no danger. This is quite reasonable, and the filling up of the saloon ditch would be the greatest blessing the country will have yet experienced!

A Year of Christian Work at Pasumalai, in the Madura District, South India.

By Rev. J. P. Jones.

IV. The Press.

The work of this department has gone on without a break during the year. After a long agony, we have finally been able to put the new cylinder press into good working condition; so that the whole establishment is now in thorough working order.

Early in the year we gave up the contract of printing for the Madura Municipality which was both very exacting and unremunerative. But we have been made printers for another Court of Justice; so that printing the judgments for four of these Courts constitutes the principal part of our job work.

We have printed more matter this year than ever before. This included 127,460 books and tracts of all kinds. And these contained 515,694 pages of English, and 2,364,250 pages of Tamil matter. Most of this has been in the form of a definite Christian literature whose influence goes on multiplying year by year as the people increase in intelligence, and as their thirst for tracts and books of all kinds becomes more intense. I believe that there is no department of our work whose influence for good is to go on increasing more rapidly than our Press Department. It brings home to the masses of our reading public, with increasing fulness and clearness, the best message that we have to give them.

I would also again emphasize the fact that our printing and binding establishment is one of the best forms of an industrial establishment where we are training men for an honorable and most useful trade.

V. Publishing Department.

Though this department was originated and is now conducted and maintained by myself I regard it in many respects as useful a branch of my work as any which I am conducting. One need not spend many years in this country in order to learn the great need and the growing importance of a Christian literature, especially a vernacular Christian literature which penetrates the remotest hamlets of our field and of the whole Presidency.

I am glad to say that in this work I have the hearty co-operation of my Indian brethren who are here at Pasumalai whom I thank for their helpfulness.

We have added only one booklet, this year, to the "Pasumalai Devotional Booklet Series;" and that is a booklet of Spiritual Songs for Revival Meetings, prepared specially by Mr. V. Santiagu. The first edition was practically exhausted as soon as it came from the press, and a second edition is in preparation. We have also published the third edition of the book on "Humility," which is one of the most popular and best in the

series. And we have also published a second edition of Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World." We have likewise published 2,200 copies of an edition of our annual almanac which has become quite a well known visitor to the homes of our Christians. There is also now ready for the press a translation and an adaptation of the greater part of Mr. Gordon's "Quiet Talks on Power." We have published, for the Tract Society, the first edition of my pamphlet on "The Christ and the Buddha" in English. And for the same society we have revised and published a second edition of my "Student's Life of Christ" in Tamil.

All this work, with the publication of articles in missionary magazines, has occupied no little time; but I think it has been time very well spent and that such efforts are among the most productive of good results in one's life work.

Another line of effort in this department has been in the preparation of a series of seven small handbills of one page each for free distribution among the people. Nearly all of these are made up largely of messages from the Bible, such as, parables of the Lost Sheep, the Prodigal Son, &c., with a few words of application. I have printed an edition of 40,000 of each of these on bright colored paper such as will attract. Thousands of them have already been distributed broadcast among the people. It is a very effective and inexpensive way of carrying to the masses the sweetest and most helpful messages of God's Word and of presenting the foundation truths of our faith in such a way that the Holy Spirit may use them in the salvation of this people.

I am glad to say that we have sold more than 7,500 of our booklets during the year, and have distributed tens of thousands of our handbills; and our prayers go forth with these many messages of God to the people that He may use them for the quickening of our Christians in spiritual life and for the salvation of those who are now outside the pale of our religion.

Associated with Messrs. V. Santiagu, Eames and my writer, I have continued, for the mission, the publication of our two papers, the "True News" and the "Joyful News," the former a bi-lingual, semi-monthly newspaper, and the other a monthly vernacular missionary paper. The last part of this, however, is devoted to Christian Endeavor interests.

The circulation of both of these papers has increased somewhat during the year; and I have reason to believe that they minister in no small way to the cause of truth and righteousness.

VI. Special Items.

During the year we have had items of special interest which have affected us not a little.

1. The first is an item of sadness. It is the failure of Messrs. Arbuthnot and Co., the well known firm in Madras. For more than half a century this firm has had the confidence and has kept the funds of nearly all

missions in South India; so that their failure in October last brought consternation and sorrow into most of our missionary organizations. Our own mission has 50,00 rupees of its public and private funds tied up in that wrecked firm. Of these, nearly five thousand rupees are seminary funds, the loss of which will add much to our already exceedingly heavy financial burdens in the conduct of this work. The burdens of this year have been very heavy and I dread to face heavier ones for the coming year.

2. During April, Pasumalai was honored as the place for the annual student camp of the Y. M. C. A., when nearly a hundred and fifty students and others were gathered together for a few days of prayer and Bible study. This again added fuel to the fire of the past three months, and was an occasion of great blessing to all who gathered here. We were specially glad to have with us on the occasion Messrs. Harada and Motoda, the two well-known Japanese delegates. Their presence here was a great inspiration to our people, and their words of wisdom uttered to Christians and to Hindus, carried great weight and power. I feel that their visit to this land was one of much helpfulness and usefulness to the cause; and I trust that this is only the beginning of a strong spiritual intercourse between these two very different peoples of the East.

3. For the first time the annual meeting of the mission with its agents in September, was held in Pasumalai. It was an experiment; but the complete success of the experiment is likely to make it permanent. The meetings were largely attended and the quietness of the place with its freedom from distractions helped materially in adding to the spiritual power which flowed from them. The chief feature of these meetings were daily addresses given by the Rev. T. Walker, M. A., of Tinnevelly. And I am glad to say that his message carried a powerful spiritual blessing into the lives of many of our agents who returned to their work refreshed and inspired for better Christian service.

4. During the year we have been highly privileged by the visits and inspiring words of not a few well known men of God. Among others we shall long remember the pleasant visit and the burning words of Dr. Agnew Johnson of New York City. Equally helpful were the presence and words of Bishop Oldham of the Methodist Church and Bishop Williams of the Church of England.

It was delightful to have converse with Dr. Sydney Gulick upon his return journey to Japan and to learn through him what different problems and diverse tendencies confront a theological instructor in India on the one hand and in Japan on the other.

It was a great privilege to have with us, even for a very brief season recently, Mrs. Butler, the widow of the late Dr. Butler, who founded, a half century ago, the Methodist Mission in North India. Though 87

years of age and frail of body, with undimmed mind and with heart and faith unabated she was on her way to North India to be the centre of the great Methodist Jubilee Celebration during the closing days of this year. Our people will never forget her stirring address.

Many others have cheered us by their presence and have helped us by their words of wisdom.

5. I have been absent from the district three times during the year. Once in Madras, as President of the South India Christian Endeavor Union, to attend our Annual Conference. Again a visit to Burma in the latter part of the year as a member of the Executive Committee of Christian Endeavor in the interests of that movement. And lastly a visit to Nagercoil as a delegate of the mission to represent it at the Centenary of the London Mission in Travancore. All of these occasions were full of interest and instruction to me. I feel that these opportunities of seeing the work which the Lord is carrying on through His people in various parts of the East is indeed precious and wonderfully helpful to one who takes an humble part in his own little sphere in helping it along.

VII. Conclusion.

In conclusion I desire to express our hearty thanks to all those good friends who have so generously helped us with their offerings and prayers during this closing year. We are specially grateful to Mrs. C. B. Babcock, for her liberal offering which has done so much to help us out of our financial difficulty. And we cannot forget our dear faithful friends, Mrs. Capron, Mrs. Tufts, Mrs. Ames and many others who have stood by us throughout the years and have helped to lighten our burdens and to cheer us with their hearty fellowship in all which we have been permitted to do. We send to all not only our expression of thanks, but also our assurance of hope and of joy in the services of the year.

The Lord has blessed the labors of oour whole Mission during the present year. Our Christian community has advanced from 19,170 to 19,812 souls. And the membership of our churches has grown from 5,812 to 6,227 souls. The offerings of the Christians of the Madura Mission has equalled an aggregate of rupees 12,076. And in the 220 schools of the mission to-day there are gathered 8,704 bright youth.

In all these we see both achievement and opportunity, and we praise the Lord for it. And we earnestly request all our friends to pray for us that in the new year opening before us there may come to us at Pasumalai and to all the mission such a blessing of spiritual power and of salvation as we have never known in the past.

Ornamental Tile Work in Germany.

By Charles James Fox, Ph. D.

American visitors to Germany who give even casual attention to German architecture, cannot fail to notice the far more extensive use of clay products in the form of floor and wall tiling in that country than in their own. In all classes of building operations, the floor and wall tiling is everywhere in evidence. In both the glazed and unglazed variety and in the form of ceramic mosaic, it is to be found as an exterior decoration on stone, brick or concrete structures; and as a protection and decoration of the wainscoting and walls of public buildings of every character. Ceramic mosaic is used by the artist to decorate the interior of churches and other buildings containing mural paintings. The unglazed tile laid out in decorative designs and colors is seen on the floors of railroad stations, hotels, churches, museums, post offices, shops and public buildings of every character. The open air terraces of cafes, restaurants, summer gardens and other places of recreation and amusement are frequently covered with decorative tiling.

The Germans are experts in the manufacture of tiling; they understand thoroughly the art of adding almost every possible shade or tint to the clay product; and the numberless steel moulds in which plastic clay is pressed before it is subjected to the heat of the kiln, are selected with due regard for every possible design. The German tile setters, especially the mosaic workers, seem to possess to a marked degree that thoroughness and artistic temperament which are so essential to the tilewright's craft. The almost infinite variety of form and color in which the tile appears and the skill with which it is applied, prevent the German tiled floor and wall from appearing monotonous in spite of the fact that is seen on every side.

Perhaps the most interesting application of tiling is to be found in the typical German home. In America, the elaborate tiling is usually found in the bath room; but in Germany, where the bath rooms are usually smaller, although they are usually tiled, the tiling is of the plainest variety, indicating that it is used in this room primarily on account of its sanitary qualities. The spaciousness and elaborateness of the usual American bath room which is lacking in the German home is made up in the kitchen. This may be due to the fact that the German housewife spends more of her time in the kitchen, than does her American sister; but whatever the cause, the German kitchen is nearly always attractively tiled, not only the floor, but also the wainscoting and frequently the walls clear to the ceiling. The absolute cleanliness and sanitary

condition of a tiled kitchen appeal strongly to the thorough German housewife.

The ornamental features of tiling are well understood and appreciated in Germany. Tiling is frequently used both as a protection and decoration for the floors and wainscoting of the vestibule, halls, reception rooms, dining room, and even of the bed rooms. Tiling is a durable material, which if properly applied will never show signs of ordinary wear or abuse. Its use in these conspicuous parts of the house gives to the German home an air of substantialness and neatness that is characteristic. Unlike expensive carpets, rugs and wall paper, the tile floors and wall are seldom disfigured by stains and scratches, and never suggest the necessity of repairs. As a germ proof, dust proof and damp proof material, the house in which tiling is extensively used is never infected by that damp musty odor which is so noticeable in many of the old houses, the wooden floors and wainscotings of which have absorbed dirt and dampness for generations.

Tiling is frequently used in the bed rooms and nursery of the German home. The painted tile pictures which usually adorn the children's play room retain their original brilliancy for years because the finger marks and other evidences of children's play, which soon ruin the paint or wall paper of the American nursery are easily removed from the hard, non-absorbent surface of the clay tile. Another distinctive feature of the German home is the large tile stove, often reaching clear to the ceiling, which is found in almost every room of the house. These stoves burn soft coal, and although it takes some time for them to be thoroughly heated, they maintain an evenness of temperature which can hardly be obtained by any other method of heating. The rich color and decorative qualities of the clay tile make the German tile stove quite as important a decorative feature of the German home as is the American open fire place and mantel.

FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND DAYS.

We're tunin' of the fiddle fer the winter nights an' days;
We're singin' "Halleluia" all along the ringin' ways;
The harvest is a plenty, but thar's lots o' Cain to raise—
An' it's "Look out, believers, we're a-comin'!"

We're tunin' of the fiddle, an' the fiddle strings are strong,
The world'll hear the music as it rolls and rolls along;
For tha's never sweeter singin, than a Georgia fiddle's song—
An' it's "Look out, believers, we're a-comin'!"

Had our fun in summer, but the summer time is dead,
Lilies at the feet o' her, and lilies at the head;
But we'll dance the winter in now—shake the old floor and the shed,
An' it's "Look out, believers, we're a-comin'!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Adventure of the Colleagues.

By Joseph Keating.

Dicky had spent all his sixty years in the mine; Richard had just left school—at the regulation age of twelve—and was just at the beginning of his career. The genius of Glamorganshire pit-life accounts for the names: it insisted upon giving the airy diminutive to a patriarch and full-name dignity to boyhood. Richard, in addition to bearing the weighty distinction of his full Christian name, was further distinguished by being known as Dick's "butty." The parliamentary term "colleague," would have been used if they had worked together in the Cabinet; only in their present colaboration they did more work for less pay.

Dicky and Richard, as colleagues, were on terms of the greatest intimacy. The fact that one was a graybeard and the other nearly half a century his junior did not affect the situation. They saw no reason why a mere accident of birth or a wider range of experience should make any invidious distinction. On the broad fact that they were fellow-craftsmen they were absolutely equal; and only on terms of perfect equality could Richard continue to associate himself with Dicky as his colleague. Dicky really never even desired to assert any claim to superiority, either on the score of his age, his experience, or his undoubted craftsmanship. Age and experience were commonplace things that might happen to any man; and as for his skill in cutting coal, he admitted that however great his career had been, his triumphs were really the triumphs of his craft and did not justify mere personal arrogance. Besides, he saw in Richard the elements of the genius which had made his own success so conspicuous; and he felt more concerned about the right development of those elements than about anything else.

"You watch me, Richard," said he, "and you'll be one of the leading colliers about here. I'll learn you."

He said this several times each week—from the first morning of their partnership; and one day, Richard, as if seeking information, said:

"What's this crack here, Butty?"

Richard could stand upright beneath the "top;" and when he raised his lamp to the questionable spot in the roof—about four feet from the bottom—the light shone over his small head and the battered cap upon it; and even threw its rays back into the coal, making its black face shine a bright yellow. The posts holding up the roof of the stall interrupted the light here and there, and threw long shadows which widened towards the boys, like fans, until they joined the black darkness at the upper side.

Dicky stopped digging at the coal and came back to the boy. He had to stoop almost in a double. He

dragged the mandrill through the dust along the bottom coal, his lamp swinging from his waistbelt and knocking against his knees. He stopped beside Richard.

"What crack, Butty?"

"Here it is."

Richard still held up his light to the top. But no true collier would test any matter by another's light. He must see entirely and always by his own. Dicky unhitched the lamp from his belt and swung it up. The light showed you his thin, kindly, perspiring face with the coal dust glistening among the wiry hairs of his grey beard. But it showed Dicky something fresh. In the smooth gleaming face of the "clod" there was a long crack like a sinister smile.

"Um!" said Dicky. "That's one to you again, Richard. How did you come to see her?"

Richard's little face remained quite calm under this complimentary reference to his discovery. He said professionally:

"I heard her working a bit, Dicky. I said to myself, there's that old slant following us again. So I looked up to see what was on her."

"Um!" said Dicky.

He tapped the smooth-faced stratum with his knuckles.

Richard advanced an opinion.

"A post would be no good to her, Butty."

"Not a bit. Twenty wouldn't hold her up. She's too soft. She'd come through um like ashes in a sieve."

As a proof of this a handful of small rubbish trickled out of the crack into Dicky's upturned face. The perspiration made the white dust cling to his cheeks and beard. He merely wiped his eyes. The rest did not matter.

The opening then allowed the light to go a little way into the crack, and you could see that instead of running vertically, it went obliquely upward: that is, on the slant.

"She'll come down right enough," said Richard, his child's face showing grave dissatisfaction. "And she'll make an awful potch of the coal!"

"You're right enough, there, too, Butty."

The puzzled look on Dicky's face, as he trailed his lamp along the crack found expression in the words:

"But I can't understand why she is playing her tricks this morning. If it was in the night—when everything is quiet and all the old earth is on the move—what's that noise?"

Richard lowered his light and went up to the middle of the stall. A tram half-filled with coal stood at the end of the shining rails. That did not interest Richard, but the crackling sound alongside it guided him.

He bent down with his lamp to the bottom of a post that stood against the side wall, holding up the roof.

"The bottom coal is bursting under this old post here in the road!"

"What's that?"

The sharp note of alarm in this hinted strongly that Dicky had begun to take a serious view of the situation.

He left the "slant" look after it self, and bending in a double under the low clod and winding in and around the posts, with his lamp swinging violently at his belt, he came quickly to Richard.

"Puckings, butty!"

"Funny, isn't it," said the boy.

"Funny? It's the funniest thing that ever was serious."

Dicky trailed his lamp further back along the rough side wall.

"More of it here, I see."

"It's falling in the stall here."

The crashing sound of falling roof came from inside. A cloud of white dust came out on the air-current.

The peculiar thing about this was that the cloud did not come really into the road. The air, blowing across the face of the coal, took the dust with it into the upper side and away. The white cloud passed through the dark stall like a ghost.

Immediately following this, there came crackling sounds from all around—particularly from far out in the dark roadway.

Dicky swung his light up to the timber across the roof. Something was disturbing the dust upon the "collars" and "arms," and the air carried little clouds back into the stall and away through the upper side where the first white cloud had gnoe. Then he bent to the bottom coal with the light close to it.

He saw the same signs of "pucking" everywhere.

"By jingo, butty!" said he to the boy: "We are in for something awful—is that another fall back there?"

The crash and the dust answered him.

"It's on work about here now, Dicky."

Little stones fell from the roof and trickled down the side-walls, while the timber above their heads creaked with the strain.

The boy's utter confidence in the craftsmanship and wisdom of Dicky, left him as cool and indifferent to the strange signs around him as if he were already a greybeard of the pit. He had all the grave manner of the veteran miner. The fact was, he modelled himself entirely on Dicky; and in after years his "way," both in the cutting of the coal in the pit, and in the bosom of his family after the day's work was over, would be but a carrying on of the master's traditions. The pit, somehow, made him old the moment he went into it. And, in the deliberate fashion of the old man, he swung his lamp upwards to examine the roof, and the light shone upon his calm child-face—as serene as if he were in church.

"I don't think I'd risk that, butty, if I was you I'd come further back here."

The mild tone in which Dicky advised this, made it sound like a mere suggestion thrown out to one who, after all, was really the best judge.

Richard immediately lowered his light and came back to Dicky.

"It don't seem any better here, butty."

"Not a bit. Listen to that!"

A long thunderous roar of falling roof and a storm of dust came out of the black stall they had left.

"She's coming in right enough," said the boy.

"But that's not the worst, butty. Pick up your clothes. We'd better make sure and get out of this old road down to the other workings. These long old boundary stall-roads play funny tricks. And this is one of the things you've learned very quick butty. Don't stop to dress. Just pick um up and go."

"See that!" cried the boy.

He bent down swiftly and picked up his lamp. It had overturned by an upheaval. He had put it to stand upon the bottom coal while he was picking up the two coats and waistcoats belonging to himself and Dicky.

"I seen it right enough," Dicky answered, slowly. "I'm afraid—"

A shrill cry from the boy interrupted him.

"The bottom is rising."

"The creep—I was afraid of it!"

The awe—the terror with which the old man said this made the boy raise his light to look into Dicky's face, while his own eyes sparkled. Instead of being afraid, his natural love of the marvellous made him curious. His inexperience saw no danger in the signs around him:

"What's the creep?"

"All the earth wants to make itself solid again. It don't like these gaps that the pit-workings make in it, and it's going to fill um up. The bottom will go on creeping up and the top will come creeping down. And we'll be shut in or caught between. By jingo! we must get out of this old road with a run, butty. Go on first—you can run quicker than me. Throw the clothes away. It'll be easier."

The boy dropped the bundle.

"But you don't want me to run away from you, Dicky."

"Oh, p'raps there's nothing going to ketch us. But—you run on ahead anyhow, butty. You can shout back to me if you see anything strange."

The small boy trotted a few yards ahead. His light bent occasionally downwards examining the peculiar behavior of the roadway bottom.

The greybeard followed as rapidly as his overworked limbs would allow him—his light also close to the ground.

But in a few minutes the small light ahead stopped and Richard's voice came back through the darkness between Dicky's light and his:

"Make haste, Dicky—make haste!"

"What's the danger out there?"

"The road and the roof are closing like a trap. I've got to bend to run under it!"

"By jingo!" said Dicky to himself. "It's thrust and creep worse than ever I saw it! He'll get caught—no; we might scrape through."

But the next second he saw the light coming back swiftly towards him.

"Don't come back—don't come back!" shouted the man, waving his light like a danger signal. "Run on—on as fast as you can. Get out of this road at all costs!"

The light still came back, and the boy's voice was shouting:

"It's squeezing down on my head! I can't bend low enough."

Dicky saw that Richard's lamp had to be carried very near the ground; the two tram-rails that ran along the road were shining immediately beneath the light.

"Then it's no use going on," said Dicky.

He stopped, and for the hundredth time threw his lamp up, down and around him examining the place.

The boy came running back to him, his high-pitched voice jerking out endless exclamations.

"What's the matter back there?" asked Dicky.

No conversation is complete in the pits unless you throw your light upon the other man's face. Richard held up his lamp as high as Dicky's grey beard; he could reach no higher point.

"I saw the top lowering to the bottom and the bottom creeping up to the top. It was like running into a mouse trap! Listen! it's beginning just in front!"

"By jingo!"

Into this Dicky put all sorts of ideas: it expressed perplexity, dissatisfaction, alarm, a variety of subtle calculations, and a powerful wonder as to whether they could yet escape.

"But what did you want to run back to me for, butty? You could have got through—a nimble little chap like you. But I'm stiff and awkward—"

"But what about leaving you in here by yourself, Dicky? How could you expect me to do that?"

"Nonsense," said Dicky, outwardly fuming, inwardly grateful at the youngster's affection. "But come on—let's see if there's a chance."

They rushed outward together—this time with the old man in front. He was bent even lower than when working at the coal. The roof and the roadway had suddenly grown nearer. The light of their lamps ran ahead of them flashing on the rails underfoot and the lowering timber overhead. At every step they took the roof and the roadway grew still nearer to each other, and the sidewalls narrower.

"It's like running into a telescope from the big end," panted Richard.

He was staring ahead, keeping an interested look-out for marvels.

"Mind your head, Dicky!"

The boy's warning came a little too late. He, being more upright than Dicky, could see a broken piece of timber hanging down in the centre of the roadway. The pressure of the earth had snapped it.

The old man's head struck against this. The shock of it flung him back with the blood trickling from his forehead. He did not seem to mind the wound itself, but the shock of the blow made him, for the moment, too weak to go on.

"I'm afraid it's no use going that way, butty," said he. "It must be shut down altogether, further on."

"By jingo!" said Richard, taking it to be the right thing to say some-

thing of the sort at such exciting moments.

They held up their lights to the roof. All the timbers above them were groaning and splitting, while stones and dust burst from the sides and the roadway bottom.

"All the place is on work, Dicky!"

"Yes," said Dicky, very quietly.

He lowered his light, and hitched it to his belt. He was bent almost in a double; even the small Richard had now to bend under the low roof.

"If we could get back through the face," the old man said, reflectively, "but that slant—"

From behind him in the stall they had just left—came a roar louder than ever. And following that came the crashing, hissing, tearing sound of great stones falling and splitting, one upon the other—enough to terrify the hardiest of men. To Dicky it merely meant that another "fall" was filling his working place; and he only wondered if—as the very last resource—it had left room for him still to take Richard through "the face"—that is by crawling along the face of the coal from road to road until they could reach the shaft bottom. But that was a most dangerous course under the present circumstances. He feared it. And that fear renewed his strength with a spring, as it were. They must get away at once!

(To be continued.)

A Phantasy.

Chas. J. Fuess.

One eve, in dark and dejected mood, I set myself adrift in the shrouded fields and woods hoping to win solace and sympathy from the blackness of night. My heart was dead, my spirit listless, and I had in view no objective point except one where might be relief for the distressing intensity of my head and breast. I sought rest, which no sight or spot had hitherto been able to bring.

In dejected, useless cogitation I wandered far, coming at length to what in the daytime had always been a beautiful glen, bejeweled with picturesque bowlders and miniature cliffs, lovely foliage and shrubberies, and dashing, sparkling waters. Now it appears to me just as did my life devoid of its hope and faith—black, unattractive and useless. Reluctant even in my moody, reckless state to penetrate the gloomy depths of the glen I sat me down nearby to rest in the quieting sensations the surroundings brought. Bethinking myself finally that after such a protracted stroll as I had unwittingly indulged in it was full time to retrace my steps I wearily started to rise. I came to my feet slowly and with great effort.

I was surprised that the darkness

had become so intense that I could not see even my own hands before my face, and I was obliged to guess at a direction to take and to grope along. Shortly a feeling of oppression seized me, and I became terrified and would have turned aside and cried aloud only that I was choked and could neither turn back nor utter a sound. I strained and gasped and struggled, but to no avail. I was quite powerless. Again and again I closed my eyes and opened them, scarce knowing which position was open and which shut, since the result was the same either way.

In the excess of my anguish, I rushed recklessly about, striking my body harshly against jagged, cruel rocks and clammy walls and lacerating my flesh on sharp edges of stones. I could feel my clothes rend and the warm blood trickle none too slowly down my smarting limbs, but could do nothing, being obliged to suffer cruelly in absolute helplessness. Words can not fairly describe the awful sensation of prolonged, unrelieved distress that bitterly racked my soul. There seemed a positive uselessness to even struggle, since every movement only heightened both my mental and my bodily agony. I felt as though suspended in air with a thousand piercing, cutting tortures being inflicted both from within and without. I felt beyond death, yet not able to get the relief of death.

Suddenly there appeared a flickering light around a corner in front of me. I gazed long to reassure myself that my senses were not deceiving me, then stumblingly heaved my leaden body towards it, seemingly having nothing left to my body but throbbing veins and legs most heavily weighted. Luckily I fell down in total exhaustion before I could reach the fire, for when I revived sufficiently to be able to peer around a bowlder at those who might be there I gazed upon a scene that startled me beyond measure.

Around the fire, which was immensely wide and high and fierce, and seemed to extend far down into the earth and be fed from below, there danced scores of naked, horned devils brandishing in their hands long, sharp, vicious-looking forks. Their faces were most vile, and were devoid of all but maniacal expression. Beyond the fire and imprisoned in a deep, foul pit there seemed to be very many human beings swaying backward and forward in great distress and despair. Even as I looked one of the creatures was brought forth. A libertine, one might guess, from his sleek, oily, fawning appearance. The demons closed in about him.

"Ah," I could hear them yell, as they jeeringly danced about their victim and gradually drove him up to the fire, "you, who in life so ruthlessly and wickedly made sport of the character and love of young women foolish enough to trust you and look upon you kindly, you, who worked their ruin as often and to the greatest degree possible, we wel-

come," and they made at the trembling, terrified wretch with their forks, and, heedless of his awful, agonizing cries, loud wailings and pitiful beseechings they impaled his quivering, struggling body and drew it exultingly over the fierce fire. As the withering flames burned and scorched and pained the body they mocked with wild glee at the awful screams and yells of agony that beat appallingly upon the air.

It did not seem that any earthly thing could withstand the fearfulness of such a fire, but the body thus tortured remained whole and was not destroyed. There was only the intense pain and anguish of the body and the soul, but not destruction. When they had kept this sinner there so long that I wept in sympathy at the most horrible punishment being meted out they seemed to have satisfied themselves, for they drew him in suddenly and kicked, cuffed and jabbed him back into the pit, and snatched therefrom another victim whom they treated in like manner. However, the punishment given varied with the guiltiness and desert of the sufferer, as I could ascertain when they brought out successively a liar, a thief, a murderer, or a rich man.

The widest stretch of my imagination had never pictured any punishment so cruel, fiendish and barbarous as those I was witnessing, and I trembled lest I be discovered in my hiding and dragged to the same hellish ordeal. When the process of torture had come to the rich man the intensity of my revulsion and terror had somewhat abated as I had a feeling suspiciously akin to curiosity to discover the degree of punishment to which he would be subjected.

"You we pity," quoth the devils, chuckling as the man of wealth tried to assume something of dignity and nonchalance, "for as you enjoyed in life all the sweets the soul may enjoy, being the while extremely arrogant, selfish, grasping, covetous and voluptuous and denying yourself and others the beauties and graces of earth, we must give you double punishment, and as your only worth, your money bags, you had to leave behind on earth. You have no means or redeeming feature to gain commutation of sentence." The demons therewith began in a leisurely and deliberate manner, though seemingly not at all wearied by their strenuous sport. They entered this scene as though it were to be prolonged and severe, and reinforced their numbers. First they rushed at the poor soul as though to jab him through. Then they shrieked uproaringly as he sank in a faint at the horror of dozens of demons rushing down upon him. Then they jabbed him gently to rouse him onto his feet again, then fiercely, to hear him yell out in pain, and cringe in fear. But he would only groan and moan and tear fearlessly at the sharp weapons, which enraged the devils into a hissing fury so that they beat and tore and wrenched the miserable being into a pulp, from which he would directly return to his

former shape only to be stamped and knocked again and again into an irrecognizable mass. In terror and horror at the frightful scene I lost consciousness.

When I came to, the devils were leading this last victim back to the pit, evidently having finished their play with him. In stretching out to get a better view of the retreating figures, I displaced a huge stone which slid down towards the fire with a clatter and flung me into view of the horned mob. There was a heart-rending yell of rage as the demons sighted me and started for me. I turned and ran swiftly upward. My feet fairly flew, but the horrible crowd was gaining on me and I could almost feel their burning, destructive breaths when I burst into the open air through what appeared to be an opening in the ground, at the same time stepping onto an immense bowlder which closed after me with a crash, cutting off all pursuit. I fell down, faint and breathless, but safe, and lay for a long while in the delicious, cool air recovering. My body palpitated wildly in the throes of a cold sweat. I felt relieved but still mightily oppressed. My thoughts were rampant; my reason muddled. Softly and gently, as I lay, there came sweet, rapturing sounds of singing voices and instruments and a most delicious incense was wafted to me. My body lost its heaviness, its pain, its weariness. Its strength and vigor returned. I breathed easily and with deep satisfaction. I smiled, and with melody in my heart I arose and set out joyously towards the spot whence the sweet sounds appeared to come.

Shortly my heart-beat quickened; from a heavenly mist there appeared a host of floating, singing beings hovering over and all about a platform standing before a beautiful, golden throne. I dared not show myself lest I be driven away for an intruder, so I shrank back into a shadow to gaze upon the gladdening sight. Upon the throne sat a kingly Being with a most benign countenance enframed all about by a nimbus. Before him knelt numerous figures receiving crowns and harps and wings and fleecy robes of varying degrees of brilliancy. There came to me in accents most soft and sweet various expressions of praise showered upon the lucky ones being thus rewarded.

"Thou martyr to a good cause, noble being, deservest thou most high tribute and reward. Thou hast well earned thy heavenly rest and joy," was the first I heard. Then in turn were rewarded the almsgiver, him of kind heart and smiling countenance, the good husband, the loyal servant, those of virtue and honor; and not a good quality but was rewarded. At last all those waiting had been served and the kingly one gazed about to see that none was left unrewarded. He spied me and beckoned. At once I became the cynosure for a multitude of eyes and became supremely confused, from which state I was aroused by a more

insistent beckoning which I could not resist. So I stepped towards the throne, my heart warm with hope and love and satisfaction—when I awoke to find the morning sun shining brightly upon me in the spot near the head of the glen where I had been sleeping all night.

A Few Landmarks of English History.

By Benjamin B. Esau.

III.

WAR OF THE ROSES.

Things were now looking very black indeed, when the cloud burst, and York, with a large force, seized the king, and compelled him, in consideration of being allowed to remain on the throne, to sign a paper agreeing to bar his own son, and to make York's eldest son Henry's successor on the throne. Whatever her faults, Margaret was a woman of spirit, and Lancaster had been too popular a house to lose all its adherents. She hastily raised an army, repudiated the agreement, and met the York faction at St. Albans, where she was defeated, though York himself was killed. This was the beginning of the War of the Roses, which was to cost England so dear.

WARWICK, THE KINGMAKER.

One of the chief supporters of the York cause had been Warwick, afterward known as the "kingmaker." Some half a dozen years after Edward's accession Warwick grew restless, joined the Lancastrians, defeated the Yorkists, brought Henry from prison and drove Edward into temporary retirement. After a while Edward and Warwick patched up a truce, and the unfortunate Henry was again confined, though his wife still carried on the civil war, her party often winning desperate battles, but never making any real gain. A few years more and Warwick was again in the sulks, and again upheld the cause of Henry. A bloody battle was fought at Barnet, near London, and Warwick was killed. The Lancastrians were also utterly routed at Tewksbury, where Henry's son, now a young man, was captured, and it is said foully murdered. Poor Henry is said to have died of a broken heart, but he was probably murdered, too.

EDWARD IV.

Edward did not enjoy his triumph very long, for he also died, leaving several minor children, and the country was again under the mercies of a regency. How the young Yorkist princes were put out of the way, and the doings of the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the late king, are too well known to need recounting. (Read Shakespere's Richard III.)

It may be said, in passing, that

these struggles, extending over so many years, can now be clearly seen to have largely upbuilt the power of the people. The combatants were forced to conciliate by every means in their power. Edward is said to have been a profligate boor, but he was a hard fighter and able soldier, and was shrewd enough to negotiate successfully with the notorious Louis XI. of France, probably one of the most astute and unprincipled men that ever lived. (Read Scott's "Quentin Durward.") Edward did much, too, to curb the power and curtail the privileges of the nobility.

RICHARD III.

Richard, who if only guilty of a third of the crimes of which he is accused must have been a monster, did not long hold his evilly-gained crown, and lost his life at Bosworth Field, the victorious leader of the Lancastrians, Henry, Earl of Richmond, being crowned in his place as Henry VII.

A story is told in connection with Richmond's invasion which well illustrates the curious code of ethics prevalent at that day. The Welsh, a most turbulent people, always struggling desperately for independence or at least concession, were ever a thorn in England's side, and, as has already been stated, many of the English kings had deemed it expedient to conciliate by the granting of favors. In the struggle between Henry IV. and the Yorkists, Mortimer, leader of the latter faction, had married the daughter of Owain Glyndwr, the Welsh leader, in order to secure his alliance. (See First Part Henry IV., ac iii., sc. 2). Richard III., realizing his insecurity, had been very liberal with the Welsh leaders, and had also made great promises. A powerful Welsh chieftain of South Wales had sworn that no invader should land in his territory except over his prostrate body. When Richmond proposed invading England a strong effort was made to secure the adherence of this leader; the fact that Richmond bore a Welsh name—Tudor—and that he was the grandson of a noted Welshman was urged, and great promises for concessions to the national aspirations were held out, but without avail. Finally the confessor of this chieftain was approached, and he decided that if this nobleman would lie prone on the ground, allowing Richmond to step over him, the obligation of the oath would be fulfilled. This was done, the invaders landed at Milford Haven, the Welsh almost to a man flocked to Richmond's banner, and formed the chief part of the force which defeated Richard.

HOUSE OF TUDOR.

As the accession of Henry marks a decided epoch in English history, it will be necessary to digress again to show how a man without the shadow of a claim came to be recognized by Parliament as king, thus emphasizing the precedent established in the case of Henry IV. In the first place, to explain who he was. It will be remembered that when Henry V. was victorious at Agincourt one of the conditions of peace was the hand

of the French king's daughter. Henry soon died, as stated, leaving a young widow, said to have been one of the most beautiful women of her day. The daughter of one king, widow of another, and mother of the King of England, it might be supposed Catherine would have made another noble marriage, but she chose otherwise. Attached to the court was a young Welsh knight, named Owen Tudor. He was of very old lineage, it is true, though it may be doubted if Welsh descent was highly regarded in those days. His family had been identified with the struggles for national recognition, and both Owen's father and uncle lost their lives in their country's cause, charged with treason, as unsuccessful struggles for national freedom are ever called. It was probably in pursuance of the Lancastrian policy of conciliation that Owen had been given a command at the English court. He is said to have been a very handsome man, with such a ruddy complexion that he was dubbed the Rose of Anglesey, rather a strange title for a stalwart soldier. Owen is said to have been victor at a great tournament, and exercised his prerogative by crowning Catherine Queen of Beauty; and not long after they were married. And now comes a strange case. Catherine's son by the redoubted Henry V. was almost feeble-minded, her sons by Owen Tudor were the foremost men of their day. Henry VI. seems to have been greatly attached to his half brothers—perhaps a weak mind clinging to the stronger—and titles were conferred upon them, one being made Earl of Richmond. In the fatal Wars of the Roses, every one of these half-brothers gave his life for the cause of Lancaster, and finally brave old Owen was killed at the great battle of Towton. With the death of Henry and the murder of his son the line of the house of Lancaster had absolutely died out. The party existed, most of whom had suffered terribly by confiscation and otherwise, and their only hope to retrieve their losses was in the success of their cause, but how prosecute this without a head? To overcome this difficulty a new precedent in English history was established—the adherents of the house of Lancaster elected a head, their choice falling on Henry, Earl of Richmond, son of the half-brother of Henry VI., already spoken of. In spite of his close connection with the house of Lancaster, as a matter of fact he was not of its blood at all, as has been shown. Of course it was necessary to conciliate all views as much as possible, and this electing an alien as a claimant for the Lancastrian succession seems to have been rather too much for some to swallow; so to satisfy these scruples it was gravely announced that Henry was the heir by illegitimate descent, and, failing the legitimate, was next in line. This was the veriest nonsense, as can easily be shown. At such a juncture, it might have been excusable to urge any reason

that would win adherents to the cause; but that such statements should be made to-day is really astounding. Apparently any reason is better than the true one, that Henry simply held his crown as the gift of the people.

HENRY VII.

Most writers of this period belittle and revile Henry's character, and he probably had faults in plenty, but he was shrewd and courageous, and gave the country what it sorely needed—peace. He married the late king's daughter, who was the heiress to the throne according to the York claims, and thus ended the Wars of the Roses. Like Henry IV., holding his throne by choice of Parliament, he naturally deferred much to it, and this gave that body greater prestige than ever. He finished the work of Edward IV. in curbing the barons, prohibited the keeping large bodies of armed men in their service, and for the first time in English history, made the crown, by depending on the people and the machinery of government, independent of barons and factions.

The country prospered greatly, London and Bristol especially making great strides. It was from the latter port, and under Henry's patronage, that the Cabots made their voyages of discovery, and it is said that Columbus was on his way to Henry's court when brought to the notice of Isabella. With an assurance of peace the country began to repair the ravages of the long wars. It is noticeable that mansions were built instead of strong castles, betokening the confidence felt; and though the Tudor style of architecture, which dates from this epoch, may look gloomy to us now, it was doubtless, a great advance at the time. Henry's chapel at Westminster Abbey, and where he and his wife are buried, built under his supervision, is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of architecture extant.

Henry kept on terms of peace with Scotland, and gave his daughter in marriage to the heir of the Scottish throne. It was from this daughter, a century later, that the Stuarts came to the English throne, on Elizabeth, the last of the English Tudors, dying unmarried.

HENRY VIII.

Henry was succeeded by his son Henry VIII., the much-married king, whose acts are too well known to need much recapitulation. In recent times apologists have sprung up for Henry, notably Froude, but possibly most readers of history will agree in regarding him as a vain, coarse, brutal sensualist. He married his brother's widow, the gentle Catherine, a good deal older than himself, and lived with her several years, having one child, Mary. Shakespere, who lived within a generation of this period, and who should have known something of Catherine, describes her as a most loving, sweet-tempered and pure-minded woman. Nevertheless, the licentious Henry tired of her and cast his eyes on Anne Boleyn. It

may be questioned if he would have married her but for his great desire for a male heir. As Catherine was of course an obstacle to this marriage, he set about getting a divorce, pretending to have grave conscientious scruples. Being refused dispensation, he threw off allegiance to Rome, and established a so-called Church of England, which differed only slightly from the Romish Church, except that it recognized the immaculate Henry as its head. Grave results were to follow this action, and the whole course of the nation was to be changed—for the better, as most impartial students will probably admit, but Henry, as many other kings before him, was merely a blind tool, seeking only his own mean ends yet working out greater ones.

One of Henry's peculiarities was a pretended deference to law and the authorities. Having thrown off all allegiance to Rome, he got into the habit of calling Parliament together on every pretence to indorse his arbitrary acts, so that it would seem as if he scrupled to commit adultery except by act of Parliament. This body makes rather a poor showing in Henry's time, apparently making no resistance to the autocratic despot except when their purses were affected. But no representative body can be often called together, to pass upon weighty national matters, no matter how subservient they may be at first, without a gradual gain of strength and responsibility, for all men are not cowards; and so again Henry, while only seeking a quasi-endorsement of his illegal acts, was helping to build up a better representative government, the effects of which were to be seen later in English history.

Poor Catherine was put away. Not long after, the king tired of her successor, trumped up a shameful charge against her, and after a sham trial she was beheaded and the king married Jane Seymour. The sycophant Parliament had already declared Catherine's daughter, Mary, illegitimate. It now declared that Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn's daughter, was likewise illegitimate. Jane Seymour died in childbirth, leaving a boy, Edward. Henry married three times more, sending another woman to the block, divorcing still another, and Catherine Parr survived the unprincipled voluptuary. Besides declaring his two daughters illegitimate and barring their succession, Henry got Parliament to forever bar the descendants of his sister (married to the Scottish king, as before stated) from the English succession, and to name Jane Seymour's son as successor.

EDWARD VI.

Henry went the way of all flesh, and was succeeded by a sickly-minded youth, dying with consumption, who reigned as Edward VI. Some English historians seem inclined to canonize this lad, but it will be noticed that he was generous enough to secure from Parliament a renewal of the decree barring his two half-sisters on account of illegitimacy.

Under the tutelage of his crafty guardian, Northumberland, he named Lady Jane Grey, a relative, as his successor; that wily nobleman in the meantime marrying the lady to his son. A nice plan, but it went amiss.

There was much unrest and speculation as to this succession. Edward's days were numbered, owing to consumption. Parliament had barred his two sisters, and also the Scottish succession (Henry's sister) and people began to fear that the old struggle for supremacy might be revived. For the first time in English history, though unfortunately not the last, religious animosity entered into the discussion. The reformed religion had made great strides in England prior to Henry's rupture with the Catholic Church, but that event of course strengthened the movement greatly. Large numbers of the nobles, while nominally following Henry's lead, really were Catholics at heart, in so far as they had any religion at all; others who had in good faith taken up with the new church still had a kindly regard for their late co-religionists, and had not that dread of Catholic supremacy which was afterward so marked a feature of English sentiment. It was universally felt that great injustice had been done Queen Catherine and her daughter Mary. So when Parliament met to settle the matter of succession, they disregarded the action taken by themselves in the last two reigns, and chose Mary, thus revoking the ban of illegitimacy and practically declaring that their previous king and his half-sister, the Princess Elizabeth, had been born out of wedlock. But they troubled themselves very little as to previous action; they were looking after the present. The frequent calling of Parliament together by Henry to endore his acts, and the pretended deferring to its decisions, had neoessarily raised that body in the esteem of the nation, and it was natural that it should look to its representatives hereafter in all emergencies. Thus we hear more and more of Parliament to the end of the chapter.

MARY TUDOR.

Mary had been brought up in strict retirement. A proud woman, smarting under neglect by her father, and at the stain upon the fair name of her mother and herself, she seems to have brooded till her mind was diseased. She was a Catholic of the most gloomy type, seeking advice from those she held in highest esteem, the dignitaries of her church, but who were not the men for the emergency. This was a time, if ever, when conciliation might have accomplished much; but those were the days of the Inquisition, toleration was unknown, the most frightful atrocities being perpetrated in the name of Christianity. Mary married a Spanish husband, a country always noted for intolerant bigotry and cruel repression, and they both decided to crush out what they regarded as heresy. Ready agents were found (notably the bloody Bonner, Bishop of London), who quite

likely went further than was originally intended, for religious fanaticism is more easily aroused than controlled, and England was horrified at the sight of executions and burnings in every corner of the land. As may be readily supposed, this fearful bloodshed and barbarous hounding of people for following the dictates of their conscience was of no avail. No cause of any merit but was strengthened by persecution; and so it proved in this case. Whatever their faults, and they were doubtless many, the Catholic sway in England had been comparatively easy going. Persecution there had been, notably of the Lollards, but no such systematic barbarities had been prevalent in England as were common in other Catholic countries. Dark stories, however, had come across the Channel of awful deeds perpetrated in Italy and in Spain, which had bred a distrust of priestly supremacy, and more especially of everything Spanish. Mary's mother had been Spanish, and now she had married a Spanish husband. The country, rightfully or wrongfully, attributed the fearful scenes enacted before their eyes to Spanish influence, and hated that country accordingly. Whatever influence a regard for the Pope might have had on wavering English Catholics was lost by Mary's husband involving the country in a war to support Spain in a quarrel which was severely condemned by the Pope himself. This quarrel, by the way, cost the English the French port of Calais, the last holding on French soil. The queen died soon after, heartbroken it is said at the failure of all her hopes, and at the ruin that had been wrought. So disastrous had been her reign of some five years that public rejoicings were everywhere held upon the news of her death, and she is to this day designated by the unenviable title of Bloody Mary. As Mary was childless, there had been a desire on the part of some of the Catholics to bar Elizabeth, Mary's half-sister, from the succession; but though Mary certainly had no reason to love Anne Boleyn's daughter, she refused to be a party to this scheme, which it can hardly be doubted would have proved futile, and Elizabeth succeeded her sister, England being thus forever lost to the Catholic faith. A great factor on the Protestant side at this time was Burghley, a staunch supporter of Elizabeth, and he and his son, who succeeded him as Elizabeth's chief adviser, were the foremost men of their day. The present Marquis of Salisbury is directly descended from these men, and the Cecil family has since Elizabeth's day always been prominent in English history. The late Premier of England—Mr. Balfour—is of this family. The Catholic party urged the claims of Mary, Queen of Scots, and this was the beginning of the controversy and plotting which was eventually to cost Mary her head.

MUSIC

WILLIAM APMADOC.

Probably, the most important contribution of late to the literature of music is Edward Dickinson's "The Study of the History of Music," a splendidly printed volume of 409 pages, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York—a firm that has sent forth to the world a large number of indispensable books to every teacher and student of music. It is a history with an annotated guide to music literature. Edward Dickinson is the professor of the history of music at the Oberlin Conservatory, Oberlin College, and his writings in magazines and books places him easily in the front rank of musical authorities. He is also author of "Music in the History of the Western Church" —a standard work on that line. Professor Dickinson gives us in chapter first, a broader view of Grecian music than we are accustomed to. He says, "The Greek ideal of the arts of poetry, music and action, first exemplified in the Athenian theatre, greatly influenced the experiments out of which came the modern opera, particularly the dramas of Gluck and Wagner.

* * * *

In spite of the labors of modern scholarship, Greek theory remains a perplexing subject. How far the elaborate systems of the later theorists, such as Aristoxenus, Euclid and Ptolemy, correspond to actual practice, and how far mathematics was allowed to bewilder the natural musical sense, cannot be certainly known. A regulated model system, based upon the tetrachord, existed in very early times, but no definite information concerning it can be obtained until we reach the time of Pythagoras, sixth century B. C. Seven modes, or octave species, were developed, the diatonic system. A chromatic and an enharmonic system are recognized by the later theorists. A system of notation has been recorded. And so the author goes on from page to page in a clear, succinct style, which makes the study of the history of music a most fascinating one. In what he writes of Franz Liszt, the immortal pianist, we are impressed with the freshness, truth and strength of his criticism: "He rose above his predecessors also in that he conceived technic as a means of expression. The greatest of technicians, he was also the first and still the greatest of the modern school of emotional "dramatic" performers, whose aim is to reveal all the possibilities of beauty in the works of the great composers. He learned and taught the world that the fascinations of a supreme tech-

nic do not alone satisfy; the pianist, like any other artist, must appeal to the intellect and the emotional sensibility."

The Glasgow News, of recent date, says the nightingale favors some districts and shuns others. Scotland it does not visit, but a century ago a patriotic Scotsman tried to establish the nightingale in that country. He commissioned a London dealer to purchase nightingales' eggs, one shilling each being given for them. These were well packed in wool and sent to Scotland by mail coach.

A number of men had previously been engaged to take special care of all robin red breasts' nests in places where the eggs could be hatched in safety. The robins' eggs were removed and replaced by those of the nightingale, which were hatched and reared by their foster mothers. When full fledged the young nightingales seemed perfectly at home near the places where they first saw the light, and in September, the usual period of migration, they departed.

But the nightingales never returned to Scotland. It has been suggested that it was not the climate they objected to so much as the difficulty of acquiring the accent.

The remarkable poem, "The Fount of Song," which was re-printed some time ago in a Chicago magazine, is as follows. It is a great pity that its author is unknown. It is the poetry of song, in the highest sense:

"What is the song I am singing?"
Said the pine-tree to the wave:
"Do you not now the song
You have sung so long
Down in the dim, green alleys of the sea
And where the great, blind tides go swinging
Mysteriously,
And where the countless herds of the billows are hurl'd
On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?"

"Ah, Pine-tree," sighed the wave,
"I have no song but what I catch from thee:
Far off I hear thy strain
Of infinite, sweet pain
That floats along the lovely phantom-land.
I sigh, and murmur it o'er and o'er and o'er,
When 'neath the slow compelling hand
That guides me back and far from the loved shore,
I wander long
Where never fails the breath of any song
But only the loud, empty, crushing roar
Of seas swung this way and that for evermore."

"What is the song I am singing?"
Said the poet to the pine:
"Do you not know the song
You have sung so long
Here in the dim, green alleys of the woods
Where the wild winds go wandering in all moods,
And whisper often o'er and o'er,
Or in tempestuous clamors roar
Their dark, eternal secret evermore?"
"Oh, Poet," said the pine,
"Thine
Is that song!
Not mine!
I have known it, loved it long!
Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry
Through dusk and storm and night,
Or prophesy
When tempests whirl us with their awful might.
Only, I know that when
The poet's voice is heard
Among the woods
The infinite pain from out the hearts of men
Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or bird
In these dumb solitudes."

It is in Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" we find remarks and criticisms worthy of quotation, and deserving of consideration by all singers. Julia, the heroine, is pressed to sing. She sang one of those songs that come and go. She spoke the words clearly, and with such variety and intelligence that Dr. Sampson recanted his previous remarks, such as, "Mai-dear-Madam"—speaking to Julia's mother—"they sing all alike; just as they all write alike. I can hardly tell one fashionable tune from another, and nobody can tell one word from another, and they cut out all the consonants, &c." But after listening to Julia's fine voice and clear words, he blurts in upon the usual "very pretty"—"how sweet," and "who is it by?" of the others, by shouting—"Very weak trash very cleanly sung. Now give us something worth the wear and tear of your orgins. Immortal vairse widded t' immortal sounds; that is what I understand b' a song." Julia, a moment after, is urged to sing "something suitable for you and me" by her lover. He is commanded to sit farther away. She turned over two or three music books, and finally sang from memory. Listen to the author's criticism: "She cultivated musical memory, having observed the contempt with which men of sense visit the sorry pretenders to music, who are tuneless and songless among the nightingales, and anywhere else away from their books. How will they manage to sing in heaven? Answer me that." The song Julia sang was a simple eloquent Irish song called Aileen Aroon. Here is the first stanza:

When like the early rose, Aileen Aroon,
Beauty in childhood glows, Aileen Aroon,
When like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem? Aileen Aroon.

Then, the following words of wisdom—commit them to memory, ye song-aspirants: "The way the earnest singer sang these lines is beyond the conception of ordinary singers, public or private. Here one of nature's orators spoke poetry to music with an eloquence as fervid and delicate as ever rung in the Forum. She gave each verse with the same just variety as if she had been reciting, and when she came to the last, where the thought rises abruptly, and is truly noble, she sang it with the sudden pathos, the weight, and the swelling majesty, of a truthful soul hymning truth with all its power. So can one wave of immortal music and immortal verse (Alas! how seldom they meet!) heave the inner man when genius interprets."

Perhaps the above quotations will help young students of singing to eschew all the "very weak trash" published to-day in the name of "songs."

"The Musician" for September is rich with good things for the soul, and notably so are the articles upon "The Advance of Musical Education in America," by the veteran Dudley Buck; "At Edward MacDowell's Lectures, Columbia University," by Jo Shipley Watson, and "The Art of

Music in Russia," by Marianna Janney, these and other articles are illustrated with cuts of Dudley Buck, Theodore Thomas, Edward MacDowell, Joseph Joachim, Glazounoff, Beethoven, Mozart, Tschaikowsky, Robert Schumann, Carmen Sylva, Dr. Elgar and Palestrina, a precious picture gallery in itself. One of the best and most prolific musical writers of the day is W. S. B. Mathews, editor of the "Chicago Musical Standard." Mr. Mathews, contributes a valuable article in the September "Musician" on "The Musical Literary Habit—how to form it, and why." It is an article full of practical hints to all lovers of music, and varied by enjoyable and instructive illustrations.

Unification of Celtia.

By M. T. Matthews, Llandebie.

It is just seventy years ago since MM. Villemarque, Rio, Marehallach, and Charles le Gaulle came from Brittany at the invitation of Cymreigyddion y Fenni to their eisteddfod at Abergavenny. The return visit was not till some time later. In 1867 Jenkins, the late Baptist missionary; Griffiths, a blind harpist, of Llanover, and his daughter, Miss Richards, visited St. Brieux, and the report of their proceedings was published a year later. These delegations, though made in as friendly a spirit as the present, were the visits of students interested as students in Celtic matters generally. The later visits had a nobler object: the unification of Celtia. Of all the visits, the recent one to the National Eisteddfod at Swansea was by far the most representative. All classes and districts were represented—from Treguier in the north to Nantes in the south. All are members of the Union Regionaliste Bretonne, and the majority are also members of the Gorsedd of Brittany.

The leaders are the Marquis de l'Estourbeillon and Taldir ab Hernin. The marquis is the head of an old Breton family. He is the founder of the Union Regionaliste Bretonne—the really national society of Brittany. It is exceedingly well organized, and would form a model of a society for Wales which would unite all national interests—even in non-partisan political matters. He is the deputy for the Morbihan division in the French Parliament. He is also the editor of the important review, "Revue de Bretagne." He has a knowledge of Breton history and literature which is second to none, and is generally regarded as an authority on Breton affairs. He has been a frequent visitor in Wales. His home is Castel Penhoet (Pencoed), near Avessac (Vannes).

M. Jaffrennou (Taldir) is a man well known in Wales. There are few men now living who have wider interests. He is a notary at Carhaix. He has there established a printing press, and published a bilingual weekly—"Ar Bobl"—which has a national policy, and the monthly "Ar Vro." This is entirely in Breton. Its interests are entirely literary. He is also a well-known poet and dramatist. His chief works are "An Hirvoudon," "An Delen Dir,' 'and "Barzoz Breiz." His dramas are well known and frequently acted. They include "Ar Bourchz Lorchis," a comedy on the Dic Shon Dafydd citizen: and "Pontcallec," a tragedy on an incident during the French Revolution of 1789. His

last was "La Tour d'Auvergne," which is based on the life of Captain Maloboret, an officer in Napoleon's Grand Army, a native of Carhaix. He took service instead of his friend Le Brigaud, and was slain in Austria. The work he has done in connection with the national movement can hardly be over-estimated, as he is educating in this sense through his papers, and giving ideals for the future in his dramas. He has also collected the folk-music to a large extent. He traveled throughout Britanny, taking records with a phonograph. Some of the results he published in little booklets—"Kanaounnou Brezonek." To these he wrote words which are now sung throughout the country. He is the secretary for the Breton Gorsedd, and took a leading part in its formation.

In many respects the most striking figure is that of Atrou Lociz Herrieu ("Ar Barh Labourer"—the "Peasant Bard"), the secretary of the Union Regioniste. He is a man who makes one think of a Hebrew prophet. He is a man of the people—a descendant of the Veneti, who gave Caesar such trouble. He was born and bred on the shores of the bay where Caesar finally destroyed them. He is practically self-educated, having only received an elementary education at the parish school of Caudan.

M. Francis Even is the vice-president of the language section of the Union Regionaliste. He is the author of the annual reports of this section. He is a frequent contributor to the "Kroaz a Vretoned," and is compiling a Breton dictionary in the dialect of Treguier.

The editor of the "Kroaz," also, M. Valle, is a good Welsh scholar. He is the veteran litterateur and publisher of Brittany. He is the secretary of the language section of the Association Bretonne, and his reports for this society give a full account of Breton publications for the year and of Celtic movements generally.

The vice-president, M. Jos. Parker (Kloarck Kerne), is one of the oldest members of the Union. Trained for the law, he has given it up for literature and art. His best-known story is "Le Clerk de Kerne." He is a popular poet. He is well known as an illustrator for magazines. His artistic word is bold and of considerable ability. At his home at Fouessant (BroKerne) he has established a pardon (religious festival for sailors and fishermen)—"Pardon des Filets Bleus."

Among the other gentlemen are Comte de la Guichardiere and his charming wife, Comte de Salun, Comte Kaisanec, Dr. Plateau, and M. Diverres (Ab Sulio), who is preparing a work of research on Arthur and his times. He has also established a successful Breton musical society at Paris, called "An Delen," which is now one of the features of Breton society there.

The ladies of the delegates were headed by Madame Mosher, a great-granddaughter of the Welsh-American, Jonathan Edwards. She is revered by the Bretons, who call her their "Dear Little Grandmother" ("Mammig Goz.") She is also a president d'honneur of the Union Regionaliste. She was accompanied by Mdlles. Riou of Vannes. Mdlle. Loeuza Riou is a music teacher at Vannes. The family is Breton-speaking, and well known, as it has given many officers to the French army and navy. She is the chief singer of the Union Regionaliste and Celtic reunions of Brittany. Her sister, Mdlle. Gait-Nelli Riou, usually accompanies. The third sister is a skilful artist in repousse work, examples of which are shown at the Eisteddfod Exhibition. With them were Mdme. and Mdlle. Menard, the wife and daughter of the deputy for St. Nazaire.

An order of the Home Secretary has been obtained by the Breconshire County Council protecting the kite in the county for the entire year.

A Welsh member of Parliament has won a limerick prize of one sovereign. We understand that his constituents intend giving him a complimentary reception.

A Neath Valley cynic avers that a neighbor only goes to service on Sunday in order to learn new words with which he can curse his wife the whole of the following week.

Too old at forty! The Rev. W. Jones, Aberystwyth, is 88, and the Rev. T. Levi, 84. Both have been preaching for sixty years, and it is not so very long since they learnt to cycle!

A guard has just retired after half a century's service on the North Western. For the last thirty years he has been guard on the mail and express train between Holyhead and London, and had thus traveled a total distance of some 4,000,000 miles.

Robert Hall, the great preacher, was a great vaccinator, too. When he was evangelising at Haverfordwest at this time one hundred years ago it is recorded that he inoculated no less than 1,500 people in the neighborhood.

Away up in Aberystwyth the council has instructed its surveyor to in future present his report in Welsh. The council, however, will continue to conduct its discussions in English, owing to the absence of swear words in Welsh.

A Welsh lady met her old servant at a seaside resort the other day. "Hullo, Annie!" said the lady, who was really glad to see her old servant. "Where are you living now?" "I am living nowhere now, m'm," was the compromising reply, "I am married."

Mr. Morgan Watkin, French master at the Municipal Secondary School, Cardiff, who acted as interpreter and guide for the Bretons at the National Eisteddfod at Swansea, has been commissioned to write in French an introductory chapter on Welsh phonetics for the "Grammaire Galloise," which is to be published shortly in Paris.

The late Watcyn Wyn, in his autobiography, sounds the timely warning—"Possibly the greatest danger of our country to-day with its free, secondary, and higher education, is that so many of our young fellows in the schools spend so many years without learning a trade, without having a clear vision as to their life's work and preparing in a practical way for it, and that many of them will never be able to do anything."

A Welshman succeeds a Welshman in the principalship of the Yorkshire

Independent College, Bradford. The retiring principal is the Rev. D. W. Simon, D. D., who is a native of Pembrokeshire, and the new one is the Rev. E. Griffith Jones, M. A., formerly of Llanelly. Dr. Simon is about to take up his residence in Dresden. It was in Germany that Dr. Simon's public life began. In the sixties he was for several years representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Berlin.

Foreign missions possess great attractions for Welshmen. Dr. Arnold Davies, late medical resident at the Livingstone Missionary Institution, Edinburgh, son of the Rev. Cynffig Davies, Menai Bridge, will be leaving soon for Tsang Chow, a district of three million inhabitants, to succeed the late Dr. Arthur Peill, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, and will be supported for five years by the liberality of friends at Edinburgh. The London Missionary Society had offered Dr. Davies an important post in India, but he preferred North China.

The Rev. William Thomas, of Llanrwst, calculates that the ministers of the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales spend a total of over £7,000 per annum in traveling expenses in going to and returning from their Sabbath engagements. There is a growing desire among a large number of the ministers and also the church members of the connexion in North Wales for a more stationary ministry. This is the burning topic of the moment in the "Corph."

It may not be generally known that St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, the nucleus of which is the late Mr. Gladstone's own carefully selected stock of books, is open free to students. Mr. Gladstone's collection numbered 32,000 volumes, but during the past ten years over 5,000 volumes have been added, partly by means of the founder's endowment and partly by the generosity of other donors. Those wishing to become readers at the library are expected to communicate two or three days before with the Rev. G. C. Joyce, B. D., who was recently appointed a canon of St. Asaph's Cathedral.

Congregational singing is practically unknown in France, and certain visitors from Mayenne who were present at the Methodist Festival—one an accomplished musician—went through an absolutely unique experience. They were surprised, impressed, and delighted. The ordered movement of the voices, the rich, sonorous volume of sound, the enthusiasm of the singers, and the deeply devotional character of the singing enthralled and fascinated them!

Mr. Frederick Griffith, the famous flautist, has come home again to Wales to take a rest, which has been well earned, and is staying at Langland Bay, where he has completed his cycle of Japanese songs, some of which have won admiration in the Eastern concert room. Mr. Griffith has done much traveling all his life, but he says he likes Japan even better than the Colonies. Mr. Griffith contemplates another long tour in the East, performing in Egypt, India, Ceylon, Japan, etc. He will leave shortly, but has promised to play in his native Swansea, where his skill has not been heard for many years.

Women are found among the "reverends" in America. The Rev. Gwendolen C. Evans, of Oak Hill, Jackson County, Ohio, who is now visiting the Principality, is a very interesting personality. Mrs. Evans and her husband, the Rev. John Evans (Ioan o Feirion),

formerly of Nelson and Trelewis, Glamorgan, have charge of four Welsh and English Congregational churches at the old Welsh settlements of Jackson and Gallia counties, Ohio. The lady is an exceptionally fine speaker in both languages, and her addresses and sermons, which are unique in style, are being greatly enjoyed. She has addressed large audiences at the Congregational Church, Porth, Rhondda Valley, where she is the guest of Inspector and Mrs. Williams.

Dear old Watcyn Wyn! How we all missed his cheery smile and ready wit at the Swansea Eisteddfod! Our sense of loss is now further accentuated by the publication of his autobiography just to hand from the artistic press of the Educational Publishing Co., Ltd. The volume is edited by Gwili—and who more fitting for the task, for Gwili and his hero were for many years colleagues at Ysgoly Gwynfryn? The autobiography, like everything that emanated from Watcyn Wyn, is racy of the soil, bubbling with wit and humor. Like Ceiriog, Watcyn wrote his own epitaph, and this is now inscribed on the memorial stone erected by his old students in Gwynfryn Chapel—

"Yn naear y Capel newydd—gwelir
Cofgoloſn y prydydd;
A'i gorff sal yn gorffwys sydd
Ym mynwent Gellimanwydd."

A traveler by the Cambrian Railway writes: "It is not given to many men in midsummer to see a great feature of Switzerland in the very heart of the Welsh mountains. Snowdonia, the famous mountain, was as pure in snowy beauty this week as any of the great sights in Switzerland which men and women risk their lives to ascend. It also recalled to a traveler the famous expression of a Welsh bard at a cymanfa held on the slopes of Snowdon half a century ago. 'Some day,' he said, 'the All Ruler will give you the keys of this treasure house which under the snows of winter holds treasures of gold.' The bard's prophecy was verified years ago by the discovery of gold, and there are not wanting indications that in time the Cambrian Railway will be the scene of a great crowd of explorers again flocking to Dolgelly."

Lord Elcho's memoir on the affairs of the 45, which has just been published in Edinburgh, has, of course, been known to Jacobite students since the days of Sir Walter Scott. A London Welshman writes in the Manchester "Guardian" saying that to Welshmen the book has a special interest, as it preserves an interesting piece of gossip of two Welshmen who were "out" in that famous year. As the retreat from Derby commenced Elcho was riding in the Prince's Life Guards with two Welsh gentlemen, David Morgan, a Glamorganshire landowner and a barrister and writer of verse, known in the Army as the Prince's "counsellor," and William Vaughn, one of the Vaughans of Courtfield. "The army is going back to Scotland," observed Morgan to Vaughan. "Wherever they go I am determined to go with them," was the answer. "Better be hanged in England than starve in Scotland," retorted Morgan, who shortly afterwards left the army, only to be captured at Stone and hung on Kennington Common. William Vaughan saw Culloden, and succeeded in escaping abroad, where he did not fare badly, as he was employed in several important military posts by the Spanish government.

At Utica, N. Y., Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, October 15 and 16, the Rhondda Valley Male Choir gave two concerts under the auspices of the men of Moriah Church. The

choir is assisted by Ap Shencyn, harpist, Miss May Moses, soprano, Mrs. Mary John Livingstone, contralto, Llywelyn Jones, tenor, and Robert Hughes, bass. The conductor is John Broad, one of the best musical directors in Wales. Since he has taken charge of the Rhondda Valley singers, the choir has won first prize at six international eisteddfods. At both concerts Mr. Broad was given a hearty greeting. All the numbers were sung with a hearty volume of tenor and basso voices in excellent time and the best of phrasing. The audience was overpleased and evinced its hearty approval by enthusiastic encores. The accompaniments were by A. M. Setter, a graduate of Leipsic, a pianist of more than ordinary accomplishment.

The soloists were all in keeping with the quality of the choir singers, and the player on the harp, a favorite musical instrument with the Welsh people, received an ovation. Ap Shencyn has a world-wide reputation as a player upon the many-stringed instrument, especially among those of his own nationality. He played two very difficult selections, and responded with encore numbers of a lighter vein, but equally as enjoyable to the audience. Miss Moses delighted the audience with her singing. She has a rare purity of voice, and her enunciation is of the best. Mrs. Livingstone's voice also appealed to the audience, and its response was enthusiastic. Mr. Jones and Mr. Hughes, the tenor and bass soloists, added greatly to the pleasure of the programs. Each sang several numbers, and gave a duet, "Two Beggars' Woe." But few concerts at Utica have afforded such rare pleasure as that provided by the Rhondda choir.

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As a walker the civilized man is rapidly degenerating. The remaining sturdy types are the patrolman, the postman, the lamplighter and others who are obliged to walk much. People who are always travelling on wheels will find but languid interest in the fact that the world's long distance walking record was recently beaten in England; but those who have good red blood in their veins will be pleased to know that a member of the London Stock Exchange walked from London to Brighton and return a distance of 104½ miles, in 18 hours 13 minutes and 27 seconds. —From the Philadelphia Ledger.

THE LUSITANIA.

(Written on board.)

This ocean queen from Old Britannia hails;
To her as zephyrs are the thundering gales;
Battalioned waves assault her heights in vain—
She leaves them shattered in her foaming train.
Her master guides here on her lonely way,
Through calm and storm, to meet the coming day.
When night descends upon the surging deep,
Her cradle rocks us into peaceful sleep,
While Morpheus bids us with his magic wand
O'er ocean waves to his Elysian land.
Britannia and Columbia on her meet
And with the hand of friendship each other greet:
Two mighty nations, one in tongue and mind,
Their blessed names are borne on every wind.
Long may Old England and Columbia fair
Unfurl their banners in the limpid air,
And may they see, though Fate obscures the way,
The bright aurora of a perfect day.
Great Lusitania, fashioned to regain
Old Albion's glory on the boundless main.

W. CADLE JONES.

Scranton, Pa.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

E. J. BURTON.

E. J. Burton, whose portrait we present to the readers of the Cambrian, is a native of Llanbrynmair, North Wales. He came to this country about four months ago and at once sprang to fame and popularity as a tenor singer. When the subject of our sketch was but a small boy he met with a painful accident, which cost him the loss of his left arm. At the age of 14 he moved with his parents to Gilfach Goch, South Wales. Failing to find a congenial position outside, he was at last forced by the stern law of circumstances to enter the mines. Nevertheless, with a stout heart and a determined will, he soon became master of the situation and worked as a "haulier" in the mines for years.

Having abundant grit and ambition to fit himself for a higher calling, he studied hard during his leisure hours in the evenings, till at last he met with his reward, viz., a position under the Wesleyan General Insurance Company, and proved true the philosophy of Shakespeare's lines which begin, "There is a tide in the affairs of men," etc. Having now a taste of culture, he thirsted for more of the sparkling waters of this fountain, and finding that nature had gifted him with a rich and pleasing tenor voice, he put forth every effort to cultivate this talent under the direction of some of the best teachers.

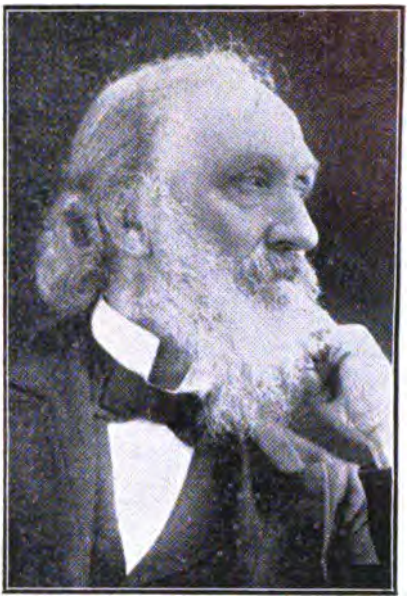
Last summer Mr. Burton came to Gomer, Ohio, to visit his sister, Mrs. Thomas G. Evans, and also his uncle, William R. Jones, who is a successful farmer, and a musician of note. During his brief stay in Ohio Mr. Burton held a number of very successful concerts. He also sang at the Winona Eisteddfod. During his visit at Winona, he was engaged to sing during the Bible conference week and met with great success.

He was offered some very flattering positions to travel as a Gospel singer, but instead took the advice of his friends and entered upon a two years' course at the Moody Institute, Chicago.

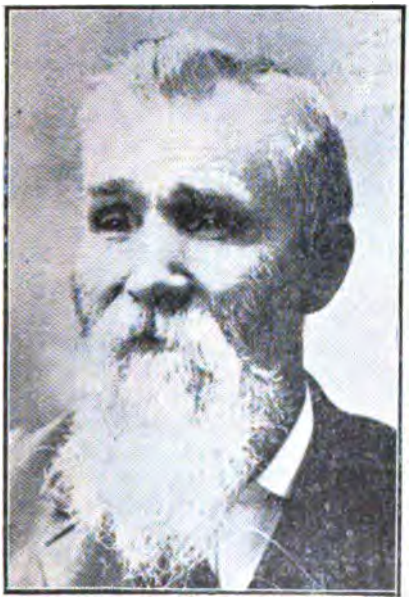
He entered this institution the first of October, and at his graduation expects to spend his life as a Gospel singer. We are glad to state that Mr. Burton is an ambitious and energetic young man, of splendid Christian character. He has made a host of friends during his brief stay at Gomer and Venedocia. The Welsh people of Van Wert and Allen counties will be watching his progress with deep interest. May God bless his noble efforts, and may he have a long life under the guidance of God's spirit to sing the blessed Gospel of God's love into the hearts of His erring children.—Admirer.

D. R. WILLIAMS (Y DRYCH).

The late D. R. Williams (Y Drych), having been agent for the Welsh weekly in Chicago for many years, was a prominent Welshman and widely known among the Welsh in the West. He departed this life September 9, and his remains were laid to rest in Oak Ridge Cemetery, where the Revs. J. C. Jones, J. E. Jones, Bismark Davies and G. R. Evans officiated. Appro-



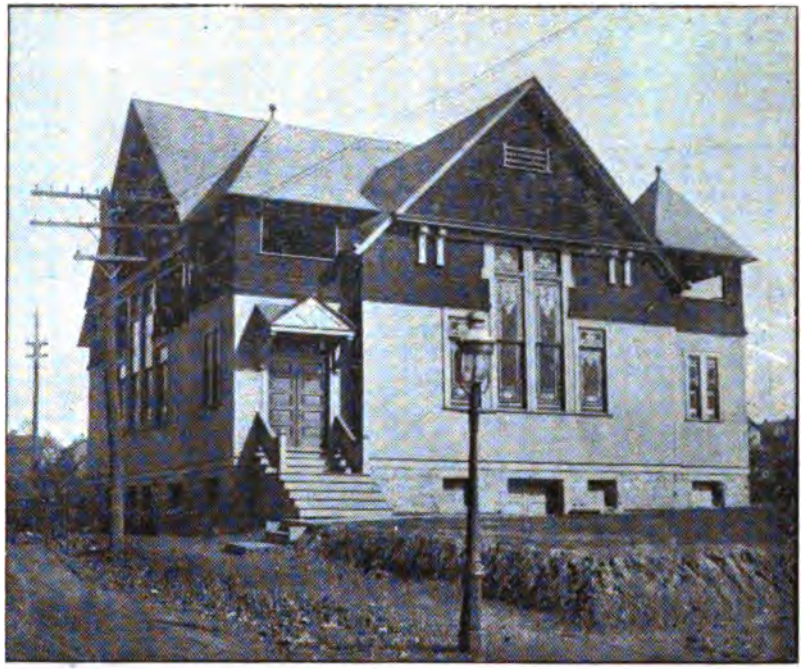
D. R. WILLIAMS (Y DRYCH).



DANIEL D. DAVIS, OAK HILL, O.

E. J. BURTON.

REV. OWEN THOMAS.



NEW WELSH CHURCH AT S. SHARON, PA.

priate and pathetic music was rendered by Tenorydd Roberts, Mrs. Hiram Lloyd and Miss Morgan. His co-deacons at Humboldt Park Welsh Church served as bearers.

Mr. Williams was a native of Ysbyty Ifan, N. W., where he was born February 17, 1833. His parents were Robert and Catherine Williams, and he was the youngest of ten children. He was reared in a religious family, which left a lasting impression on his mind, being throughout life himself an active church member, a good Christian, a serviceable citizen, a lover of music, deeply interested in religious work, a typical Kymro, eminently sociable, and therefore very popular and favorably known within a wide circle of his countrymen throughout the States. He became a member of his native church when 14 years old, and was chosen secretary of the church before he was 20, and simultaneously he was appointed precentor, which position he held for twenty years, until the year he migrated to the States.

September 9, 1862, he was married to Miss Jane Jones, Padock, a daughter to David Jones, of Ysbyty. May 1870, accompanied by his brother-in-law, the late W. Cynwal Jones, of Utica, N. Y., Mr. Williams and his family took ship for America and settled for nine years in Utica, whence he moved to Chicago, where his wife died within five months, of pneumonia. In four years his daughter, Catherine Ellen, the wife of William P. Jones, died. Mr. Williams lived to see the remaining members of his family grow up to fill positions of trust and honor, respected highly by all who know them. His many friends and admirers met at Hebron Church February 17, 1903, to celebrate his 70th birthday, and in spite of the inclement weather, a good congregation was there when an interesting program of addresses and songs was rendered, and the Rev. J. C. Jones on behalf of his friends presented Mr. Williams a purse of $70 as a token of substantial respect and love.

THE LATE DANIEL D, DAVIS, OAK HILL, OHIO.

The departed was born on the 29th of September, 1832, at Cardiganshire, South Wales. He moved to America in 1853 and settled in Jefferson township, Jackson county, Ohio, where he resided till death. In 1853 also he united in marriage with Mary Davis, who also came from Wales. To them were born seven children, Evan D. Davis of the firm of Parry & Davis; Mrs. Rees D. Thomas, who died twenty-nine years ago; David D. Davis, a respected farmer; a daughter who died in infancy; Mrs. S. J. Morgan, Jackson; Mrs. D. Jemiston Davis, Columbus; and Mrs. Benjamin Jones, Oak Hill, who, with thirteen grandchildren, mourn his departure.

Mr. Davis possessed a fine physical form, strong, vigorous, comely, and one might expect him to reach one hundred or more, but it was not so. He had been ailing for a year or more. On the Sabbath morning, September 29, he was called home in his 75th year.

His life in America was given to iron making and farming. For many years he was connected with Jefferson, Cambria, and Monroe furnaces, and he was very successful in all his undertakings. As a man of force and character he possessed noble and positive traits. He was truthful, honest, pure, religious. He had a strong and a clear mind, and to the very last he added daily to his store of information. His judgment was mature, and his conscience clear as crystal. He was deacon at Bethel Church for about twenty years.

On Tuesday, October 1, his funeral services were conducted at the C. M.

Church at Oak Hill, the Revs. David Thomas, W. R. Evans, Roland Jones, Daniel Thomas, M. A., and David F. Williams, D. D., officiating, and each bringing precious testimony to his value and worth. James D. Jenkins read his obituary. The pall-bearers were James D. Jenkins, Joseph J. Jones, Eben J. Jones, Ed. J. Jones, J. J. Williams, John J. Davis, D. S. Parry, and David T. Jones. A very large concourse of people were present to pay respects to his memory. He was interred at the C. M. Cemetery, where he will sleep

"Hyd y bydd holl ddorau beddau y byd
Ar un gair yn agoryd."

NEW WELSH CHURCH AT SOUTH SHARON, PA.

The new Welsh Congregational Church at South Sharon, Pa., was opened to public service September 27, 28 and 29, 1907, when a number of ministers took part in the consecration ceremonies. The proceedings opened Saturday evening, and the Revs. R. Ll. Roberts, Elwood, Ind., and J. B. Chase, Meadville, Pa., preached. Sunday morning, Revs. R. Ll. Roberts and J. P. Thomas, New Castle, Pa., preached. In the afternoon service the Rev. J. B. Davies, Youngstown, O., delivered the dedicatory address, from Haggai 2:4, 8, 9, which was highly commended by the daily press. Sunday evening the Revs. D. Ll. Roberts, Elwood, and William Surdival, Gomer, O., preached to a large congregation. Mr. Surdival's new National Christian Endeavor hymn was sung with zest by the congregation.

Of the original debt, $10,000, $3,500 remains, between $950 and $1,000 in promises and cash having been collected during the day. The church is in expectation of receiving $2,000 as soon as it will have collected the remaining $1,500, so there is a good prospect of clearing the whole debt in the near future. Rev. Owen Thomas is the pastor, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas have labored hard to secure the prosperity of the church; and the several societies of the church are deserving of mention, especially the Ladies' Aid and the Willing Workers, who have been tireless in their efforts to help the good cause along.

HON. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Thursday, October 3, Governor Hughes appointed Hon. John Williams of Utica to succeed P. Tecumseh Sherman as State Commissioner of Labor. Mr. Sherman resigned his position recently and recommended Mr. Williams for his successor. A large number of labor organizations, the Consumers' League in New York, the New York Child Labor Committee, and other bodies, as well as some influential friends, endorsed Mr. Williams, and their efforts in his behalf proved effective. It is understood that for some weeks Commissioner Sherman had been anxious to retire. Mr. Williams has been Deputy State Labor Commissioner, and this promotion places him at the head of one of the most important of the State departments.

Mr. Williams has been well known in New York State for many years. He has had the esteem and confidence of Uticans generally. He was born in Llangoed, Anglesea, North Wales, in 1865, and came to Utica as a young man. At Utica he entered the employ of Richard Richards, builder, in the capacity of bookkeeper. Later he became a journeyman carpenter and a member of the Carpenters' Union, of which he was eventually made president. Mr. Williams was the candidate of the Utica Trades Assembly for Member of Assembly, but not having the endorsement of either of the great parties he was defeated. In 1897 he

was the straight candidate on the Republican ticket and was elected. He has been president of the International Union of Carpenters and was for many years a valued member of the Carpenters' Union. His counsel and advice in labor matters was repeatedly sought while he resided here.

Mr. Williams has made a study of labor problems and conditions and is unquestionably well fitted and equipped for the position for which Gov. Hughes has named him. His acquaintances in Utica were highly pleased to learn of his appointment and feel sure that the State has secured a competent and active head for its labor department. The last Legislature increased the annual salary of the Labor Commissioner from $3,500 to $5,000.

Rev. J. A. Stephens, B. A., is a son of the Rev. J. Stephens, Loughor, Wales. He came to Canada in 1890, and after four years' service as principal of New Rockland public schools, Que., took a full course at McGill University. He came west and took up theology in Manitoba College. Broadview was his first charge after ordination, and he did grand work there. He has been at Reston about two years, is chaplain of the council and a member of the Select Degree, Royal Templars of Temperance, Canada's national temperance society. He presided at all the services on last temperance Sunday.

"When Greeks joined Greeks ,then was the tug of war" was written by Nathaniel Lee.

October.

Soft and serene dost ever fall
Thy sunbeams dipped in autumn's hue,
Sweet as the Siren lover's call,
Thy breezes sing contentment true.

The laughing spring, the red'ning hills,
And silent beauty everywhere,
Blend in a harmony that thrills
My heart for thee, October fair.

Thy joys and plenty, plighted love,
And vig'rous life—nor marred by care
Make strong my faith in things above,
And be thou blest, October fair.

And as thou gavest me this life
To sing and hope, to strike and dare,
When I have come to quit the strife—
To rest—and said my parting prayer,

Bring me before the bar to stand
October, 'neath thy sky so clear—
Just take me gently by the hand—
'Tis all I ask—and lead me there.

James C. Banks.

CURRENT EVENTS.

September 13—The Interstate Commerce Commission reports that 10,618 persons were killed on the railroads of the United States last year.—Sir Thomas Lipton sends a challenge for the America's Cup in 1908, and the New York Yacht Club acknowledges the receipt of the message.—Walter Wellman and his party return to Tromsoe, Norway, having abandoned for this year the attempt to reach the pole by balloon.

September 15.—More than a score of persons are killed and over thirty injured in a collision on the Boston & Maine railroad near Canaan, Vt. —President Fallieres's commutation of the death sentence of Soleilland, the child murderer, to life imprisonment, leads to remarkable demonstration in Paris in which women with children in their arms lead processions through the streets.

September 16.—Rear Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N., retired, dies of heart failure while visiting near York Beach, Me.

September 17. — Representatives of Central-American powers sign a protocol in Washington that is preliminary to a permanent peace pact.—Oklahoma voters ratify the new constitution, enact prohibition, and elect Haskell (Dem.) Governor.—Twenty-seven men are killed and sixteen are injured by a flareback from a 10-inch gun on board the Japanese battleship Kashima.—The Methodist New Connection, the United Methodist Free Churches, and the Bible Christians formally seal their union at Wesley Chapel, London.

September 18.—Warrants are issued in Harrisburg for fourteen prominent men involved in the State capitol graft cases.—San Francisco authorities report nineteen deaths from bubonic plague.—Sir Conan Doyle and Miss Jean Leckie are married in England.

September 21.—The Hague Conference in plenary session adopts the proposition for the establishment of an international prize-court, and a resolution in favor of the convening of a third peace conference in about eight years.

September 23.—The first electric car is run through the Belmont tunnel under the East river in New York. —Robert Fulton day is observed at the Jamestown Exposition with a great parade of steam-craft in Hampton Roads.—Three leading Moroccan tribes sign the peace conditions imposed by General Drude, and the war is regarded as ended.

September 24.—The fourth International Congress of Religious Liberals opens at Tremont Temple, Boston.—Wu Ting-fang is reappointed Chinese minister at Washington.

September 25.—President Roosevelt and family return to Washington from their summer home at Oyster Bay.—Secretary of State Root leaves Washington for Mexico, where he will be the guest of President Diaz. —Missouri railroads, after a three months' test of the two-cent fare law, report a loss of $1,500,000, and will appeal to the courts.

September 27.—Steps are taken in New York to form a National Independence League of the various State leagues, under the direction of W. R. Hearst.

September 28.—Five departments in the South of France are suffering from floods, and the damage in Herault alone is estimated at $4,000,000.—Fifteen persons are killed and about twenty are injured, some fatally, in a collision of the Baltimore & Ohio fast Chicago express with a freight train at Bellaire, O.

September 29.—Mr. Small, national president of the telegraphers, declares that 18,000 union operators

are on strike and less than 2,200 are at work.—President Roosevelt leaves Washington on his Western and Southern trip.

September 30.—President Roosevelt delivers the principal address at the dedication of the William McKinley monument in Canton, O., in the presence of 50,000 persons.—An administrative decree providing for the separation of church and state in Algeria is issued at Paris.—The Royal Swedish Yacht Club sends an inquiry to the New York Yacht Club regarding a challenge for the America's Cup.

October 1.—An imperial Chinese edict decrees compulsory education for all.—President Diaz welcomes Secretary Root at the National Palace in Mexico City.

October 4.—President Roosevelt addresses the Waterways Convention at Memphis, and starts on his hunting trip in Louisiana.

October 5.—The Waterways Convention at Memphis adopts a resolution asking Congress for an appropriation sufficient for the creation of a fourteen-foot channel from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

October 7.—Lee De Forest makes a successful wireless telephone test over a distance of two miles at Norfolk, Va., and declares that the practicability of his apparatus is demonstrated.

October 8.—Secretary Taft is warmly welcomed at Shanghai by Chinese, American, and foreign merchants.

———:o:———

A tramp has beaten all known records by swimming twenty-seven miles in thirty minutes. He did not mean to do it. He merely tried to steal a ride from St. Louis to Chicago on the rear of a locomotive tender. When the train started he fell over backward, through the open manhole, into the water tank. The noise of the train drowned his cries for help and he was obliged to swim until the first stop was reached, at Alton. When taken out he was nearly dead, but the engineer was so unfeeling as to call his attention to the fact that the water was only four feet deep and he might have stood up. The conductor, also unfeeling asked him for his ticket, but the tramp said he did not come by rail, but by water. —From the Kansas City Star.

The Law of Compensation.—Bridget had been going out a great deal, and her husband Mike was displeased. "Bridget, where do ye spend yer toime nights? Ye're out iv'ry avenin' for two weeks," he said.

"Shut up, Mike! I'm gettin' an edication," she answered.

"An' phwat are ye learnin?" said her indignant husband.

"Why, to-night we learned about the laws of compensation."

"Compensation," said Michael. "What's that?"

"Why, I can't explain; but fur instance, if the sense of smell is poor, the sense of thaste is all the sharper, and if yez are blind, ye can hear all the better."

"Ah, yes," said Mike, thoughtfully. "I see it's loike this. Fur instance, if a man is born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."—Sunday Magazine.

Mirrors as Detectives.

"It is not solely to please the lady patrons," said an interior decorator, "that mirrors so abound in shops. They serve another and a more important purpose. They help detect shoplifters.

"If you should study the various watchers in the employ of big retail stores you would find that they don't watch the patrons directly. They look at their reflections in the mirrors.

"Of course, their watching, done that way, is unperceived. The shoplifter glances at the watcher, sees that his back is to her, and secretes a pair of silk stockings in her shirt waist. The next moment she feels an unfriendly and terrifying tap on the shoulder, and the watcher, who has caught her by the mirror's aid bids her sternly to accompany him to the office."—New York Times.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

There are as good fish in the sea as have ever been lied about.

A landslide is a significant movement in real estate.

Gossip and goodness are seldom seen together.

Satisfaction is the result of either getting what you want, or not wanting anything.

Too many people deny themselves the comforts of life in order to pile up an estate for a bunch of dissatisfied heirs to fight over.

An Irish resident of Cardiff was writing to his aged father in Ireland. "If the railway strike," he wrote, "breaks out next month and the trains don't run, I'll not be able to come to see you, so you will have to come to Cardiff."

Cymro: "What do you think of Conway Castle?" Yankee: "Wal, I guess it's a vurry fine old bit; but what on earth possessed 'em to build it so close to the station?"

At one end or the other of every animal lies a danger which makes the closest investigation impossible. To study the mule we must hold him by the head, but to study the bull we must have a tail hold as a vantage point.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"There is something more than a sword that a soldier has to have."

"A gun?"

Mother shook her head. "It's courage, June! It's something I haven't got a scrap of. You'll have to be brave for us both!"

"I'm not afraid," declared June; "I go to bed in the dark, and go to places by myself, or anything."

"I don't mean that way," said his mother; "I mean staying behind for instance when—when somebody you love very much has to go away and leave you."—Alice Hegan Rice in "Captain June" (Hodder & Stoughton).

Dr. John Wilkins wrote a work in the reign of Charles II to show the possibility of making a voyage to the moon. The Duchess of Newcastle, who was likewise notorious for her vagrant speculations, said to him, "Doctor, where am I to bait at in the upward journey?" "My lady," replied the doctor, of all the people in the world, I have never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air that you might lie every night at one of your own."

George T. Angell, Boston's brilliant and powerful defender of animals from cruelty, was talking about nature faking.

"My friend, Will Long, is no nature faker," he said, "but I admit that many of our myriad nature writers are. These men's idea of a lie seems to closely to resemble that of a little boy I know.

"The boy's teacher said from her desk one afternoon:

" 'I want every pupil who has never told a lie to hold up his hand.'

There was a doubtful pause. Two or three hands were raised. Then my little friend piped out:

"'Teacher, is it a lie if nobody finds it out?'"—Boston Post.

The shark has been perhaps the most universally worshiped of all the Hawaiian animal gods. Strange as it may seem, the islanders formerly regarded the shark as being the friend and protector of all those who pay him devout attention. Each locality along the coast of the main islands of the Hawaiian group formerly had its patron shark, whose name, place of abode, history, etc., were all well known to his superstitious worshipers. The biggest and most celebrated of these shark divinities was a male, whose mouth was so large that he could easily swallow any other shark known to frequent these waters. According to the Hawaiian folklore stories, the bulk of this "god of the sea" was so great that he could not pass through the narrowest channels which separate the different islands, but spent his time swimming around the whole group and looking after the welfare of the people.

A Word from or of the Following Will Be Acceptable:

Eli Richardson, Greencastle, Ind.
John W. Lynch, Granville, O.
J. H. Richards, Lakeside, Ohio.
Joseph Isaac, Wheatland, Mercer County, Pa.
Joseph Cunleft, 2040 Titan Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Henry Harris, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. E. M. Hughes, 299 W. Madison, Chicago, Ill.
John Hughes, 300 W. Van Buren, Chicago, Ill.
J. E. Lewis, Canal Dover, Ohio.
Thos. R. Williams, Findlay, Ohio.
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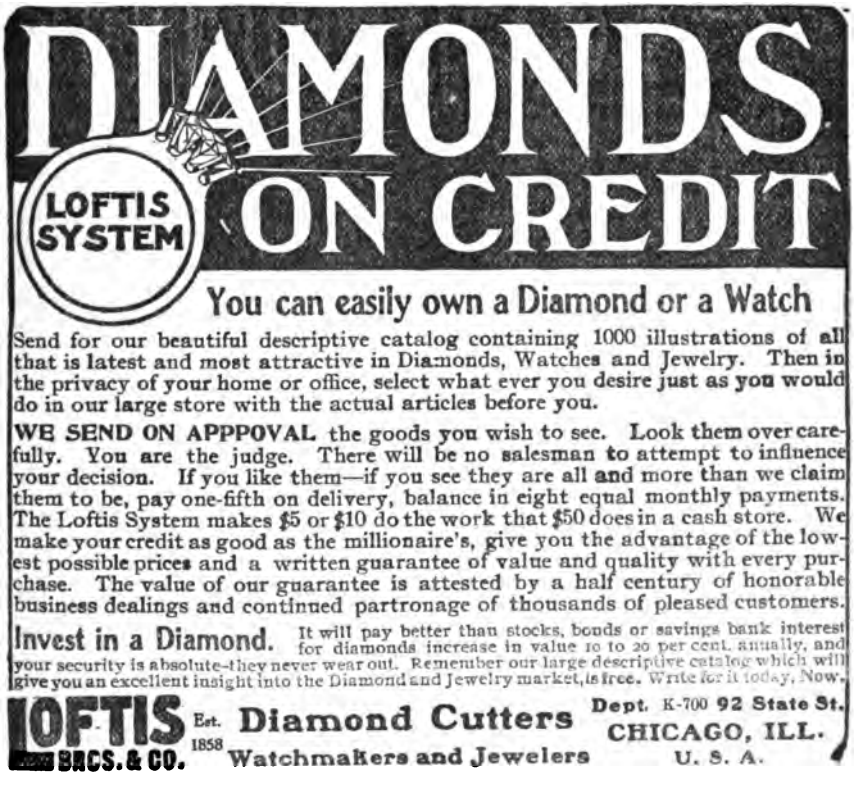
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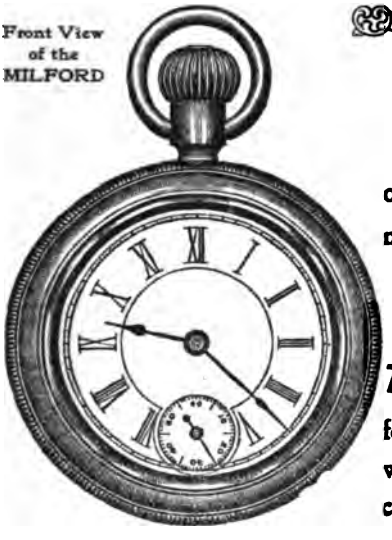

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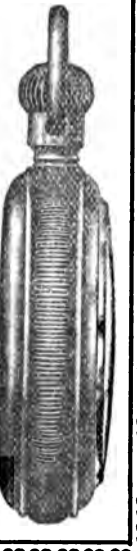

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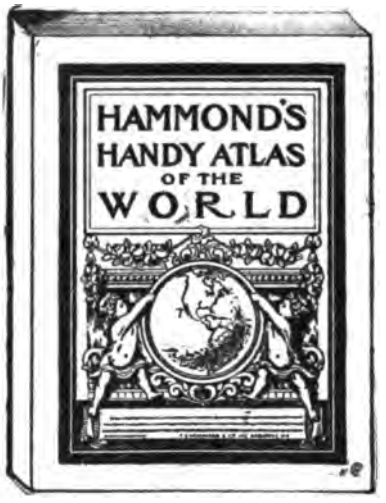

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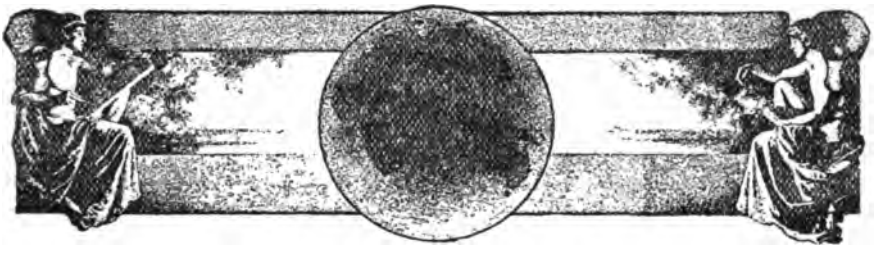
THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII. NOVEMBER, 1907. No. 10



Thoughts of the Month.

Diana not Great. Demetrius of yore was a silversmith in Ephesus, Asia Minor, and made silver shrines for Diana, and employed a great number of craftsmen, all of whom believed that the worship of Diana was the greatest thing in the world. The greatest thing in the world, in a commercial sense, is what pays the best. Demetrius and his employes, and the thousands dependent on the Standard Diana Co. were enthusiastic in their love and praise of Diana. Some times they would have a parade and would march around with all the paraphernalia of superstitious excitement, shouting and yelling "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Something similar to the means the political parties use to arouse the people when their enthusiasm lags. A little man named Paul, arrived in the city, and he preached, saying that Diana was a superstition, and that those figures made by hands were no gods! That was the greatest insult they had ever had, and it caused much wrath, and there arose no small stir about it that way. This Paul had also turned away much people, and was rapidly hurting the business of the Standard Diana Co. It is said that the whole city was filled with confusion. The story throughout is very humorous and profitable. Have not we our Dianas in America? Do not we believe this Diana and that Diana are great, and are ready to parade and march around with bands and banners and transparencies and such to show our belief in them, although we could not give other than lame reasons for our follies? Would it not be the chief reason of those interested that this brings no small gain to the craftsmen? Do not the gain and the enthusiasm go together? The American people should direct their minds to the great question of the near future, "Are our Dianas great?"

The Best Book. It has been the general belief that there is no humor in the Bible. The reason for this, apparently, is that all have been used to read the Bible with too much seriousness. We have been used to read the Bible in fear and trembling, and have been afraid to find in it but the most solemn truths. In fact, the Bible is a natural and good-natured book, the best natured book that was ever written. We have also taken it to be the most domineering and despotic book of all, which is also an error. The Bible is liberal and broadminded, the most broadminded book extant. The Bible is not sectarian; it is not bigoted; it is considerate of the rights of men; it does not tyranize but reasons and persuades. It enlightens, and has the best interests of the human family at heart. Its highest quality is—it is no respecter of persons. It thinks as much of the poor as the rich, which cannot be said of other human books. It treats the Emperor of Russia in the same way exactly as the poorest beggar in the land—and one has to repent of his sins just like the other, if he wishes to get right with the eternal demands of moral law. In the eye of the Bible, the King of England is the poor man's neighbor, and he is requested and commanded to treat him as such, and all the royalty we find in the Bible is this "Love thy neighbor as thyself," as regards every man. When we think over all these things, how far away have the Church and Christianity strayed from the paths of the Gospel! How we respect persons, generally, on account of the little wealth they have, or the positions they hold apart from considerations of moral worth or character! A rich rake is great among us!

Excuses and Reasons. While Abbe Klein was in Boston delivering his lectures, certain questions were asked him as to why the Catholic Church in France should have been allied to a political party that was continually in defeat. The Abbe answered that the French people lack political education and therefore show great inaptitude for self-government, and he attributed the political ignorance to centuries of absolute submission, back even to the Roman law. All established religions hold the same position and relation to the common people, including the English Church which is allied to Toryism, and is resolved to fall with that old regime. It is a sad reflection on any Church that she does not enlighten the people in self-government, and it is more so that she opposes every advancement in political education, desiring rather to hold the mass in ignorance for fear they may adopt improved views and reform movements. Do the churches hate progress, the child of advancing knowledge? Why could not they adopt a religious system, or religious principles rather that would allow and encourage progress on every civilizing line? A principle that stagnates cannot be a living principle,

and a system that will change with life to serve it along through the ages, must be the right system. Every system, political, social and governmental must be expansive enough to follow the growth of human life. Systems should be made to fit humanity, not humanity checked, squeezed and crippled to fit man-made systems. Enlighten the masses; let the human family grow and develop, and withal let us adopt the means suitable and serviceable to the continued change. Let the light shine more and more unto the perfect day, and let the diminishing and changing shadows shift for themselves. We should not check the light for fear it will hurt the shadows. Old regimes must pass away, and the churches that support them must suffer the same fate. The best wisdom is to know how to change and when to change.

A Good Scare. Recently Asquith, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, at Ladybank, England, discussed the relation of the Liberal party with Socialism. Among other things he said "that liberty under Socialism would be slowly but surely starved to death, and along with a superficial equality of fortunes and conditions we should have the most startling despotism that the world has ever seen." One of the leading newspapers in this country said the other day in an article on "Socialism" that the usual proposal is to deprive the rich of their possessions and to guarantee every loafer and criminal a pension rewarding the recipient for his patriotism and foresight in being born into this cruel world and growing up to man's estate." Both the above statements are misrepresentations, and they are intentionally so. Every great reform has been welcomed in the same manner. The aim is to create a strong prejudice against social reform, and to raise a bogey to scare the people. Hitherto socialism is a mere spirit with an ideal; its philosophy is yet to come, and its policy later. This spirit is the leaven which will permeate society, and will suggest the policy as it will go along reforming the ends of society. To many, especially the plutocratic element of society, socialism seems to play in politics the part of death and the devil in theology, which, although seemingly evil in themselves, serve to make sinners considerate and to restrain them in their wicked careers. As death and the devil scare the wicked, so the bogey of socialism serves as a moral stimulant to repentance in our governments, to pay deeper regard to the rights of the people. In Great Britain, even the Tories fear the rise of socialism; and there can be no doubt that socialism is the inspiration and the instigation of the Liberal party. It is also the leaven that works in the Republican and Democratic parties in our country. This is the spirit back of the uprising against the evil-doings of corporations, trusts and commercial and political dishonesty.

Miniature Graft. Books of revelations may be written in every age, and every day of that age; and recently the citizens of Utica have had the pleasure of perusing one on a small scale. It was not a severe attack, but it shows that even Utica is subject to the plague. Graft is somewhat of a plague, because, like the plagues of Egypt of yore, it goes into every house. There is hardly a City Hall in the land that has not suffered more or less from this plague of graft. It seems to be one of the inevitable fruits of original sin; but it seems that the roots are not so deep that they cannot be dug out. Exposure is a good deterrent and remedy. Graft is a weed that grows rapidly and luxuriantly in the dark, but as soon as sunlight is let in on it, it withers away as rapidly, and during the exposure its admirers blush. A booklet of the doings of graft published periodically would help to keep the garden of politics free of this exotic. Every citizen should set his face against government for personal purposes.

In Excelsis. Balloons and flying machines are in vogue; but really can they ever be of much benefit to the human family? It is doubtful. Our wealth is right here on the surface of this globe and under, and we are sure we can never expect to raise corn, wheat, vegetables, &c., nor dig coal out of clouds, and we are as sure as that that we can transport everything we need more rapidly over land and water than through the air. We may be able to destroy towns and cities from above more effectually than by present means, but then it will not benefit the world or any nation to do much of that kind of work. There is one consideration remaining, viz., that when common earth has become too intolerable for the upper ten to reside in, they may retire to the upper cloudy realm, and reside in the traditional "castles in the air." But wherever they live it is evident that they can never become independent of the most despised thing of all—earthly labor.

Deers and Tears Every autumn we hear of the killing of a number of people in the Adirondacks during the hunting season. This season half a dozen slaughters of the kind were recorded in the papers within two weeks, and among them Mr. John E. Morgan, a prominent citizen of Utica. It is a very sad affair, when we think that even our foolish amusements entail such a sorrowful sacrifice of life; and we cannot help thinking that there exists on the borders of the North Woods a silly craze for hunting, and hundreds hurry thereinto every autumn with guns to fire at anything that moves, with no thought on the part of the rash sons of Nimrod. They are in a hurry to kill whatever it be! They may separate (which creates danger), and then they may from their extreme anxiety to

shoot, fire across lots even into members of their own party. Even when half a mile apart they are in danger of destroying each other's life. It is a perilous game. The closing of the Adirondacks for a decade would be a precious saving of human life; it would be a sparing of much sorrow; it would be an appropriate way of mourning for the many lives already sacrificed; it would be a reasonable respite to the beautiful beasts who are so cruelly persecuted every autumn; and it would be a respectable homage to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A good deal of what we call sport is cruelty and danger to human life, and we may with appropriateness classify foot ball and deer hunting as two forms of the worship of Moloch in our enlightened age. But how strange it is that no means is devised by the State to stop this sacrifice of life!

Mammon and Mars. Probably Keir Hardie in India and M. Herve in France are no worse characters than John the Baptist, Peter, John and Paul in their times. The last named were subverters of the good old order prevalent in their time, and Keir Hardie and M. Herve are only apostles teaching truths a thousand years in advance of their age. There is reason to believe that both are gifted with the prophetic spirit; and prophets are necessarily offensive to the age in which they live, for the simple reason that they have a perfecter vision and want to have things changed. The powers that be have always a strong aversion to a change that will curtail old-timed privileges, in order to ease those who have borne the burdens. Keir Hardie may be indiscreet in India, and M. Herve fanatic in France, but yet it is to their great honor that one hates Mammon and the other detests Mars.

The Birthplace of Two Noted Welshmen in Wales

Rev. John T. Griffith, D. D.

During my visit to Wales last summer (1906), among many other noted places I visited Tyla Gwyn, Garw Valley, where I lectured Tuesday evening, July 3, on "Morgan John Rhees." During this visit I was entertained at the home of the pastor, the Rev. T. B. Phillips, who is one of the noblest men in Wales. The home of Mr. Phillips is situated between two of the most historic houses in Wales, which were the birth places of two very noted Welshmen.

Cefn Gelli.—Cefn Gelli was the birthplace of the famous Dr. Samuel Jones of Philadelphia. Samuel Jones was born at this farm house January 14, 1735. His father's name was Thomas Jones, who with his family came to Pennsylvania in 1737 and settled as pastor of the Tulpe-

hocken Baptist Church, near Reading, Pa. This church is the mother of the Baptist churches of Reading. Samuel Jones consecrated himself to the Lord when quite young, and was educated in the Philadelphia College, where he graduated in 1762, and the following year was ordained as pastor of the old Pennepek Church, now known as Lower Dublin. He was pastor of this church until his death, which occurred February 7, 1814. In his day he was one of the most prominent men of the denomination, and was a leader in every movement.

When a young man he was sent by the Philadelphia Association to aid in the establishment of the Rhode Island College, now known as Brown University. In reference to this he himself says:

"In the fall of 1763 the writer on request went to Newport, Rhode Island, and new remodeled a rough draft they had of a charter of incorporation for a college, which soon after obtained legislature sanction. The summer following the institution went into operation under the Rev. James Manning, President at Warren, at which place the first commencement was held in 1769. Two years after an elegant edifice was erected at Providence, and the institution flourished under its worthy president, the late Dr. Manning, as it did since his death under President Maxy, and does now under President Mercer. It is now called Brown University in honor of the generous Nicholas Brown, merchant of that place."

After the death of Dr. Manning, he was offered the presidency of this college. At the request of the Philadelphia Association, he prepared in 1798 a new constitution of discipline to the Philadelphia Confession of Faith. In connection with the Revs. David Jones and Dr. Burgis Allison, he collected special hymns for the use of the churches. He kept a school in his own home at Lower Dublin for more than thirty years, in which many were educated who became prominent in the denomination, and among them Dr. Allison, who kept an important academy at Bordentown, New Jersey, in which many eminent men were taught. October 6, 1807, at the request of the Philadelphia Association he preached the centennial sermon of the Association from Isaiah 54: 2. 3, in which he gives a very comprehensive view of the developments of the Association during the preceding century. His name stands foremost in all the movements of the Philadelphia Association for more than fifty years. On his way to Philadelphia in October, 1794, Morgan John Rhees spent several days with Dr. Jones at Lower Dublin, and in October, 1795, when on his way to Philadelphia from New England M. J. Rhees makes this note:

"The 28th breakfasted at Trenton, an agreeable situation. Crossed the Delaware River to Bristol, a small town agreeably situated on the Delaware about 20 miles from Philadelphia. To my friend Dr. Jones in the evening. Not at home. Well

then I must talk with the old lady who is as plain in her address as an honest Quaker."

As I stood in front of this historic house, the reader may imagine how my mind went back to the early history of the Baptists of Pennsylvania. July 27 I had a picture taken of the old house with myself and the Rev. T. B. Phillips, Mrs. Brynferch Rees, Miss Mary Griffiths and a Mr. Howells from London standing on the lawn. It now hangs on my wall in my home as one of my most sacred relics.

Ty'n Ton.—This is the name of a little cottage which stands right across the valley from Cefn Gelli, in which was born in 1723 a child who was named Richard Price, son of the Rev. Rees Price. That child became the noted Dr. Richard Price. Dr. Price occupies a very prominent position in relation to the American Revolution. November 4, 1789, he preached a sermon, being the anniversary of what is called in England the Revolution which took place in 1688. Mr. Burke speaking of this sermon says, "The political divine proceeds dogmatically to assert that by the principles of the Revolution the people of England have acquired three fundamental rights. To choose our own government; to cashier then for misconduct; and to form a government for ourselves.

Dr. Price does not say that the right to do these exists in this or that person, or in this or in that description of persons, but "that it exists in the whole, that it is a right resident in the nation." This shows his principles.

When the Revolutionary War of America broke out he published a book, "Observations on Civil Liberty and the Justice of the War with America;" and it is said that 60,000 copies of it were sold in a short time, and that in 1778 the American Congress passed a resolution to communicate with Dr. Richard Price though Benjamin Franklin, requesting him to become an American citizen though living in London. He died in 1791. He and Franklin were great friends.

The impressions made on the mind of the writer as he stood looking at these two historic cottages facing each other at Llangeinor, Cwm Garw, will remain indelible as long as life will last.

Winter time is comin',
Comin' mighty soon.
Northwind, he jump up an' bit
A piece right out de moon.
See de branches lose deir leaves
In a single night,
Like dey's rollin' up deir sleeves
Foh to hab a fight.

Winter time is comin',
Summer got to go;
Got to take de grass an' flowers
An' trade 'em off for snow.
What I says is "Let it come."
I ain' scart ner beat.
Jes' as soon be shiverin' some
As hollerin 'bout de heat.

—Washington Star.

A Few Landmarks of English History.

By Benjamin B. Esau.

IV.

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

With the accession of Elizabeth, Parliament begins to assume an importance never before known. Henry's appeals to it had been mere shams, but Elizabeth, in the critical situation in which she was placed—a young woman, with every country of note antagonistic to her and her faith—naturally sought the counsel and support of the representatives of the country, and at last we see Parliament beginning to take its right position and performing its proper functions, and the line between the legislative and the executive is at last to be traced, even if faintly. Though Elizabeth was long known as "Good Queen Bess," it will not do to study the history of the times too closely if one wishes to preserve that illusion. It was not to be wondered at that Catholics should be subjected to measures of repression; they had brought that on themselves, though, as ever, the innocent must needs suffer with the guilty. Harsh as these measures doubtless were, they were leniency itself compared with those then in vogue in most Catholic countries, and after a while were not so rigidly enforced. But there was much dissension among the Protestants themselves; the new Church of England was itself divided into three broad classes—the first being still Catholics in nearly all their ideas with the one great exception of acknowledging the Papal supremacy; the second were the Calvinists, who wished to get as far away as possible from everything that savored of Rome; the third and larger party held views between these two extremes. The English Prayer Book, revised (practically compiled) at this time, bears the marks of these various influences, and was virtually a comopromise to meet the views of the three great divisions, which exist in the English church to this day. There were those, however, who would have nothing to do with these temporizing parties, and failing to have their own way or to secure recognition, seceded from the so-called Church of England altogether. This was the body known as the Puritans, who were to make their mark later in English history. Elizabeth hotly persecuted these people, and many lost their lives at the block, still more suffering confiscation, imprisonment and mutilation. One of the frequent sentences of the day was to brand a man on each cheek. "S. S." (sower of sedition). The queen would probably have gone to greater lengths, but imminent danger of foreign invasion and national annihilation compelled a cessation of religious persecution.

TROUBLES WITH SPAIN.

The ruling nation at this time was Spain. The discovery of America

had brought countless wealth to that country, but eventually proved its bane. At first it may have been a good thing to get rid of a parcel of hot-headed young gallants and ne'er-do-weels; but too many survived and returned to Spain, unsettling the country by the ostentatious display of their ill-gotten wealth. All this enormous material gain and acquisition combined to make Spain the most formidable power of the time. For some reason there was no love lost between Spain and England, in spite of many politic royal marriages designed to smooth away this national dislike. They were both maritime nations, and their interests often ran counter to each other. The discoveries of Cortez and Pizarro had stimulated the English, and many explorers had been sent out. Called buccaneers, many of these men were really pirates, and did not hesitate to attack the Spanish galleons returning with wealth from the New World, whether their respective countries were at peace or not. Of course this fact could not always be known, but if successful they were sure their offences would be condoned in any event. Naturally the Spaniards were not slow to indulge in reprisals, and blood-curdling tales are told of the sufferings of English seamen unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. So the years rolled on with the feelings between the two nations growing more and more bitter.

Snubbed by the Pope at her accession, and publicly insulted by another twelve years later, Elizabeth had thrown her lot with the growing Protestant faith, and by the force of circumstances had come to be regarded as its natural champion. This doubly embittered the Spaniards against her, for they were the most bigoted, domineering Catholics that the world has ever seen.

THE ARMADA.

At last the time was thought ripe to crush Elizabeth and Protestant England together, and a most formidable Armada was prepared. Just as it was nearly ready the famous Admiral Drake made a sudden descent, burned 100 vessels and created great havoc. Nothing daunted, the Spaniards set to work again, and a year later a tremendous fleet set sail. It was unfortunate from the first, a heavy gale at the very start doing great damage, and compelling them to put back for repairs, so that they were a couple of months later than they had expected to be when they reached the English Channel.

The English had not been idle. The country turned out en masse, and as the invasion had long been feared the men were well drilled. As there were still large numbers of Catholics in England, many of them men of great prominence, it had been supposed that a diversion would be caused by them in favor of the Spaniards; but no such thing happened. The English Catholics had but little in common with their Spanish co-religionists, the latter being priest-ridden, and as a rule ignorant in the extreme. In England, on the con-

trary, no matter how ascetic or devout they might be, the Catholics had never been accustomed to allow their priests the sway obtained elsewhere. That they hoped to re-establish their faith in England is no doubt true, and there were various plots which cost many lives; but these men were Englishmen, had no desire for Spanish methods in religion and still less to see England subjugated by her ancient foe. So in the great national crisis which had now arrived Protestant and Catholic stood shoulder to shoulder. So little fear was felt on this score that we find the command of the English fleet given to Lord Howard, a Catholic and ancestor of the present Duke of Norfolk.

The fate of the Armada is well known to all readers of history, but it is noteworthy that the threat of invasion drew the country together, solidified it, as it were ,as probably nothing else could have done. The danger over, dissensions of course again began, but there can be noticed more and more of a tendency to make Parliament the arena for fighting out differences of opinion. Persecution did not entirely cease, however. It is only about a year ago that the ter-centenary of the martyrdom of the three founders of the Independent or Congregational Church was celebrated. This was only a very few years after the Armada.

A NOTED REIGN.

Elizabeth reigned 45 years, and during that time the country made great progress. Raleigh discovered and named Virginia, and the reign produced probably some of the greatest sea worthies the world has ever seen. In literature Elizabeth's time stands supreme, with Shakespeare and a host of lesser lights. In self-government too, the country had made great strides, as Elizabeth's successors were to find to their cost. There are many blots in this extraordinary woman's character, the greatest being the long years of imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots (her own cousin, who had taken refuge in England from her rebellious subjects) and her subsequent execution. That Mary was imprudent is unquestionably true—she was a mistress of biting sarcasm and had the disease of scribbling; she also doubtless plotted; but Elizabeth was secure. Mary was a prisoner, and her execution was only legalized murder, due in large measure to Elizabeth's inordinate vanity and jealousy. But aside from her many faults, Elizabeth was certainly magnificently endowed mentally, and this, with the great progress made during her life by the nation, makes her reign perhaps the most noted one in English history. The Elizabethan period, as we know, was the golden age of literature; printing had spread to every part of the country, and was doing much to enlighten the people. This reign saw the abandonment of the cumbrous armor hitherto worn, owing to the advance in mechanism and more common use of firearms. Great improvement in

the building of vessels had been made, and ships were now constructed that could be fairly trusted to cross the ocean. Much legislation is traced to this reign, the Church of England was put on what has proved a firm basis, and, altogether, it is an epoch as to which a more extended reading will be profitable.

It seems the irony of fate that at Elizabeth's death she knew the son of her murdered rival would succeed her on the English throne. It will be remembered that her father had forever barred his sister's succession. His son had reaffirmed this, and yet, Henry's children all dying childless, this very sister's grandson was the direct heir to the English throne, and was recognized as such by the English Parliament. James being already King of Scotland, this resulted in the union of the two countries, and the reign of the Stuart family in England began with James I.

For famous sketches of both Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots read Scott's "Kenilworth" and "The Abbott," though of course, while superb character sketches, they are not to be implicity relied upon from an historical standpoint.

JAMES I.

Though this union was fraught with great benefit to both nations, it was not so regarded by either at the time, they having been jealous foes too long to readily coalesce. Then James himself was a wretched representative of royalty, being the laughing stock and generally regarded with contempt by the English nation. Having endured absolute poverty in Scotland, the liberal allowance made for the English throne was insufficient for his extravagance. From being hectored to a degree by the fierce Scottish partisans, and never venturing any views of his own, he assumed to lecture and instruct the English Parliament when they called a halt to the royal waste of public money; but the training of Parliament under the Tudors began to show its effects, the representatives of the people now felt their power and were determined to exercise it. Notwithstanding his bluster, James was stubbornly contested, and his reign is largely made up of miserable bickerings with Parliament, the chief use of which seems to have been to solidify it more and more and prepare the people for the supreme struggle that was to cost his son his throne and then his life.

THE COUNTRY FAITH.

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with the thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crops grow tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all!

—Norman Gale.

The Schools in America.

Rev. T. Clement Thomas, Member of the Mosely Commission (1906-7).

Careful perusal of the notes I made during my three months' tour of inspection through the States has confirmed the impression that what is properly termed the American system of education cannot be fairly estimated by the apparent results. The school buildings are palatial, commodious and well equipped; the teachers cultured, earnest and devoted; the children apt and sprightly; the general tone of the schools altogether pleasing; yet, close investigation of the class work gave rise to a little feeling of disappointment. I soon found, however, that the quality of the work was not the main consideration. The teacher's attention was chiefly directed to *proper* aims and *right* methods rather than to immediate accurate results. In the American school, it is the child that is taught and not the subject. This is the distinctive feature of the system throughout the States. I use the word "system" for the want of a better word, as, strictly speaking, there is no *national system* of education. Notwithstanding this fact, every individual school is typically national. Each state, city or county has full control over its own municipal and educational affairs, hence there is a multiplicity of separate, *independent* units of local authorities, subject to no central authority. This being so, one would naturally expect much variety in organization, courses of study, methods of teaching, &c., as between schools of the different cities; the contrary, however, is the truth—their homogeneous character is most marked. They all seem to conform to a type which reflects the spirit of the race. They are in close touch with the people, quickly respond to their desires, and organically grow with their aspirations. In a word, the school is an American institution.

An American educationist of great experience with whom I discussed the curriculum and the present condition of elementary education in the States, expressed the opinion that the system generally lacked thoroughness. It was not the fault of the teachers, nor were too many subjects taught. The weakness was due to the universal desire to cover too much ground in the various subjects. Other teachers I spoke to afterwards admitted the fairness of the criticism. My experience was too limited to draw a satisfactory conclusion. Judging the success of the grade schools by the number of scholars who proceed to the High Schools, the outlook is not encouraging. When we remember that the High Schools give free education, one would expect a fair proportion of the children to remain to complete their course in the Grade Schools, and graduate to the High Schools. I take the case of Philadelphia for 1904-5. In the

public schools of this city there were 32,755 children in Grade I., 4,200 in Grade VIII., and only 789 in Grade IX., which is the preparatory class for promotion to the High Schools. The status and efficiency of the High Schools of Philadelphia are second to none in the country, yet the percentage of children educated in them is not quite 2.5. Several causes may account for this, but I have to enquire whether the nature of the curriculum or the character of the teaching, or, indeed, both combined, can be justly considered as partly responsible for this falling off in the number of pupils in the higher grades of the schools. I observed that the difficulties of the adolescent stage have not been successfully overcome in the States more than they have in our country. In our own county of Glamorgan it is suggested to establish Higher Elementary Schools—a grave mistake in my opinion from an educational point of view, a better plan would be to bring the Intermediate School into closer harmony with the Elementary School, both in spirit and method. The Americans are conscious of a similar weakness in their system, notwithstanding their vantage ground of free higher education, and they begin to feel their way in two directions (a) to a more suitable adjustment of the work of the Elementary to the High School by the adoption of departmental teaching, and the introduction of Latin and Algebra in the higher grades; (b) to an equal division of the full twelve years of free education course into six years in the Grade School, and six in the High School.

Promotion of the Pupils.—In the American schools the children are classified so that they may be advanced a stage either (1) half-yearly or (2) yearly. If promoted every half year, each grade consists of two divisions—B and A, and the period for a normal child to remain in each division is six months. In an Eight Grade School having this arrangement, there are in reality sixteen classes—two in each grade under the charge of one teacher. But where promotions are annually made, the grades are not divided, and each grade works on a full year's course. Notwithstanding this difference of classification, there is much uniformity in the system which regulates the promotion of the pupils in the schools I visited. A weekly record of the child's work and progress is made, and the results of written reviews frequently given are kept by the teacher. One examination each term is held under the authority of the Superintendent. These examinations serve as aids to the teacher to gauge the progress of the scholar, and not so much as basis for promotion. Just here I ought to refer to one of the means in vogue to keep the home in constant touch with the school, and to secure the co-operation of the parent with the teacher. At the end of each month, a report is sent to the parent, giving the results of the weekly estimates from the teacher's record, modified by the results of the

written examinations held during the month. The report, having been signed by the parent, is returned to the teacher. At the end of the year, the teacher and the principal together go through the record of every pupil, and if the same is found satisfactory, promotion follows. The main object kept in view is to place the child where he can do the work best suited to his capacity, and so far as I was able to learn, the spirit in which the whole plan is worked is decidedly in favor of moving a child on, rather than of keeping him back.

Speaking of the system which regulates promotions, as a whole, my impression is that it is too elaborate and too mechanical, and the prominence given to the "mark" estimate of the work is certainly open to grave dangers. I regard its effects as injurious on both teacher and child. The former incurs the risk of departing from the true educational course when he keeps his marks in view. It is a case of weighing the crop when sowing the seed. The teacher should diligently and discreetly sow; this should be his first care, and when that is done with efficiency, the true harvest will surely follow. Being in constant touch with the pupils, the teacher will have ample opportunities of judging the quality and extent of their mental development without recourse to a system of excessive marking, which consumes so much of his time and energy. And so far as the child is concerned, I would say that the less conscious he is of the teacher's device to pace his progress, the better for him morally and educationally. It is of serious consequence to a child that its education from the outset, and right through the school career, should proceed from the right motive. Create in him a love for his work, inculcate in him the desire to do his best, and direct him along the right path; the momentum he will thus receive will carry him through triumphantly. Tests, both orally and written, are, and will always be, a school necessity, but they should mean more for the child than for the teacher. They should help the child to know his bearings, and to keep on the right track. Terminal reports only, with the teacher's judgment of the child's general progress, conduct, punctuality, and regularity should satisfy the requirements of a primary school.

The National Eisteddfod of 1907.

By Cadrawd.

After spending the week at Swansea, at the National Eisteddfod, I consider it my first duty as a true Welshman to render my heartiest thanks to all those who were officially connected with this magnificent gathering, when the national spirit was seen at one of its spring tides. Our thanks are due to the Swansea people one and all for their extreme kindness, from the chief magistrate and his good lady, downward. The officials of the Eisteddfod were most kind and obliging, more so than in any National Eisteddfod I have attended during the last forty years; and I have been in a good many of them.

I was present at the National Eisteddfod of 1891 held in Swansea, which, unfortunately, was held during a very wet week, and which made everything most disagreeable. This time we were favored with exceptionally fine weather, which added much to the comfort and enjoyment of visitors, as well as the financial success of the undertaking; for had the weather been wet as the week previous to the Eisteddfod, the gathering would have been considerably less, and the result very much less encouraging. So it seems that the great Swansea Eisteddfod of 1907 was favored by the heavens, besides being patronised by the best of kings, and all the loyal Welshmen of Abertawe, together with the cream of the land of Wales. Peers, Baronets, Knights, Chief Magistrates, members of Parliament, and ex-members of Parliament, were there.

Tair Eisteddfod fawr a fu—Eisteddfod Fawr Caerfyrddin, 1451, dan nawdd G. ab Nicholas; Eisteddfod Fawr Caerfyrddin, 1819, dan nawdd Arglwydd Dynefor; Eisteddfod Fawr Abertawe, 1907, dan nawdd Edward y Seithfed; a'r mwyaf o'r tair hyn, yn mhob ystyr, oedd Abertawe (and the greater of the three in every respect was Swansea).

It would be very desirable if the bards who spoke at the meeting of the Gorsedd members on Wednesday evening, on the subject of Eisteddfod Reform, and the new rules and regulations which had been proposed with a view to the improvement of the old institution, if they had acquainted themselves a little more with the transactions of the older Eisteddfodau and ancient statutes, and what has already been done in organiing the rules of Welsh poetry and song. The first great Eisteddfod at Carmarthen was called together for the following purpose by Griffith ab Nicholas—"Yn gweled yr annhrefnusder a ddygwyddasai ar brydyddion Cymru, ac ar yr holl wyr wrth gerdd dafod a thant, a feddyliodd alw yn ol yr hen ddefodau gynt, fel y buont yn amser hen dywysogion cynenid gwlad Gymru. Ac a

bery gyhoeddi hysbysiad yn mhob llan, a llys, ac yn mhob ffair a marchnad, ac yn mhob llu a thyrfa gyfreithawl, y byddai Eisteddfod ar brydyddion, a phob gwyr wrth gerdd-dafod a thant yn Nghaerfyrddin."

He got the advice of the most learned among the bards with regard to the law of poetry, and in respect of the customs and privileges which prevailed in the time of the Welsh Princes.

The most learned, it appears, in the Principality at the time in these things was "Llawdden," a native of Gower, then called the Vale of Llwchwr, or the Vale of Tawe. He was the minister of Machynlleth at the time, and had spent the greater part of his life in North Wales, but in his old age he returned to the land of his nativity, where he died and was buried in the churchyard of Talybont. His poems are preserved in manuscript, and his elegy was composed by Iorwerth Fynylwyd, from which we glean that he had attained the highest bardic honors his country could bestow upon him. The statute he then drew at the command of Griffith ab Nicholas is still extant, which was founded upon a still older statute, known as that of Gruffydd ab Cynan, a celebrated Prince of North Wales from 1075 till 1137. This Prince was beloved by his countrymen for the patronage he bestowed upon the Welsh poets and musicians; and from the attention he gave to the improvement of poetry and music a great reformation took place, when the poetry and literature of Wales arrived at a very high state of perfection. In the Myf. Arch. we have a valuable biography of G. ab Cynau, which is a very important contribution to the history of the time he lived.

The bards at the Swansea meeting very wisely refused to adopt new methods of improvement which some declare necessary in regard to present regulations, and which are not adapted to modern ideas and development. The proposition that the Gorsedd should adopt four new orders, or degrees in lieu of the present three—viz., Druid, Bard and Ovate, was rejected by a large majority. One of the advocates of the new orders, Doctor, privilege or divinity, pupil or disciple, and honorary degree, declared that the present orders were invented by Iolo Morganwg. This is impossible, for we find the three orders mentioned in Gibson's Camden, published long before poor Iolo was born. There are still extensive and venerable druidical remains which may be seen in almost every part of the country, and we may point one remarkable instance in the Isle of Anglesea, and the names attached to different spots surrounding the great Cromlech which indicates the former existence of a complete establishment there for all the classes of the order.

One part it called "Tre'r Dryw" (Druid's town), another "Tre'r Beirdd" (Bard's town), and a third Bod Owyr (the dwelling of the Ovates), besides the monument called

"Ceryg y Bryngwyn"—stones of the hill of judicature. Edward Jones, in the Relics of the Bards, speaks of the antiquity of the Druids and the orders of Bardism. They wore their hair short and their beards long. They also wore long robes, but the Druids had on white surplices, whenever they religiously officiated. The bards wore the "cwcwll," which was an azure garment with a cowl to it: "The sky wore robes of tend'rest blue."

The "Ofyddion," a third class of Druids, wore green garments, the symbol of youth, learning and love. White was an emblem of truth and piety. The bards, who were the ruling order, wore uni-color blue robes —the symbol of peace, heaven and fidelity. These colors were worn, probably, said Sir Norman Lockyer in his lecture in the Royal Institution at Swansea on Thursday night, four thousand years ago in this country of Wales, and the Gorsedd ceremony which he had been privileged to witness that morning, and had been made a member of, was, in his opinion, the most ancient living institution in the world to-day, of which the Welsh nation should be most proud.

The Adventure of the Colleagues.

By Joseph Keating.

"Let's go on out again, butty," said he. "P'raps we can squeeze through yet."

"I'm ready," said Richard.

They bent still lower and pushed their way outward under the crackling timber, Dicky wondering all the time whether their line of retreat through "the face" was cut off. He hoped—he only hoped—they could escape that way, in case the creep had blocked up the road ahead. He was afraid of it. This road of his was an old one—merely working out the last remnant of coal. It was a temptation to the weakness of the earth. No place was so likely to bring on the creep. All the coal around had been worked away. But Caegarw pit had not paid well; and clamorous shareholders had forced the hand of the colliery management, insisting upon the cutting-out of even the last nub of coal within their boundaries. The working away of a seam of coal leaves a gap in the earth. Stones and timber-pillars are stuffed into the gap. But this does not really pacify the disturbed world: it shows its resentment by putting terrific pressure upon the roof, and at the same time forcing an upheaval of the floor until they meet; then the gap is closed, the earth is as solid as nature made it before man came tampering with it, and peace reigns

once more. But to regain that peace, it destroys everything. The rock floor slowly rises, and all the pillars and walls cannot keep it down. It crushes the timber and the men in between. When the creep sets in nothing in the ingenuity of man can stop it; and only heaven can help the unfortunate beings who are caught between floor and roof.

An ancient miner like Dicky knew of the unnatural effects of creep without knowing anything of the natural causes. But one other thing he knew—he knew only practical things—was that the way behind would remain open a little longer; because the pillar of coal would act as a buffer between floor and roof, and the creep could not affect that immediate area until it had closed up in front. This was his reason for venturing so far in the hoping of squeezing through.

But even this venture had its limits. When he saw his light dart into a space ahead which was for all the world like a rat-hole lined with timber, he almost gave up. But it was a case of desperate remedies. Perhaps this was the end of the pressure: the other side might be open.

"Keep close, butty—try to squeeze through!"

He plunged into the narrowing funnel. The bov was at his heels.

A few yards further in they had to crawl on all fours, with the timber pressing down upon their backs. Soon they were struggling at full length in the dust, each stretching his lamp ahead to keep it upright so that it should remain alight; for total darkness in such a difficulty would add to their dangers.

Their struggles ended in disaster. Dicky's progress was barred by actual meeting of the timber above and the dust of the road.

Their position was terrible. But with the stoic calm which pit-life seems to ingrain, he merely said:

"Back out, butty."

"Back out, is it?" said the boy, scuffling to the rear.

He was smaller than the old man and more successful. He had -retreated far enough to raise himself on his hands and knees. There came smothered sounds from inside.

"I'm caught—the timber have caught me!"

Richards at once struggled inwards, pulling at the old man's heels. The creep had gripped him even while retreating.

"Get back—you'll be caught!" cried the old man.

But at the same time, the boy with a lucky inspiration scooped out the broken bottom coal at the side.

"Squeeze to the left!" he shouted.

It was just the hairbreadth which represents the difference between life and death. The old man forced himself to the side, freed himself of the pressure, and the drew back out of danger with certainly acrobatic agility.

When they had retreated far enough, as they thought, where they could venture to breathe and speak with something approaching normal ease, Dicky called out:

"Stop! Not too near the coal. It's falling in there—falling all the time. The creep sets all the place on work, and if there's a weak spot, down comes the top."

They stretched themselves as well as they could. The boy said grandly: "That stooping cramps a feller." And he trimmed his lamp calmly.

He showed no sign of fear. This boy, who pretended to be old, felt it necessary to maintain the tradition of indifference which should mark "a good collier." It would be quite *infra dig* for anyone with his philosophic pretentions to betray any concern at the vagaries of the earth.

The place where they stood became narrower with increasing speed—top bottom and sides seemed in a hurry to touch one another, and crush the boy and the veteran in its grip.

Richard threw his light around him:

"By jingo!" said he, "she's ketching us—she's ketching us right enough."

They retreated from the collapsing spot—moved a little nearer to the coal, the natural pillar which would keep a little space open to the last.

"Now, you stay here a second, butty," said the old man. "I'm going to the face to see if there's a bit of a hole anywhere safe."

"Can't I come?"

"P'raps a falling stone will ketch you here. You're safer here."

"But can't I come?"

"Don't be afraid."

"Afraid! Not me. I'll come back with you if you like, butty."

The brave tone of this had a really true ring. The boy's voice thrilled—but it was the thrill of adventure. He held up his light to his face to show Dicky he was not in the least afraid: his eyes were sparkling with the excitement of it.

Dicky's heart beat quicker—with a peculiar pulsation that made him feel glad and sorry all at once: his "butty" was not afraid! Never before was there a butty like this one of his. He smiled. But he pitied the boy. For himself he did not care. He was a greybeard, and very old, and had lived his life. The Welsh collier is very simple and very brave. The pity he felt was all for the boy—this promising colleague of his, just beginning life. And the pathos in the situation lay in the fact that he had, with secret pride, intended to reveal all the secrets of his pit-craft to this pupil who showed such brilliant aptitude. He had felt it would be a great achievement to have men say, emphatically after he was dead and gone, that one of the best colliers in Caegarw pit had been his "butty."

"Good lad," said he, with a little quaver in his voice. "Let's go and see what we can do with her."

They went in towards the coal. Their lights showed them the bundle of clothes which Richard had thrown down in the side. They went further in—as far as the half-filled tram of coal. This was within a few yards of the "face" itself, and they could feel the rumbling of the disturbed roof almost above their heads. They could also hear the actual fall

of the roof inside, while the dust, now, instead of floating away, collected in the road, and stones fell near them which they could not see.

"That's bad enough," said Dicky. "But the worst of all is the dust: that means that the air is stopped somewhere. And if the air can't get out —how can we?"

"Ahy—that's bad, butty," said Richard, raising his light to the white cloud of dust.

Dicky said:

"I'll go in to see. Stop here—a bit. I don't want you to get your little head cut open."

"All right, butty."

Stretching his light at arm's length in front of him, Dicky passed the half-filled tram.

Just inside, he saw what havoc the disturbance had played with his stall. A great white mountain of stones had fallen and hid the coal completely. The lower side was entirely shut in.

"That lower side is no use to us, now, at any rate," said he. "We must try to follow the air."

He turned to the upper side of the road—the direction the air current should take in order to get into the other workings.

His light had hardly turned that way when the boy shouted:

"Come back, come back! It's getting worse here. More stones are falling. All the top is coming down."

This made the sitation more terrible than ever. In fact their last chance had come. And the old man was wiser than the boy. Instead of going back, he roared out:

"Run through! If you stay outside you'll be shut out altogether—run through to me."

The boy obeyed the first word. The stones fell everywhere. But he ran through with his head down as if he were rushing through a heavy hailstorm. His head was battered and bleeding when he reached Dicky's side. But he laughed in spite of the pain.

"By jingo!" said he.

"If we're not safe here—close against the coal—we're not safe anywhere," said the old man.

"Listen to it!"

Outside the ripping and crashing noises of stones wrenching themselves free from the roof, and the thunder of their fall, with the volume of dust that followed, made the place as terrible as if a hundred cannon were firing around him.

"Keep close against the coal—back tight against it—flatten yourself against it," said Dicky. "Then you mightn't get hit."

They backed tightly against the coal until they were mere *bas relief*, with a shining black background. The face of the soft coal crumbled under the pressure. But as the walls of a ruined Abbey or Castle will sometimes keep up a ragged edge of roof, the wall of coal kept a little ledge of sound "top" just above their heads. They escaped being actually struck by the fall, though some of the great stones rolled down and pinned their legs. When the down-

fall finished there was but the smallest current of air in the place. The heat and the dust threatened them with suffocation.

"Better face the lower side—see if we can climb over into the lower workings," gasped the old man. "We can't get air the upper side."

"It must be a big fall to stop the air."

"By the sound of it—I should think it's falling up to the crust of the earth."

"It's still falling."

The stones fell and rolled, hissing, down the sides of the great heap. The old man went cautiously to the bottom with the boy at his heels. Their lamps burned low and red owing to the lack of air; but they had still light enough to show them the great stones piled up into the dark hole above.

Dicky put his lamp to the bottom.

"I never saw stones like these in a fall before—there's clay on them. Keep close behind me and climb up."

"But it's not finished falling—you might be hit."

"Better to face that than face suffocation by stopping."

They crawled up the heap. The edges of the sharp white stones cut their hands; but, taking no notice of that, they scrambled high up into the dark hole.

Suddenly the old man shouted:

"The gas! Slip back—save your light!"

The boy, with a quick understanding, scrambled down out of the hole. He looked up expecting Dicky to follow. He saw a great blue flame where the old man's lamp should be, for owing to the stoppage of the air, the dangerous gas, always lurking near the coal, had gathered in great volume up in the hollow, and it had at once darted at the lighted lamp, turning the little flame into a great ball of blue fire. The appalling explosions which destroy hundreds of lives in a pit often originate that way: a light accidentally thrust into an accumulation of gas. And in this case everything depended upon the way the light was handled. If the old man snatched his lamp away, the violent disturbance would burst open the fire-ball; the gas that had already crept into the lamp would want to force its way out; the lamp would be shattered; the naked flame and the gas brought in contact; and in the explosion that would certainly follow, the old man would be blown to pieces.

But Dicky was old in craft as well as years. He did not fear the great ball of blue fire. He knew that everything depended upon the slow, steady, fearless withdrawal of the lamp from the gas.

Richard staring up from the bottom, could not see the old man. All he could see was the blue fire slowly coming down towards him. It stopped; moved down again; stopped; and began yet another descent. Then he saw it gradually fade, and until it became a mere ring of blue around the little yellow flame. And he knew, then, that Dicky had averted the great danger.

But he did not know at what cost.

For one second the little flame shone brightly, without a trace of the blue. Then it suddenly disappeared. The boy heard a jingling sound which told him the lamp had fallen from Dicky's hand. He called out anxiously:

"Are you safe?"

But the answer came with the old man's unconscious body rolling down over the stones to the boy's feet. The clatter of falling stones followed. They came rolling down, and a wound on Dicky's head showed that he had been struck. But the real blow had come from the silent enemy.

The strength of the gas had been greater than his own. While slowly withdrawing his light, he had all the time been forced to inhale the gas; and, as if in revenge for its defeat with the lamp, it had overpowered the old man himself; and, for a moment, he had been unable to move. Then came the fresh fall of stones striking him down.

Now, for the first time, the little heart of Richard felt alarm. His confidence in Dicky had been so supreme that the dangers around them had appealed only to the boyish love of adventure, and he had seen nothing to fear. But when he saw his protector lying unconscious at his feet he felt terrified. For, during all this, the straining and groaning of the upheaving road, forcing roof and floor together, went on.

He knelt down with his light upon the old man's face. The dust upon the cheeks hid the effects of the inhaled gas. Richard's first awful thought was that he was dead. But he saw a quiver pass over the frail body.

"He is not dead! he will live!"

The joy in the boy's heart welled into a spontaneous prayer. And influenced by the idea that better air would revive Dicky, the prayer burst out in its own way:

"Oh, if only God would make the wind stronger!" said Richard.

He chafed the cold hands as he had seen grown-up people do when they rescued a boy-friend of his who had been bathing with him and was nearly drowned.

Then, it would seem, God made the wind stronger.

Rolling down out of the limitless darkness into which the white hill rose, came a messenger: a grey stone with a blunt edge. It stopped at the boy's side. It was quite unlike any stone Richard had ever seen in the pit. All the others that fell were broken, white stones, with sharp edges. But this stone was almost round and looked weatherworn. The boy could not help staring at it. But his attention was soon taken from that. The air freshened slowly, as if a new current had sprung up. First the nauseous taste of the gas touched him. But this passed and he found himself breathing sweet air. The flame of his lamp which had been lowering, straightened up and became brilliant in the plenteous oxygen.

Outside where the road had been

the noises of the creep became more threatening. It had closed up the entire workings and, now only the pillar of coal kept it back; so that not even a rat could work its way through to safety.

But this did not trouble Richard now. He stood up, and his thoughts were:

"Dicky always said, 'Follow the wind, butty, and you'll sure to come out somewhere.' The wind is coming down out of that hole where the gas was. So up there Dicky and me must go!"

Every thought of the boy was in some way tied to the old man. He was the best disciple a master ever had: he absorbed all the best instincts. The qualities that had struck Dicky appealed to him only in such a way that he thought the boy had a "gift" for cutting coal which it would be a fine thing to develop. But really the "gift" had another side. The boy was more anxious about Dicky's escape than about his own.

He propped up his greybeard "butty" with his face to the air-current, rubbed his cheeks, and his hands, and shook him indiscriminately until he made poor Dicky groan.

This pleased Richard.

"He's getting better!"

He shook him once more, and the old man moved with a moan of pain. Then he opened his eyes. Two minutes later he became conscious and tried to stand. This was enough for the boy. He drew him upward into the dark cavity above.

"The gas!" cried the old man, shuddering and drawing back.

"The wind is blowing it away—there's wind coming down."

Dicky, still only half-conscious, did not understand. He tried to draw himself away. But, just then, the boy was stronger physically and mentally, and he quite willingly took all the responsibility of leadership upon himself. He drew the old man upwards, half-leading him, half-carrying him.

The lamp burned well all the time. Its light showed the boy that he was surrounded by dangers. The sides of the hole were jagged and white. Occasionally a stone broke loose and rolled down clattering to the bottom. Every step upward the way became steeper, and to make progress Richard was forced to dislodge big stones from the heap and clamber over them. There seemed to be no summit to the hill, and the boy began to wonder where it would end and what would happen then. The danger that it might lead to a working which was closed by the creep was not pleasant to contemplate. He decided that in any case nothing could be worse than what they had left behind. So upward he went, helping the old man over the jagged white stones. Dicky had got back his strength to a certain extent, and was conscious, now, of what they were doing. Sometimes he offered advice as to the best way to climb over a difficult out-jutting big stone.

They had reached a height which made the boy secretly fear. It bewildered him.

"But I must follow the wind. Dicky always told me that. It will sure to bring us out somewhere."

Richard's "following the wind" really meant the tracing of it to its source—as you might trace a river to its beginnings. For only from the surface could the wind originate, and if you "followed," it must sooner or later lead you to a place opening to the outer world.

The air remained fresh and sweet —in fact it seemed to become more and more delicious with each upward step.

It roused Dicky's thoughts:

"It's like mountain air," said he.

"This is worse than climbing the mountains," panted Richard. "But I must follow the wind. How much higher? Stop! there's a light!"

"Where? I can't see it."

Dicky stared hard at the broken wall all around him, because in the pits a light whenever it appears is always level with the eye.

The boy thought his lamp close to Dicky's face, and he trembled:

"You are looking straight in front, Dicky, but this light is straight up over our heads."

"What?"

"Look!"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the old man, with great excitement. "In all the fifty years I've been in the pits I never saw a light like that? Let us hurry and try and ketch up with her."

Above was a steady, pale blue light. A pit light would be yellow.

They put new energy into their climbing.

"But we are going up and up all the time," said the boy breathing hard:" and all around us is like the pit with the sides breaking."

"It's very narrow too—getting narrower all the time. But the light is coming nearer."

"By Jingo!"

Richard shouted this in a tone that was half between laughing and crying.

"By jingo!" repeated Dicky, and never was greater bewilderment put into that peculiar ejaculation.

They had suddenly left the narrow hole behind them, and fallen at full length upon the floor of a limitless opening. Darkness was around them. But it was not the real darkness of the pit—the blackness which hides your hand from your eyes: it was merely the shadow of darkness which we call night. Behind them rose a black, undulating mass, the outline of a mountain under starlight. In front they saw the glitter of many lamps. Beneath them the soft covering of the ground was damp; and the steady pale blue light they had seen shone down and made the floor gleam. Only a star shining upon dewy grass could produce that effect.

"A star!"

"Grass!"

"By jingo!" said the colleagues, together astounded at this development.

"We've come out on the top, but-

ty," said Richard, putting his lamp to the grass around him.

"I b'lieve you're right, butty," said Dicky, in a dazed tone.

"That old grey stone I saw must have come right down from the side of this mountain. I thought it was something like that!"

"Well——," Dicky, paused; then he said emphatically: "Butty, you have learned me more than ever I can learn you after this. That old road of ours down there must have a hole in the top!"

"Well it was falling enough to let daylight in," argued Richard.

"But it took us all night to get up here. We're up on the side of Caegarw mountains. What time is it, I wonder?"

"I can see the lights in the houses down in the valley—but whether they're going to bed in the night or getting up to go to work in the morning——"

"Well, let's go down. P'raps they think we're lost in that old creep."

"They'll be glad to see us," said Richard. "Can you walk butty? Lean on me."

And with the old man leaning on the boy's shoulder the colleagues entirely satisfied with the end of their adventure, went down into the valley.

The Autocrat of the Poultry Farm.

By Otho B. Senga.

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Josiah Preston always had been of a despotic disposition, but his natural tendency in this direction seemed to strengthen after his remunerative experiments in poultry raising.

Josiah's mind apparently held but one thought—his hens. The earth was made for the sole purpose of providing them with a scratching ground. The sun rose to give them light and warmth; night followed day that they might have time to rest.

When Flower Preston, Josiah's only daughter, came home from boarding school, and her father discovered by diligent questioning that the words incubator, brooder, trap nest, bone cutter elicited no answering enthusiasm, he grunted sarcastically, "A gal that's been to boardin' school for three years and don't know a leg band from a bone cutter!"

"You must learn about things as soon as you can, dear," whispered the mother nervously. "If you can't talk poultry talk with your pa you might just as well be in the desert of Sahary!"

"There's one comfort," continued Josiah; "I ain't raised the only fool there is in this county."

"There, there pa," Mrs. Preston spoke soothingly. "What is the matter?"

"Squire Curtis' boy got home from collige t'other day, and what do you think, instid of studyin' law so's to help his pa, he's been studyin' bugs. Four years in collige, and don't know a thing but bugs."

"Maybe his pa wanted him to," remarked Mrs. Preston pacifically.

"Waal," harshly, "I can't crow over Squire Curtis none. His boy don't know nothin' but bugs, and, as near as I kin figger out, that gal don't know nothin' at all. The only advantage is it took her a year less to learn it!"

When young Curtis began calling at the farm, which he did with suspicious promptness, Josiah's cup of misery was full.

"For the land's sake," he exclaimed testily to his wife, "can't you go in there and set?" indicating with his thumb the room from which came the sound of young voices and laughter. "You let that gal git boys and bugs inter that slim brain of hern and she won't be good for nothin'."

"There, there, pa, don't talk so loud. You didn't want my ma to come in and set when you used to come to see me."

Josiah's face purpled; he clutched at his collar band as if he were choking.

"You don't mean"—he gasped.

Mrs. Preston nodded.

"Don't take it so hard, pa," she murmured soothingly. "Jim Curtis is one of the likeliest young men, and"—

"I could stand it better if 'twan't for the bugs," he moaned feebly. "If he didn't want to be a lawyer like his pa, why didn't he take up somethin' sensibler than bugs? What good is a bug? Bugs—millions on 'em—couldn't hatch out one chicken!"

"He's studying bees now, pa, and they're good for honey," appeasingly; "he has ever so many hives—newfangled ones—in his pa's back yard."

Josiah only groaned.

"And, pa, it's all arranged, only I said he'd have to be old fashioned enough to ask your consent, and Flower, like a good girl, said she'd never marry anybody without her pa's consent. That's a good deal nowadays, pa."

Perhaps it was because of Josiah's reputation for irascibility, perhaps, because the young man felt that he could express himself more satisfactorily in writing, that his formal application for the consent of the autocrat reached Josiah by mail.

The old man read the letter several times, groaning and grunting. When he rose there was a grim smile on his face and a look of determination in his keen gray eyes.

This was on Thursday. In the evening Mrs. Preston reminded him —"Aren't you going in to see Jim, pa?"

"Dunno's he's callin' on me," testily.

"But you—his letter"—

"I ain't in no hurry to answer it. I'm makin' up my mind."

A similar reminder the next evening met with a like rebuff.

But on Saturday evening Josiah did not want to be reminded. He marched into the "best room," carrying a small basket, and displayed its contents—twenty large eggs, fair and beautiful, to the astonished young persons.

"There, young man," he growled, "there is my answer. Three weeks from to-night, if you bring me fourteen chickens out'n them twenty eggs, I'll give my consent."

"All right, Mr. Preston," returned the young man, easily, "I shall be on hand."

"Pa Preston," cried Flower, indignantly, "Jim doesn't know anything about chicken raising, and"—

"Time he did, then," sharply. "He'll have a chance to show what four years of science is good for. And any little thing he don't happen to know you can learn him," and with a sardonic chuckle the autocrat tramped out, leaving a greatly perplexed young man and a dismayed, tearful girl.

"He knows you can't do it," she sobbed. "Three weeks from to-night."

"Good thing he gave plenty of time," observed Jim, cheerfully.

"Plenty of time!" echoed Flower despairingly. "Why, Jim, don't you know that twenty-one days are required to hatch chickens?"

"Well, I'll buy a hen on my way home and put her right to work," with twinkling eyes.

"There's very little chance of your being able to get a sitting hen," gloomily.

"Is that a particular breed?" innocently.

"Jim Curtis! Don't you know that you must have a hen that wants to sit? You can't make one hatch eggs if she doesn't want to."

"Well, I can buy an incubator," undauntedly.

"You'd be four or five days late by the time you could order one and have it shipped here. And to-morrow is Sunday. Oh," she cried understandingly, "pa had it all planned—that's the reason he wouldn't see you until to-night."

"I know, Flower," with sudden inspiration, "I'll make an incubator. Come out and show me one of your father's, so I may get an idea of the principles involved. Come!"

Slightly encouraged, Flower led the way. Meeting her father, she asked coolly: "Have you any objections to my showing the incubators to Jim, pa? He's going to make one to hatch those eggs."

Preston grinned.

"No objections. Not in the least. Go ahead! Show him all about 'em, and tell him everything you know. 'Twon't burden his brain none. He might put the eggs into cold storage while he builds the incubator."

On Tuesday of the third week the autocrat remarked sarcastically: "I saw Jim this morning, Flower. I told him if he brought the chickens I'd announce the engagement in the county paper an' give you $300 for weddin' folderols."

Flower set her red lips in a firm, straight line. She had not inherited

all her characteristics from her submissive mother.

"Lend me your pencil, pa. I want to make out a list of wedding folderols."

Saturday evening came, but Mr. Curtis did not appear.

"Where's the bug professor, Flower?" asked her father tauntingly.

"He's wrapping the chickens up in cotton so they can't take cold," retorted Flower spiritedly.

The old man smiled grimly, but the smile died away as Curtis entered the room.

"I'm a little late, Mr. Preston," he said cheerily, "but here are your birds."

He handed the autocrat a flat wooden box, which the latter opened with trembling fingers. He removed a sheet of cotton, displaying a number of fluffy, sleepy, peeping chickens.

"There are eighteen," remarked Jim carelessly, "four more than you asked for, but I put them all in for good measure."

"Them chicks didn't come out'n the shell to-day," he declared with conviction.

"No," answered Jim quietly. "They came out Thursday."

Josiah gazed at him in actual consternation.

"I hope, Mr. Preston," courteously—"I hope there is no doubt in your mind that these chicks came from the eggs you gave me?"

Josiah shook his head mournfully.

"No," he said slowly. "They're all right. I know the strain."

He sat in silence pondering over the mystery.

"'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour'," suggested Curtis, smiling. "Bugs are good for many things, Mr. Preston."

The autocrat sprang up excitedly.

"Jumping gingerbread!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet a dime you hatched them eggs out in the beehive."

Jim laughed pleasantly.

"I surely did, Mr. Preston. When Flower showed me the incubators three weeks ago to-night, I observed that the temperature was similar to that in my beehives. I verified this on reaching home by placing a thermometer in a hive. So I put the eggs in the upper section of the hive, separating them from the working apartments of the bees by a cotton cloth. I was positive they would hatch, but you may imagine my surprise when they began chipping the shell in nineteen days."

"I guess I'll put 'em in a brooder," said Joosiah, recovering himself somewhat. "These chicks has cost me $300—too expensive to be allowed up dissipatin' at this time in the night."

He bore the precious peepers away, muttering wonderingly:

"Bugs! Hatched by bugs! And two days ahead of time!"

Later the autocrat announced in the county paper the engagement of his daughter to the "brilliant young scientist, James Curtis."

Is Organized Christianity Dying?

By Tee Tee Jay.

Few years ago, a gentleman paid a visit to my house—it was of a business nature. Though a total stranger to the writer, yet the writer soon discovered that he was a man of no mean learning, clear-sighted critic and an accomplished and successful professor in one of the leading Presbyterian educational institutions of America. He being a professor and the writer "a plain man dwelling in tents," though in a special sense interested in things scientific, philosophic, sociologic and religious, the latter naturally plied him with many varied questions. The conversation drifted more specially into the realm of religion. Among the scores of questions propounded to him relative to the trend of theology and the causes of the origin of the new-fledged theological theories, etc., the writer asked him the following query, "What in your opinion will be the destiny of Christianity?" The eminent teacher answered with the least hesitation or mental reservation, "To all appearances, the grand system has reached the zenith of its glory and is now slowly on the decline."

Let no one infer from this statement that the professor had lost faith in the fundamental principles of Christianity, or that he had departed from the faith of his particular church, or that he had embraced the so-called New Theology, which is, by the bye, strongly tinctured and impregnated with extraneous matter from heathen sources. On the other hand, to the best of my knowledge, he is regarded as "sound" in theological beliefs among his brethren. It is only right to state this emphatically and explicitly, lest Nemesis, the modern theological bloodhound, should arouse herself and sniff the wind and start on the trail of this supposable heretic, that the aforesaid gentleman simply gave me in a succint form, without qualification or modification, the fruit of his observations regarding Christianity in this country, especially.

Of a truth, there are certain potent facts which have tendency to lead the unprejudiced mind to the same conclusion, such as—

I. Sabbath Desecration.—The Lord's day is no longer observed by the bulk of the American people. It has become a day of pleasure, revelry, and a day of foot ball and base ball contests. It has been the delight of the secular press, as well as many of the "liberals" in the pulpit, in years gone past, to ridicule and make merry with the Puritan Sabbath; and, as a matter of course, the worldly-minded and pleasure-seeking public has been delighted with such rodomontade. The result is that the Sabbath is now sufficiently liberalized and secularized, so as to satisfy the most materialistic and sportive mind in the land. Most of the Christians in the summer season spend their Sabbaths at the lakes, or some other places where amusements of diverse natures are carried on, and only a handful of the church members repair to the sanctuary on Sunday morning; and even great many of these spend their afternoons joining the masses in visiting friends, feasting, excursioning, or in witnessing base ball and foot ball contests. To witness the empty seats in city and town churches Sunday evenings, and to see the poor preacher, in one corner of the all but empty building, beating the wind in order to entertain his handful of auditors, is enough to draw tears from the eyes of an African crocodile.

The men excuse themselves for not being present Sunday evenings, because it is the only evening on which they can remain home with their families. The pressure of business is so intense that they can have only Sunday evenings with their families (?), while the same men have no hesitation during the busiest days of the year to leave their offices and repair to the place where foot ball game is played and remain there for half a day, and be as free from the cankering care of business as a skylark in the land of the Cymry. Is it not true—will anyone dare deny that the bulk of men will go where they are disposed to go, even if they were forever deprived of the sweet association of the members of their families? Are not the concert halls, the theaters, and kindred resorts full of men Sunday evenings? Even many church members who claim to be specially interested in the welfare of the church feel that they perform their Christian duties nobly and fully if they attend the morning service and pay their dues towards the mainenance of the ministry. After the morning service, the Sabbath school follows; but no persuasiveness is eloquent enough to induce them to remain and become students of the sacred Word, or to act in the capacity of teachers of the young; and as to the weekly prayer meeting, the pastor could not get this class of church members into it, were be to hitch one of the mountain-climber locomotives to them! Notwithstanding this, the same people are busy two or three evenings of every week with card parties, dancing circles and theater going.

We are disposed to think that there is no English-speaking country in the world where the Sabbath is so barbarously desecrated as in the United States of America. A lady of my acquaintance has lived during the last three years in one of the Canadian provinces—an American of the first water, a woman who loves the United States and its grand democratic institutions with all the intensity of her heart—it would be as easy to extract sunbeams from cucumbers as to induce her to say anything derogatory to the interest and glory of her native land—admitted with sadness of countenance and poignancy of heart that when she came back and witnessed the desecration of the Sabbath she felt as if she had suddenly emerged from civilization and plunged into the most Gothic barbarism. Is Christianity dying in the United States, or has it always been as it is to-day respecting the

II. Extreme Liberalism and Licentiousness of the Most Sacred Principles in the Pulpit.—The following prophecies have been fulfilled in our days: "And many false prophets shall arise; false prophets shall arise and show signs: false prophets have gone out into the world." Let no one jump at the rash conclusion that the writer intimates that the bulk of the preachers have been unfaithful in their sacred office—no, thanks be to Heaven; but too many in the Protestant pulpit have, of late years, been proclaiming heresies with no uncertain sound. Many of the heresies have been hatched and supplied with necessary feathers to fly in the schools of the prophets, or, to give them their modern names, theological seminaries. Few years ago, a young man who had graduated from one of the leading seminaries of this country told the writer that, had he not been well grounded in Biblical truths and evidences of Christianity before he entered the seminary, he would have lost faith in the whole system of Christianity, intimating that more than half of the teachers were in terra incognita, or erroneous, as far as the miracles of Christ, system of reward and punishment in the hereafter, the resurrection of our Savior,

and the Miraculous Conception. I have been present, during the last twenty years, at the ordination of many young preachers, and have been dumbfounded at the beliefs of many of them. On inquiry, they declared openly that they were simply voicing the teachings of the particular schools of theology at which they had received their training. They had gone, as it were, empty to these institutions, and the professors had done with them as the concocters of patent medicine do with empty bottles—they put them on shelves, fill them, seal them, label them, and send them out into the world so that their contents may be drunk by the infirm and afflicted ones.

III. The Worldliness and Materialism of the Churches.—Many churches have gone out into the ocean of worldliness and materialism without the compass of godliness, and have never returned again to their native shores. All that may be said of them: They must have been lost and foundered somewhere in the trackless ocean. Many churches have not been right, according to the law and the will of God; and despite all efforts on the part of preachers and evangelists to instil life into them, they remain, as long as they exist, uncouth, ill-shaped, distorted and haggard. Many wealthy churches in the large centers, in quest of ministers to fill their pulpits, have asked the question which has not the credentials of Heaven boldly written on its vesture and thigh, "Can he draw?" The tone and the very accentuation of the question implied this: It is immaterial as to the manner how, as long as he succeeds in drawing the crowd. How many churches there are which lead a questionable course of conduct! Again, there is another serious defect in the present-day church—lack of the spirit of sacrifice and self-consecration. A very earnest Christian minister resigned his charge some time ago. He had a fine church, was paid a salary of $5,000 a year, an excellent choir, which rendered the most classical music in the most chaste manner, had, at least, two millionaires among his members. Despite all these advantages, he resigned and took another charge. Inquiring of one of the most Christlike members of his church as to the reason why he tendered his resignation, the same answered the question thus: "If the Dr. —— had asked for $100,000 for some worthy object, he might have got it. He has repeatedly asked for self-consecration on the part of his members, and has been refused. There is a 'hard pan' in the church through which he cannot drill, hence he leaves in disappointment." In view of these things and hundreds of things that might be discussed, "Is organized Christianity dying?"

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

The path began in the valley,
Where the flowers were thick and sweet,
And velvet soft were the grasses
To eager hurrying feet.

But soon the narrow winding way
Climbed over the hillsides steep,
And then close up to a mountain range
It took a fateful sweep.

Higher and higher creeps the road,
While bitter storm-winds beat,
And biting hailstones pave the way
For aching, bleeding feet.

Is it over the mountains all the way?
And what at last is the goal?
Ah! friend there rests on the highest crest
The immortal gate of the soul.

St. Augustine, Florida.

CLARA E. REWEY.

The Rev. V. D. Davis, editor of the leading Unitarian journal of England —The Inquirer—is a great-grandson of "Hen Ddavis Castell Howel"— the venerable Davis of Castle Howel, the bard preacher, the Whittier of the early Welsh Unitarianism, and he is a worthy "chip of the old block."

Every Saturday the "Westminster Gazette" gives a prize for the best Shakspearean quotation bearing on some topical subject of the week. The prize-winner last Saturday dedicates his selection appropriately enough, "To a Railway Shareholder," and the quotation runs as follows: "A warning Bell sings heavy music to thy timorous sold."— I Henry VI, iv, 2.

Of the nine bishops who have no seats in the House of Lords the Bishop of Llandaff is one. The other eight are the Bishops of Southwell, Carlisle, Gloucester, Worcester, Rochester, Ely, Truro, and Newcastle. The Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester always sit in the House of Lords. The rest of the bishops sit according to the date of their appointment, the number being limited to twenty-four.

In 1859 several eisteddfodau on a large scale were held in different parts of Wales, as, for instance, those of Lampeter, Llancarfan, in the Vale of Glamorgan, and Newcastle Emlyn. At Lampeter the late Ioan Cunllo had the prize for an awdl—a literary gem—to his friend Daniel Ddu o Geredigion. At Newcastle Emlyn Gwynionydd took the prize for an essay on the history of that town, and at Llancarfan Dewi Wyn o Essyllt carried off the prize for an awdl on "Providence."

The demand for houses in the Welsh mining valleys often far exceeds the supply, and is productive of much discomfort. In many cases people bespeak a house as it were from the time the foundation-stone is laid, paying a small sum monthly in order to ensure possession as tenants as soon as the premises are ready! People who either cannot or will not do this may be kept waiting for years; one person known to the writer of this note has been waiting thus for seven years, and is still unsuccessful.

The Rev. Father Hayde, Cardiff, has returned to his earlier love for the Welsh language. Years ago he was the most omnivorous reader of Welsh in the Welsh metropolis. Since then he has studied effectively Cornish, Breton, and Irish Gaelic. Now his cheery "Dydd da" and "Nos da" are the favorite greetings to his friends. This renewal of affection for the language of the land of his adoption is, no doubt, partly due to the week he spent at the recent Swansea Eisteddfod.

In the course of his address to the large gathering in the New Forest the other day, Mr. Lloyd-George was delightfully startled by a voice crying out in his own native tongue, ' Clywch,

clywch!" ("Hear, hear!") Turning to the chairman, the distinguished statesman remarked that he was glad to find that an ancient Briton still remained in the Forest. This evoked a vigorous "Clywch, clywch!" from a trio of Welshmen in the crowd, whereupon Mr. Lloyd-George observed, amid much laughter, that his Saxon friends had better beware. "It looks, "added he, "as if it is yet going to be a case of the survival of the fittest."

What ails the Welsh Baptists? "The Union meetings at Llanelly this year," remarks "Seren Cymru," the organ of the denomination, "proved very clearly that the denomination is divided into three classes—the Keswick School, the Higher Criticism School, and the Old School, which is also always new. Strenuous efforts were made to ascertain—but in vain—to which of these schools some of the brethren present belonged. There are indeed dangerous elements present in the denomination, and unless the opposing parties are endowed with a greater measure of grace to bear with one another in love a storm will soon break."

Mr. O. M. Edwards, in his index to his edition of Dafydd ab Gwilym's works, explains "Cryngae," as meaning "cae bach ger ty" (a small field near a house). The word occurs in the cywydd to the woodcock—

Na fydd affonydd dy lam
Wrth gryngae'r groglath gringam,
Tyn yn lew oddiam d'ewin
A'th dduryn cryf, wyth-rawncrin.

Cryngae is the name of a farmhouse in the Vale of Teifi. It is an ancient site, and a mansion stood there in the days of Dafydd ab Gwilym. It was, in fact, one of the residences of his uncle, the other being Dolgoch, in Emlyn. Cryngae is probably a Welsh form of the Latin "granga" and the English "grange."

Bishop Watkin Williams, of Bangor, has an eye for beauty. His summer residence, Pant Eidal, on the southern slopes of Merionethshire, overlooking the estuary, is situated in one of the most charming spots in the whole country. From Aberdovey up the valley for many miles the hillsides are dotted with trees, green fields, heather, cornland, and glens, in charming variety, backed with high mountains. In front, to the southward, are the estuary, Cors Fochno Bog (where Taliesin is traditionally said to have been found in a leathern bag in the fishing weir, where he had been placed by his mother, like Moses), the sea, the village of Borth, and the distant hills, with the Plynlimon Range in the rear. The bishop's residence also commands a view of half of Cardigan Bay and of the country beyond Cardigan Head.

Ballarat is going to outdo Wales itself in the matter of eisteddfodau. Ballarat is said to be the greatest in Australia for town-pride, and this coming eisteddfod is certainly a very big size. The prize money totals £1,400 and the trophies amount to over £200. The prize list embraces £500 for band contests; £400 for choral work; £200 for vocal and instrumental music: £175 for elocution, open scenes, and dramatic work; and £50 for physical drill, calisthenics, and other displays. Mr. J. W. Beswick, of Manchester, England, is the chief musical adjudicator, and Mr. Lawrence Campbell, of Sydney, will adjudicate in the elocution section. The general secretary is Mr. W. D. Hill.

Seventy years ago this month died Owen Rees, who had been for forty years senior partner in the great publishing firm of Longman's. He was an intimate friend of Tom Moore, the poet. Rees, who died at the family

seat of Gelligron, Glamorgan, had distinguished relatives. His grandfather, Owen Rees, was the first Nonconformist minister at Aberdare. The latter's son, Josiah Rees (father of Owen Rees, the publisher), was a well-known Welsh Calvinistic Methodist minister and author, some of whose publications are now scarce. Of his son, Owen Rees, we have already spoken. Another son was Thomas Rees, Unitarian minister and historical writer, who also wrote "The Beauties of South Wales" and brought out a system of shorthand. He projected a biography of Abraham Rees, the cyclopedist, but it was never completed, but he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his distinguished friend.

———:o:———

WELSH LULLABY.

As a blossom sweet and rosy
  Folds its petals for the night,
In my bosom curling cosy
  Hush you, hush you, baby bright,
While I'm by thee, nothing cruel,
  Not one harmful sound or sight
Shall come nigh thee, O my jewel!
  O my armful of delight!

Little flowerets in the meadows,
  Little nestlings in the trees
Now are sleeping in the shadows
  To the cradling of the breeze;
But the blossom of my bosom,
  But the birdie on my knees,
While I lock him there and rock him
  Has a warmer nest than these.

Start not! 'tis the ivy only
  Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er.
Start not! 'tis the billow lonely
  Lapping, lapping on the shore.
Through your dreaming you are beaming,
  O so purely now, my store,
You must see your angel, surely,
  Smiling through Heaven's open door.

—Alfred Percival Graves, in the Atheneum.

EMANCIPATION.

Why be afraid of death,
As though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes
With clay—oh, glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn?
Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet
The Thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread?
Yet sleeping you are dead
Till you awake and rise—
Here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench
To leave your wooden bench?
Why not, with happy shout,
Run home when school is out?

The dear one left behind—
O foolish one and blind!
A day and you will meet—
A night, and you will greet.

This is the death of Death—
To breathe away a breath,
And know the end of strife,
And taste the deathless life.

And joy without a fear,
And smile without a tear,
And work, nor care to rest,
And find the last the best.

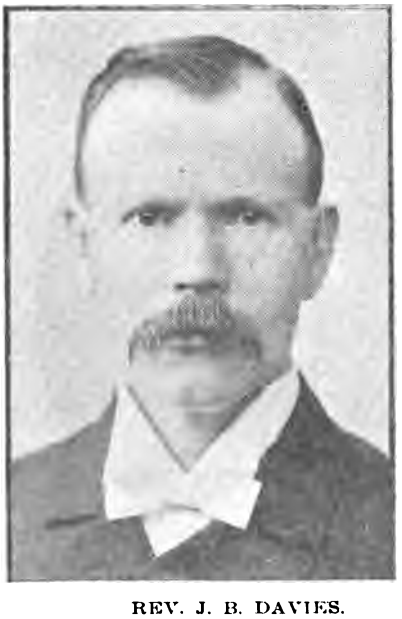
—Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

Limericking seems to have invaded the world of mendicancy. In South London a sightless ancient mariner was being led about by a small boy. The story of his misfortune was told in a limerick inscribed on a card hung round his neck, thus:

"Through a boiler that busted at sea,
When I had just turned twenty-three,
  I'm blind as a bat,
  And poor as a rat—
Please help me, good folks who can see."

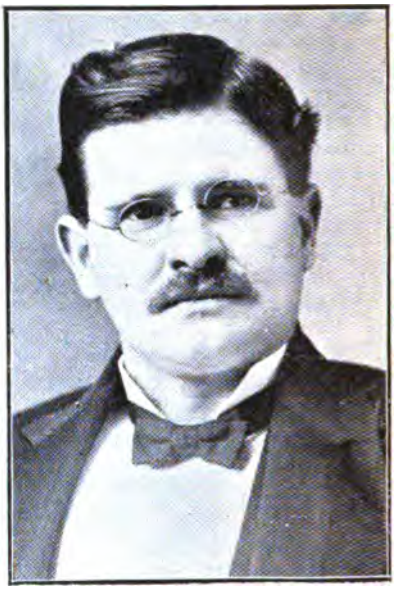
REV. R. H. EVANS.

MISS JENNIE ROBERTS.



REV. J. B. DAVIES.

RICHARD BELL, M. P.



PROF. DAVID STEPHENS.

REV. J. M. THOMAS, Ph. D.

T. C. JENKINS.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

T. C. JENKINS.

October 25, 1907, at his home, Union Avenue, Allegheny, Pa., after a long illness, Thomas C. Jenkins, one of the best known business men of Pittsburg and several times a millionaire, died in the 75th year of his age. Mr. Jenkins was a native of Prospect, N. Y., and the youngest of a family of seven children. His father, Jenkin Jenkins, was a merchant and farmer. After leaving school, young Jenkins went to Springfield, Mass., where he remained in business for a while. Not enjoying good health, he left for Lake Geneva, Wis. About a year after he had reached there, the gold fever broke out, and Jenkins joined a number of miners on their way to Trinity, California. Not successful in gold hunting, he went into business at Sacramento. In 1857 he returned to Pittsburg. In 1863 he went into partnership with his brother, but later he founded the wholesale business on Penn Avenue, which made him famous as one of the greatest wholesale merchants in the country. He leaves a widow and two sons, T. Clifton Jenkins and Edward E. Jenkins; also a brother, D. M. Jenkins, Detroit, and M. W. Jenkins, New York. His remains were interred at the family lot at Prospect, N. Y.

DAVID STEPHENS.

Prof. David Stephens is well known in musical circles in Pittsburg and Pennsylvania as a popular singer, and he has a host of admirers who wish his success in life. Prof. Stephens is a native of Hirwaun, near Merthyr Tydvil, S. W., and migrated to this country when young, settling at Scranton, Pa., where he worked in the coal mines for some years, but very soon he showed that he was a gifted singer, and took part in eisteddfodau, concerts and entertainments among his countrymen, which served to give prominence to his vocal talents. He moved to Pittsburg, Pa., where he has attracted notice among the Americans as a fine vocalist, and there are frequent calls for his services. He has natural gifts of a high order, and his work is always satisfactory. He has been engaged by the most prominent churches in Pittsburg..

REV. R. H. EVANS.

In the death of the Rev. R. H. Evans, of Cambria, Wis., the Welsh people in the States have lost one of their most prominent and serviceable countrymen, a staunch representative of a generation which is rapidly passing away. Mr. Evans was born at a place called Penrhiwgoch, parish of Llanllwchhaiarn, near Aberystwyth, December 21, 1828, a son to John R. and Eleanor Evans. The family immigrated into this country in 1838, and settled on a farm at Centerville, Gallia County, O. Mr. Evans was raised on the farm, and when about 21, he look to carpentering, and worked at that trade for eight years in the vicinity of his home, repairing and building, etc., and also making furniture. In 1855, he was licensed

to preach, and was received a member of the Association at Cincinnati, O., in October, 1856. He was fully ordained a minister at Moriah, Jackson County, in May, 1861.

The year 1860 was remarkable for the triple occurrence which happened to him, for he had a wife, the typhoid fever and a call to the church at Columbus, O., almost at the same time. May 10, he was married to Miss Sarah Alban, a daughter to a prominent farmer and deacon in the neighborhood. After ministering faithfully to the church for eight and a half years at Columbus, he received a call from the church at Johnstown, Pa. In 1874 he moved again, to take charge of the church at Hyde Park, Pa., and four years later he went West to care for the two churches at Jerusalem and Bethesda Waukesha, Wis. In 1887, he had a call from Cambria, Wis. In 1896, he undertook the pastorship of Peniel and Carmel, at Picatonica, and in 1901, returned to Cambria, and retired from the actual cares of the ministry.

Mr. Evans was an instinctive preacher; the first thing he remembered was a love of addressing his companions when unable to do much of anything else; and this was no wonder, because in those days, the atmosphere of Wales was charged with preaching. As soon as young Evans had landed at Centerville, he gave the youth of the place a taste of Welsh preaching along with the Welsh hwyl. It may be said that Mr. Evans had had a real and unmistakeable call from above, to which his fidelity, devotion, zeal and conscientiousness throughout a long career testified. His presence and preaching always impressed the listener with the conviction that he was honest and sincere in his calling; that his whole heart was in the work of converting men from evil to good; that he had no doubt whatever of spiritual life and its many precious blessings to the human family; and in accordance with this spiritual belief he was the advocate of every movement that tended to reach the glorious ends of the Gospel.

He was a strong advocate and champion of the temperance question. He was a good friend and supporter of the Bible Society and missions, and was a systematic contributor to every good cause; and in 1878 he made a vow to contribute a tithe of all he made to the advancement of the causes, religious and social, which he loved; and the accounts which he kept reveals the interesting fact that this sum from 1878 until 1906 had reached the total of $3,366.

As a man he was perfectly reliable; he was honest in all his ways and dealings; he was the owner of the face that nature gave him, and he had no need of another. He was sincere even to offending people, when honesty had to be upheld. He thought more of truth than of the superficial respect of his fellows, and to please God and his own conscience was his ruling passion.

He departed this life October 17, 1907, and his funeral took place on the 21st, when a large gathering of neighbors, friends and admirers congregated to pay a last tribute of honor to the memory of one whom everyone had to respect for his sterling moral and spiritual qualities. The ministers of the District of Welsh Prairie participated in the religious services, assisted by Revs. John C. Jones and John E. Jones, of Chicago, Ill., and Rev. Owen O. Jones of Wales, Wis. His bearers were six ministers. He leaves an aged widow and several children.

JENNIE ROBERTS.

Jennie Roberts, Wild Rose, was a promising young woman who died Thursday night, October 3, 1907, in her 19th year. She was the daughter of Ellis E. and Mary Roberts, and the old-

est of eight children. Her father is a son of Ellis and Jane Roberts, Llwyndu, parish of Llanllyfni, Carnarvonshire, and Mrs. Roberts a daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Griffiths, her father now living at Cwmbran.

Miss Jennie Roberts was born at Llwyndu Bach, near the old home, in Wales. She came to this country with the family in 1892, settling at Neenah, Wis. In three years the family moved to Wild Rose, Wis., where she spent the rest of her days, growing up a fine type of the religious young woman. She had all the advantages of a religious training and a devout family, which left a beautiful impress upon her growing life, and since when a mere child she was a faithful student of the Bible. She was received a member of the church in her 14th year, and she placed the event on record kept by herself: "Joined the church, March 5, 1904. when I was 14 years, 5 mo., and 19 days."

She thought highly of the day she joined church, and she honored her membership as the greatest thing in her life. During the few years that followed her public profession of faith in Christ, she proved herself diligent in her calling, which drew the attention of her neighbors and young friends. The following is the testimony of one of her young friends: "It seems that God looked over all of us young girls and has taken the one who was most ready for heaven."

She had thought seriously of going into the mission field, which shows her high-minded purpose. She had treasured large portions of the Word of God in her memory, and she took much pleasure in reciting psalms and chapters before sermons in the Sunday services. Her favorite portion was "The Lord is my shepherd," &c., and she loved the old Welsh hymns, such as Ann Griffiths's "Dyma babell y cyfarfod," &c. She left a great sorrow in the hearts of the family and neighbors. She died a young Christian heroine, filled with the hope of an immediate life with Christ in heaven. She smiled through the dark valley of death, and she departed as one who was going on a trip to friends. Oct. 5, her remains were laid to rest among tears and sorrow, the Rev. E. R. Roberts, the pastor, officiating, assisted by the Rev. Cadwaladr. She left father, mother, three sisters and four little brothers to mourn their great loss, and the whole neighborhood feels that it has suffered a bereavement in the death of Jennie.

REV. J. M. THOMAS, Ph. D.

After eight years of faithful service at the Congregational Church, Columbus, O., Dr. Thomas leaves in response to a call from Plymouth Church, at Newark, in the same State, where he took charge November 3. The Rev. J. M. Thomas, Ph. D., is a native of Morriston, Swansea, S. W., where he became member of Horeb Church when 10 years old. He commenced preaching in 1889, and the same year he entered Gwynfryn School, Ammanford. Hence he went to Cardiff University. In 1895 he crossed to the States and entered the Theological College at Bangor, Me. In 1898, he was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Thomastown, Ohio, and the following year he accepted a call from the Congregational Church on Washington Ave., Columbus, O. Seven years ago he was honored with the degree of Ph. D. from Gale College. Some years ago Mrs. Thomas died, and in 1905 he was married to Miss Edith Wynne Roberts of Columbus. Mrs. Thomas is widely known as a pleasing vocalist, and is a graduate of the Royal Academy, London.

Dr. Thomas has been selected to represent the Congregationalists of Ohio at the International Convention at Edinburgh, Scotland, during Juue, 1908. Dr. Thomas has two books in the press, one

entitled "Idylls of the Beautiful," and the other a religious novel, dealing with certain phases of the New Theology.

REV. JOHN B. DAVIES.

Mr. Davies was born in New Moat, Pembrokeshire, S. W. His grandfather Benjamin Howell, Pantygorphwys, and his father, William Davies, were both deacons or the Pergamus Congregational Church, Maenclochog. On his mother's side his people are possessed of talent and ability. His brother, Thomas H. Davies, who is a school master, has attained a high position as a scholar, and is considered a skillful teacher. His nephew, who is now a student at the University of Wales, will next spring graduate B. Sc., although only 18 years old.

Mr. Davies when young united with the Congregational Church at Bethesda, near Narberth, one of the five churches of the late Rev. Henry George of Brynberian. Rev. J. R. Thomas was pastor at that time, and under his ministry Mr. Davies commenced to preach. Mr. Thomas was related to the Robertses of Llanbrynmair, and Anne Griffiths. Mr. Davies was educated at the St. Clears Grammar School, Memorial College, Brecon, and Oberlin Theological Seminary, Ohio. He was ordained at Radnor, O., and has spent several years of his lift preaching in English to the Americans at Fredericksburg, O.; Lexington, O.; Chenoa, Ill., and Youngstown O. He has proved himself an indefatigable worker and a good minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

He is an omnivorous reader, especially of modern books, and keeps himself and his people abreast of the times. The Brecon College Album says that "Mr. Davies was a fluent speaker in both languages when at college," and now after years of hard study, development and practice, he ranks high among the evangelical preachers of his nation in this country. He has been elected twice delegate to the National Council, and was appointed delegate to the Tri-Council at Dayton, O., and Chicago, Ill.

He stands high in the estimation of his English brethren in Ohio and was one of three appointed as visitors from the State Association to Oberlin Seminary. He is an excellent interpreter of gospel truth and expository preacher, and is of a philosophical turn of mind and full of Welsh fire and pathos.

RICHARD BELL, M. P.

Surely the man in Great Britain upon whom the heaviest load of responsibility has fallen within the last year is Richard Bell, M. P. He has been the leading figure on one side of a trade dispute which involved the interests of the whole nation. And he has filled this great part with a dignity, and a moderation, which have won for him admiration from every quarter. A character less strong might have had his head turned by the amount of attention he has received. But Mr. Bell is framed of different stuff. He met the attempt of a number of members of his own executive to sign a Parliamentary pledge with the same cheerful opposition which, throughout this prolonged struggle, he has manifested towards the directors of the railway companies.

It is not generally known that Mr. Bell is a Welshman, born at Penderryn, Breconshire, in 1859. His father was a sergeant in the Glamorganshire Constabulary. He received an ordinary elementary education, until, at the age of thirteen, he began to earn his living as an office-boy in the Cyfartha Iron Works. At sixteen he became a fireman in an iron rail mill. From this situation he was dismissed for going on strike with the blacksmiths employed at the mill. He afterwards became a railway porter at Merthyr,

on the Great Western system. In 1878 he had been promoted to the position of head guard, and in 1886, when stationed at Swansea, he became a member of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, which had been formed in 1871. He was soon appointed assistant secretary of his Branch. His activity and enthusiasm for the Society were so great that his fellow-members recognized them by appointing him their general secretary in 1897, a position which he has held ever since.

As a politician, Mr. Bell belongs to that section of the House of Commons known as the Trade Union Group. Although the greatest pressure has been put upon him to join the Socialist-Labor Group, Mr. Bell has successfully resented this attempt by members of his own Society to force his political opinions. He holds strongly that politics should be kept outside of Trade Unionism, and his views in this connection contain so much sane political philosophy that a summary of them deserves quotation:

"A Trade Unionist, as such, has no politics. He has to submit to no test, political or religious. He may be, and is, Socialist, Radical, Tory, or of no party color at all. One common purpose unites him to his fellows, and the preservation of that is his strength. Combination is the essence of Trade Unionism; absolute unity of purpose and effort is its prime ideal. The introduction of politics is alienating the individual worker from his fellow; is dividing what should be a solid phalanx into sections, and retarding the realization of the objects for which Unions were called into existence. Consequently, to my thinking, the political element is baneful. Take the attempt now being made to socialize the Trade Union movement. What is its effect? If it be not driving some good men out of the movement, it is cooling their enthusiasm, and putting an end to their efforts as Unionists; it is diverting the forces of Labor, so far as it is organized, into channels never dreamt of in the constitution of any Union or Society in the country, and the real, clamant needs of the worker are being neglected. Let me illustrate what I mean. The nationalization of the land, the means of production—the whole Socialist program if you like—these are all good, I have no doubt, but they are not legitimate Trade Union ideals, nor are they even remotely practicable; but they have a more prominent place in the councils of Labor than such questions as organization, a legal Eight Hours Day, and many others that are attainable and imperative."

Mr. Bell has always held that he is a member of Parliament, and not a delegate of his Trade Union, and that he would give no party in Parliament a blank check over his freedom and independence by "placing myself under obligations of which I was ignorant, as no properly-formulated program was placed before me."

What has been written will show that in Mr. Bell the railway workers have quite an exceptional general, and his cautious and well-considered policy shows him to be a typical specimen of the finest fruitage of Trade Unionism.

CURRENT EVENTS.

October 11—The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company is convicted in Los Angeles of rebating.—John D. Rockefeller gives $330,000 more to Chicago University.

October 12—The Canadian government decides to pay damages at one to the Japanese who suffered in Vancouver and later to ask the city to defray the costs.

October 13—Members of the Philippine Assembly decide in caucus not to have prayer at the opening session of the Assembly.

October 14—President Small of the telegraphers is suspended and preparations are made for continuing the strike.—Gustave Herve, the French anti-military agitator, is arrested for writing articles inciting mutiny.

October 15—Secretary Taft arrives in Manila, where he is warmly welcomed by 50,000 natives.—Over twenty-five persons are killed and more than 600 are injured by a series of powder explosions in the plant of the Du Pont Powder Company, near Fontanet, Ind. The town is wrecked.

October 16—The church robberies in France by Antoine Thomas, now under arrest, are already estimated at $1,600,000.

October 17—The Marconi transoceanic wireless telegraph system is successfully put into operation between Glace Bay, N. S., and Clifden, Ireland. More than 5,000 words are transmitted during the day.

October 19—Richmond, Va., citizens criticize Bishop Potter for entertaining Bishop Ferguson, a negro of South Africa, at dinner.—Suit asking a received for the Standard Oil Company, on the ground of illegal combination, is begun in Chicago.—The socialists of Rome vote against a general railway strike.

October 20—President Roosevelt and his hunting party reach Stamboul, La., from their camp. The name of the town is changed to that of Roosevelt.—The Western Union Telegraph Company decides to raise the pay of telegraphers who did not quit.

October 22—The greatest reception ever tendered a Northern President in the South is given President Roosevelt in Nashville.—The Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York City suspends payment.

October 22—The French troops kill sixty Moors in a battle near Casablanca. Three French soldiers are slain.—The Russian steamer Lituania, with five hundred passengers on board, goes ashore off Skillenge.

October 24—Dr. William R. Gillette, once vice-president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, is found guilty of perjury.—Governor Sparks, of Nevada, orders a three-day holiday for banks to tide over the financial crisis.—The steamer Lusitania arrives in Queenstown after a run from Sandy Hook of 4 days, 22 hours and 46 minutes, lowering the eastern record nearly six hours.

October 24—One hundred persons are killed and two towns destroyed in Calabria, in Southern Italy, by earthquake shocks.

October 25—The National Civic Federation ends its trust conferences at Chicago with a recommendation for immediate general legislation by Congress to give the Federal government full power to regulate trusts and corporations.

October 28—Dr. W. R. Gillette, ex-vice-president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, is sentenced to serve six months in the penitentiary.—King Alfonso and Queen Victoria are warmly welcomed in Paris.—Leading British authors sign a petition for the abolition of the office of censor of plays.

October 29—Herr Harden, editor of Die Zukunft, is acquitted in the suit brought against him by General Count Kuno von Moltke.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

Love of reading is one of the gifts dropped into our cradles by the good fairies.—Chambers' Journal.

If you don't believe the world is daily growing worse, ask the oldest inhabitant.

"When was it that you lived in San Francisco?"

"Three earthquakes ago."—Lippincott's.

"Pa, what's the difference between an investment and a speculation?"

"When you win it's an investment. When you lose it's a speculation."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Baron Alderson once released from his duties a juror who stated that he was deaf in one ear. "You may leave the box," said his lordship, "since it is necessary you should hear both sides."

Customer: "I want a copy of the 'Stolen Rope.'"

Assistant: "I am afraid I don't know of such a song."

Customer: "Why, it goes—tum-tum tumpty-tum, tum, tum-tum."

Assistant: "Oh, you mean the 'Lost Chord?'"

Customer: "Ah, that's it."

"They say that when a man is falling from a height he thinks of all his evil deeds."

"I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"Some men would have to fall out of a balloon to get 'em all in."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The golden-crested wren is the smallest not only of British, but of all European birds, according to Tit-Bits. Its average weight is only about eighty grains Troy, so that it would take seventy-two of the birds to weigh a pound. The length of the feathers is about three and a half inches, and the stretch of the wings about five inches, but when the feathers are taken off the length of the body does not exceed one inch.

"Just think of it!" exclaimed the man who delights in curious calculations, "the Lusitania's length exceeds the height of the tallest skyscraper in New York." "No doubt," answered the frigidly practical person; "but as the skyscraper will never be fitted up with engines and shoved into the water, and as the Lusitania can not possibly be stood on end and rented out for offices, I fail to see that the comparison has any practical significance."—Washington Star.

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election, at one of his mass meetings an old hunter of wide political influence said, "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote (which he named) I'm goin' ag'in you."

"Let me see your rifle," said Clay.

It was handed to him.

"Is she a good rifle?"

"Yes."

"Did she ever miss fire?"

"Well, yes, once."

"Why didn't you throw her away?"

The old hunter thought a moment and then said, "Harry, I'll try you again."

And Harry was elected.

During the time of the Boer war a poor old woman appealed for charity on the score of her only son being "at the front."

"What regiment is he with?" she was asked. "Is he with Buller?"

"I wouldn't be surprised, me lady," said the old woman, evincing some hesitation in her reply.

"Or perhaps he's with Kitchener?" the questioner said, trying to help her.

"He is, me lady, I think."

Still she betrayed no particular enlightenment as to her son's whereabouts.

"Which side is he fighting on?"

"I couldn't rightly tell ye, ma'am."

"Perhaps he's fighting for Kruger?"

"That's him, I think."

"Well, but is it Kruger, or Buller, Cronje, DeWet, or Kitchener, or Baden-Powell?"

"That's it, me lady!" said the old woman eagerly." He's with all of them!"

This story is told of the Rt. Rev. Frank Du Moulin, dean of the new Trinity Cathedral. In writing to his father, who is bishop of Toronto, the Cleveland divine made some reference to last Fourth of July.

"That's the day that we beat you," he wrote, for he never tires of chiding his father, who is a native Canadian, about the American victory over the English.

The father wrote back, according to the story, and dismissed the Fourth of July discussion with this remark:

"I note that you mention a date on which you say you 'beat us.' I am sorry to say that I am unable to recall any of the various dates on which I beat you."—Cleveland Leader.

A priest announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church.

Everybody contributed but Tim Nolan, who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him. The priest, after the service, took his parishioner to task.

"Now, Tim," he said, "why didn't you give something, if it was but a little?"

"Faith, I'm on to yez," said Tim.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Just that I'm on to yez, that's all."

"Tim, your words are disrespectful. What do you mean?"

"Oh, faith, father, a thrying to pull the wool over me eyes, a-thrying to make us believe yez wants the money to buy coal to heat the church, an' yer riverince knows it's heated by steam."

A little town near Providence boasts a church whose pastor, besides being an eloquent preacher, is a man of stalwart proportions. At one of his evening prayer meetings the services were disturbed by two young men who audibly scoffed at everything they saw or heard. Finally the pastor remonstrated with them on their behavior, and asked them why they attended the meeting.

"We came expecting to see miracles performed," impudently replied one of the rascals. Leaving the desk and walking quietly down the aisle, the pastor seized one after the other by the collar, and, as they disappeared out of the door, remarked: "We don't perform miracles here, but we do cast out devils."—Boston Globe.

"Wot do ye think," said the sailor, "of usin' live babies for bait? We done it in Ceylon."

"Babies for bait. Fishing for sharks."

"No; crocodile. Baby bait is the only thing for crocodile, and everybody uses it. Ye rent a baby down there for half a dollar a day.

"Of course," the sailor went on, "the thing ain't as cruel as it sounds. No harm ever comes to the babies, or else, o' course, their mothers wouldn't rent 'em. The kids is simply sot on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream, and the hunter lays hid near them, a sure pertection.

"The crocodile is lazy. He basks in the sun in midstream. Nothing will draw him in to shore, where ye can pot him. But set a little fat, naked baby on the bank, and the crocodile soon rouses up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then ye open fire.

"I have got as many as four crocodiles with one baby in a morning's fishin'. Some Cingalese women wot lives near good crocodile streams make as much as $2 a week reg'lar out o' rentin' their babies for crocodile bait." —Los Angeles Times.

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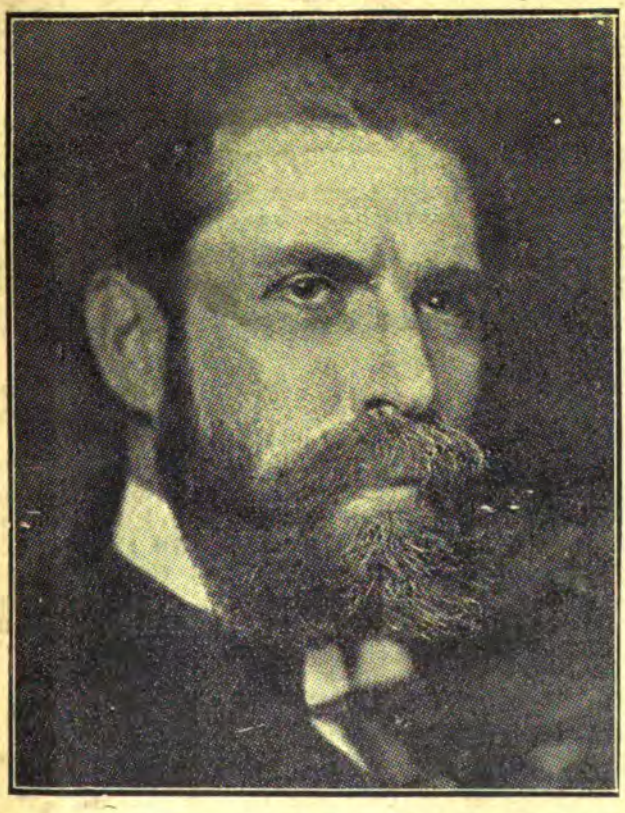

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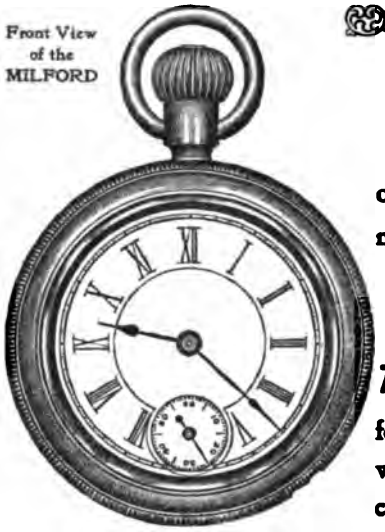

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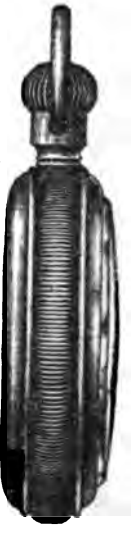

Side View of the "Milford." Note extreme thinness

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS,

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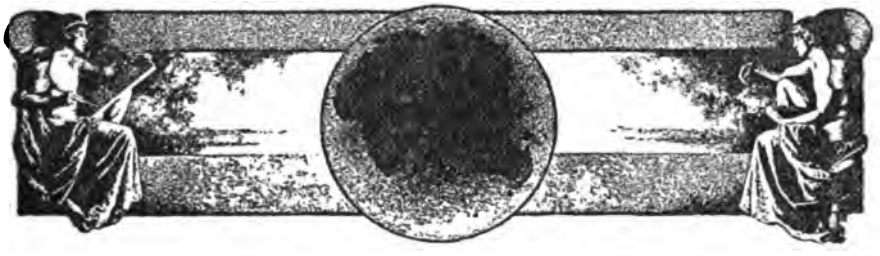

Thoughts of the Month.

The Ark of Simple Life. A great mind wrote once "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," &c., and recently we read of a genius in his way who dreamed that he had built a great big ship about the size of the Lusitania, or her sister Mauretania, but when he looked around there was no sea or anything like it near! He tried his hardest to draw the attention of neighbors to come on board to help him float it, but all seemed unspeakably stupid and indifferent. It was a suggestive dream. The humane mind is full of beneficient projects that would greatly help the human family, but the difficulty is to get people to adopt them and put them in operation. It often seems that people prefer living in their sins with their consequent miseries rather than escape from them. Arks are convenient on the troublous sea of life, but it is in vain that those on board use their persuasive powers to have the sinful and the foolish and the miserable desert their situations and avail themselves of a salvation so simple and near. A while ago that beautiful ship Wagner's "Simple Life," sailed along the shores of America's wasteful life, but we are afraid that very few booked for a passage through.

Rats and Cats. The other day W. J. Bryan talked of the donkey as the emblem of the Democratic party, and said some disparaging things of the elephant, the ugly and awkward representative of the G. O. P. Both beasts reflect honor and dishonor on the parties, and the parties cast bad reflections on the beasts. To us it appears that in view of the graft that prevails among both parties, politicians may be symbolized by rats, and this

would suggest the necessity of breeding more cats. Every national, state and municipal department should have cats around, because rats instinctively depart wherever they become conscious of the presence of a cat in the building. To a rat the presence of a good cat is equivalent to omnipresence. One cat is equal to the disappearance of a dozen or more rats.

Man is part Animal. We have heard enough and more than enough of education (so called), but we are overlooking other considerations that are a hundredfold more weighty and essential. We have almost entirely neglected the rights of the human body—the rights of the human being as an animal. Man is part man and part animal, and the animal part is subject to the laws of animal life. Our mistake is that we have been trying foolishly to ignore the animal part. If we neglect the animal part, we injure the human part beyond mending. The animal part demands attention to the laws of breeding and feeding. Man to grow worthy of the name needs careful feeding especially. No man would feed his dog, his horse or cow on anything that is cheapest. The animal demands particular food. Man more so should be specially fed. The Jewish law of Kosher or something similar, should be applied to feeding man. But how do we feed the poor? Often on garbage. All classes eat what is made palatable, and cancer, appendicitis, and other mysterious ailments are the result. As a people we are as reckless in regard to breeding as feeding.

The True Standpoint. Heine somewhere says of a Catholic writer that "his standpoint was the belfry of a church." Much depends upon our standpoint. Righteousness is the only safe standpoint, and there can be no conception of righteousness with a sectarian and bigoted spirit. A man must be humane, philanthropic above all. A man cannot be just until he is a lover of his fellowmen. Herder, the German poet, said that all mankind is a harp; but we must confess that it is lamentably out of tune, because we fail to acknowledge that we are parts of a whole. Every one is trying to be a whole harp; every one is endeavoring to be humanity independent of his fellow men, and consequently and unavoidably every one is a miserable failure. There is no music and no harmony in individualism. It is discord and the cause of discord everywhere.

Sober First The Southern States are proceeding on the right line when starting to make the people clean and honest, by making them sober. Sobriety is the foundation and corner stone of moral character. We very often start at the wrong end of movements. Mrs. Campion-Blake in Henry Arthur Jones's "Crusaders" wants to make

London clean and honest first; but it is rather hard to make a drunkard either clean or honest. Burge Jawle, the great pessimist philosopher of the same drama, believes in the fundamental doctrine of the immorality of marriage, but fails to realize the danger and discomfort of eating cold veal pie. In fact, he is a great fool, and all reformers who begin at the wrong ends of social movements are his fellows. One of the most sensible characters of the play is the young woman who says, "If everybody mended himself, society wouldn't want any mending." If everyone turned sober, civilization would advance by wonderful strides. Drunkenness and the liquor business are the greatest obstacle to the moral elevation of man.

Our Fallings. We are now 46 States, and in three centuries we have turned a continental wilderness into a splendid farm reaching from Maine to Alaska and from the Lakes to the Gulf; but, we are yet a moral wilderness, and our financial system needs mending; needs removal from the precarious props that hold it, and laid on some terra firma. Some of our leading papers of late have been praising J. D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, etc., for putting their broad shoulders to our financial edifice to keep it from falling. That is the inevitable result of building our temple of money on props. Our system should be as wide as the country, and its credit and currency as immovable. The fact that half a dozen rich can hold the system from tumbling over proves that the system is un-American—it is personal and individualistic; and it depends on the honesty of individuals not on the people. A national system with the nation responsible to the individual would give absolute security and credit, and circulation would be as regular as the coming and going of the seasons.

Servant is Master. It is an old saying that the pursuit of wealth unfits a man for the service of the state. The reason for it is this, that a business man who devotes his mind and soul to the making of money, becomes naturally businesslike in his instincts and forgets that life is not business, but something immeasureably higher and more spiritual. Probably this is the one great cause of corruption in American politics, the infusing of the idea of business into every department of life; even into religion. The service of God has become a business. Politics is a business. The people are a commodity in the sight of our politicians. The people may be classified with wheat, iron, coal, oil, &c. There is no hope for the people until they cease to be a business consideration and their servants become administrators, not traders. The people have become the slaves of their servants, who claim the right to deceive, cheat and rob their employers! The whole order will have

to be changed; we shall have to make our representatives our servants; we shall have to find out what we want, then tell our representatives and command them how they should act. The representatives should carry the message of the people, not their own personal pleasure. According to present conditions, our representatives stand in the way of many of the popular demands, because our representatives are interested in opposing those demands.

Finance and Rabbits.

There was a time in the not long ago when things sometimes would take on them the forms and habits of animals, and animals would assume the qualities and properties of things; and it is called the mythological age. Then, things were full of edifying suggestions, and those who had the precious talent of observation learned much more of the true nature and relations of things than people who in our age spend years at college studying questions that are but remotely related to wisdom. In the age we refer to, coins and currencies were in a mysterious manner metamorphosed and transmogrified into rabbits, and all at once disappeared from circulation. Then followed what the wise in the tricks of finance call "stringency," that is, the rabbits so vanished from view that it became almost impossible to find a "Welsh rabbit" or any other kind of rabbit! Ergo, rabbit skins and rabbit meat became exceedingly scarce. Consequently, the wise men of the east and west, and north and south came together to try to discover the reason that rabbits had become so strangely invisible. One Solomon suggested this, another Solon suggested another reason for the stringency in the circulation of rabbits; but in vain, because they all left out the chief fact from their ratiocinations. There is always some one fact which is the very key to a right solution of a difficulty, and that key must be found and used in order to have an easy entrance into a mystery. However after all the wise men of finance had turned their conclave into a bedlam of conjectures, some Dagonet appeared amongst the wise men and asked leave to discuss the question. He confessed he never had much to do with rabbits, but he had paid some attention to the idiopathy, idiosyncrasy and eccentricity of the animal kingdom. After much opposition, he was allowed the floor which he kept but for a very brief hour, because he was a very practical kind of a thinker. In fact, he learned truth by intuition rather than by any manner of reasoning. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "the only way to get rabbits again into circulation is to do away with dogs and firearms; raise the dog tax and the tariff on gunpowder high enough so as surely to prohibit the use of such within the region where the free and undisturbed circulation of rabbits is indispensably necessary. If you will undertake to put such a law in force,

rabbits will breed and become so tame that stringency or stinginess in the circulation of rabbits will become unknown, and you will have rabbit skins and meat to burn. The foundation of every success is faith and mutual confidence." Every wise man looked sheepish. The trick was put in operation and it became true as Dagonet had prognosticated!

The Cliff-Dwellers; Were They Welsh?

By Margaret Thomas Coburn.

The question has been asked over and over again by philosophers, by explorers, by those who have persistently and painstakingly gleaned all data, and cronicled every event obtainable from the first Spanish exploration in the sixteenth century to the present day, as to who were the people that once inhabited the seven lost cities of the plains, the cliff dwellers; what was their origin; what has been their destiny, and to these questions history never could give forth a satisfactory answer. After hundreds of years of silence, the rocks of New Mexico reveal the mystery and tells the story.

I have before me a page of rock markings in a book recently published that has on it a symbol of the Principality of Wales, a symbol of a mermaid, the coat of arms of Wales, and a trident reversed, forks down, denoting trouble, two flying dragons, two squares, one ox with two nose-markings, denoting two oxen, the symbolism of the gorsedd of the bards, and in square two a bear with three hind-markings, meaning three bears, tail pointing to the mermaid, nose pointing to square one, denoting this square as the gorsedd of heraldry. Other markings are a tus or wattled hut; an urn for records, a ship with seven markings, three before a mast, four behind the mast, meaning two fleets; man on crest of two mark from prow denotes the second expedition. Adjoining the square, the gorsedd of the bards, is a square showing two pipe bowls turned downwards, signifying ruined altars and no fires; from this square lengthwise of the page are 14 animals, beginning at the square of extinction. Between this 9 and 10 animals is the serpent symbol.

This line shows the birthplace of the druidic religion in the far east, and is very comprehensive as to where it has lived and died. Indeed it is more than I can do, to give this matter justice in an ordinary sketch. Much more than this might be said about it, and those who wish to investigate can enter and seek knowledge within the interior. Nevertheless we have sufficient evidence by us to swell the heart of every Welshman with emotion and pride, and make

the year 1907 a year of record in the annals and traditions of the ancient Cymry.

According to a statement made by ex-Gov. Henry Prince of New Mexico, in his history of New Mexico from the earliest times, a large amount of MS has been lying from a remote age unclassified, untouched, in the Archives of the historical library at Santa Fe waiting for a promised appropriation of money to be made by the United States government for their preservation. It is hard to conjecture the history they might reveal. I have in the language of Gwyllt Walia positive proof of the origin and identity of the cliff-dwellers, and can testify beyond doubt that they were Welsh druids. The tribe of Cochiti Cochiti has the bear and also the symbol of the flying dragon, which we all know now must be allied to the Red Dragon of Wales, and that this tribe in the misty past belonged to the gorsedd of heraldry.

From knowledge gained from my father, the late Richard Thomas of Birmingham, Ala., of the meanings of many symbols relating to druidism, I was enabled to read this wonderful cipher message, and also to use the old Welsh triads to open the rock holes of the Western cliffs, and bring forth out of the Estufa, the enveloped, closed and most secretive council chamber, the proof as to who they were that once inhabitated this section of the country.

Two explorers, of whom this book make mention, were given two words by an Indian guide who was showing them the interior of an Estufa. I understood them sufficiently to work out of each a triad. The Indian stated that one word was used in membership, the other word meant "Creator." I find it means one individuality. The triad gives it. Form, oneness, completeness. This symbol of this triad the druids worshipped, as Christians do the cross.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, and turned to dust,
Let men say what they will, I care not aught;
Let them say I was careless, indolent.
Wasted the precious hours in dreaming thought,
Did not the good I might have done, but spent
My soul upon myself—sometimes let rise
Thick mists of earth betwixt me and the skies;
What must be must.

But not that I betrayed a trust
Broke some girl's heart and left her to her shame;
Sneered young souls out of faith; rose by deceit;
Lifted by credulous mobs to wealth and fame;
Waxed fat, while good men waned, by lie and cheat;
Cringed to the strong; oppressed the poor and weak:
When men say this, may some find voice to speak,
Though I am dust. —Sir Lewis Morris.

WILLIAM APMADOC.

"Masterpieces of Melody, and the Musical Art," is the title of a large and handsome volume just published by the Chicago Monarch Book Company, for the Siegel Meyers Correspondence School of Music. Along with the volume goes a certificate for a special club discount scholarship entitling the purchaser to one hundred lessons from some of the leading master of music in Chicago, such as Mr. William H. Sherwood and others of first class reputation. It is a plan to assist worthy students in securing the best possible tuition at a moderate price. The excellent portraits and biographies of the world's best composers and singers, besides a history of music, in the volume, have been edited by Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Ph. D. The whole plan is highly commendable, and the results ought to be artistic.

Cambrian literature and music have lost a staunch supporter in the death of Mr. James F. Jones, who died suddenly at his home, 3313 Powellton Avenue, Philadelphia, November 6. Mr. Jones was born at Wrexham, Wales, on July 11, 1839. He came to this country as a young man and studied engineering. He discovered valuable coal and iron deposits in Pennsylvania and became connected with the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company.

Later he went to Seattle, Wash., where he discovered more iron deposits. He then went with the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and later with the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Subsequently he returned to Philadelphia, where he has carried on a practice as a consulting engineer. He leaves a wife and seven children.

The blind people of Chicago—there are something like 3000 of them—were entertained by blind musicians lately at Reinball Hall. There were solos and recitations by Miss Nellie McLaughlin, songs by Miss Mamie Powers, and violin solos by Bert Bell, all of whom have been blind for many years. F. K. Rittenhouse, the blind examining engineer of the city administration, rented the hall and made all the other arrangements.

"It's a hard thing for blind folks to make their way," he said, "and I'm trying to do all I can. I know what difficulties confront the blind myself, though now I am doing well enough, as you see." Scores of listeners who enjoy the sense of seeing could hardly discern any difference between the blind and themselves, so

natural and easy were they in their ways—in their coming and going upon the stage, and elsewhere.

The incomparable De Pachman, the Polish pianist, has been among us once more. He was strictly himself at a recital he gave—a recital such as no other pianist can give—that is, a perfection of technique, a beauty of tone, the usual liberty with the text, and the ever-present monkey-shines. That is what Mr. Frederic Griswold calls them—Mr. Griswold is the excellent music critic of the Chicago Record-Herald. He says, "These monkey-shines are either offensive, or else immensely funny, according to the auditors' mood and point of view. Almost all of those in the audience chose to regard them as humorous. The others might as well give in and laugh, too, for there is no use trying to induce De Pachman to change his ways.

De Pachman does not give any indication that he takes himself seriously. Often while playing an extraordinary difficult passage, with the auditors listening as if spellbound, he will turn and grin at them. Once recently, after a fine sweep across the keyboard, he remarked: "That was goot." Again he said: "Fine effect." A little disconcerting, possibly, but nevertheless true. In an absent-minded moment he hit a wrong note, which fact caused him to remark confidentially to some ladies in the front row: "Ach, what a fluke I made."

In contradistinction with the Polish pianist, what a manly, superb, serious artist is the Bohemian violinist, Ian Kubelik, who played at Orchestra Hall November 14, to the magnificent accompaniment of the Thomas Orchestra. In this case, it was the soloist who engaged the orchestra. In the classic Mozart concertos, which abound in grace and charm, with plenty of feeling if the artist can fathom it, this Kubelik did, retaining the attention of the large audience in a most perfect way. Kubelik, in the "Scotch Fantasie" by Bruch, demonstrated how easily he could adapt his capabilities to the performance of works of a more modern type. The introduction showed at once that he had a message to deliver, for here was no performer who was merely playing the notes, but a man to whom music is part and parcel of his being. He is a man, too, who can hold his auditors' interest in some mysterious way; possibly it is what is commonly called "magnetism" that gives Kubelik much of his power, but certain it is that his auditors hardly moved during the entire time that he was on the stage. The eyes of every one in the house were riveted on the slender figure of the player, who appeared unconscious of everything except the music.

Music labors under great disadvantages quite often. At the opera, Mrs. Highmore remarked to her companion, "Isn't it marvelous how

music speaks to one! It has indeed a language of its own!" To which Mrs. Gaswell replied: "Yes, but these singers mumble their words so that half the time you can't understand a bit of it."

Chicago is now the home of Grand Italian Opera. Every effort is, and will be made to make the splendid company that is now performing "Rigoletto," "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "Otelo," "Faust," and the rest of the operas, at the International Opera House, corner of Harrison St. and Wabash Avenue—a permanent feature of art in the city. Calve and others of the same standing pronounce Chicago the centre of operatic art in America. Some time ago it was announced that a fifteen week trial would be given the city in opera. The response is such that the company has made arrangements to perform throughout the winter—all the performances are given at moderate prices. In solo and ensemble singing, the company gives satisfaction to the most critical.

Many believe that Frank L. Stanton, of the Atlanta Constitution, is our first and best lyrical poet. His delightful lyrics, in dialect and otherwise, invite music. Notice the musical or rhythmic swing of the following, one of hisl atest:

You can read the dreams they're dreamin'
  In their rosy slumbers deep;
To a sweeter song they listen
  Than the mother's song of "Sleep."
They see the Christmas angels
  With their shiny wings o' light—
Hear fairy trumpets blowin'
  When the wind sings in the night.

For the wind is like a message
  From the land where Christmas dwells;
They hear the frosty reindeer
  Shake their shiny silver bells,
Impatient for the journey
  O'er the housetops, snowy-white—
Oh, there's wonder in the music
  When the wind sings in the night!

They're in Christmas land forever—
  In a rosy dream o' bliss,
When they're singin' in the sunshine,
  When they're climbin' for a kiss;
And we'd sigh not o'er the lonesome,
  Weepin' years of lost delight,
Could we dream the dreams they're dreamin'
  When the wind sings in the night!

During the recent visit of the famous French violinist, Henri Marteau, to America, he gave his voice concerning the future of American music—always an interesting topic when true musicians express their views upon it.

The following remarks of the maestro will prove instructive in many ways—they were uttered at Baltimore, and recorded in one of that city's papers:

"Too many musicians come over to this country from abroad and tell you Americans that you are all right over here regarding your musical compositions and your appreciation of good music," said Mr. Marteau, "but that, I think, is a mistake. In many ways you are all right, and we who come from across the water to give concerts are very willing to concede this, but Americans are fond of knowing the truth and quick

to acknowledge a fault, and, therefore, they should be treated with sincerity rather than with flattery. There are some serious defects in the music of America which will take years to remedy, and more music must be taught the children before the nation begins to take its place among those nations which are foremost in music.

"In the West! Ah! it is terrible there. Except for a few college towns and cities where there are large orchestras, the lack of appreciation of good music is appalling. Yes, there are some Germans in the West, but they seem to have left the faculty for creation in Germany, and have only brought with them the idea of keeping up their choral societies. And these are used more for social than for musical purposes. Yet before they left the Fatherland these folk had a diet of music since the first days they went to school, and most of them before that time. My accompanist, August Goellner, and I, both come from Geneva, but be have played many times in Germany, and it is surprising to know that in most towns of 20,000 or 25,000 people there are fine orchestras, well equipped and composed of finished musicians. That is because they love their music over there, and have at heart its interests as an art.

"In America there are many conditions working for or against the subtle influences of music. The spirit of commercialism is one thing that in a great measure causes a check, but this cannot stamp out the mark of greatness in music, if the composer is a genius who is in earnest. But I think it depends on the section of the country where the man is.

"Music cannot come out of Kansas. There it is—all the same long, rolling stretch of country wherever the eye turns. It is a country to depress the spirits rather than to raise them, and there is but little to inspire. In Michigan there is the gloom of the forests or the smoke of the cities—things which are also depressing.

"But in the South you have the ideal condition for the artist. There is the dreamy atmosphere, which will aid a man to think great themes. California, too, is a State where art will flourish. There they have trees and mountains and running water.

"It is out of the South, though, that the music typically American will ultimately come. Thus far the only music written in this country has been that which has been influenced by German, French, Italian or other composers, but the day will come when there will be a music distinctly American, and it will come from the old Southern melodies. They are weird and wild, some of them; others are soft and croony, but about them all is a rhythm which is unmistakably new in music, and which will some day soon bring forth a truly original national music for this country. Already these melodies are beginning to be popular throughout Europe, and though

the greatest demand for them is in the dance halls, the time will come when it will be played in the finest drawing-rooms of Europe. It is becoming more and more pronounced each year, better combinations of the old strains are being blended and great musicians predict that before you will come true."

The Dim Underworld.

An Ohio Man who Knows, Speculates Upon the Phenomena of the Mines.

In my very limited observations, I have thought that the average man, wherever you may find him, seems satisfied to skim over the surface of things, and that he who insists on getting down to bed-rock is the exception. Most of us seem willing to drift with the tide, and to travel along the way of least resistance.

The average engineer knows little about the science and philosophy of steam. The average mechanic may know very little about the elements which constitute the materials out of which he so skillfully makes the finished product. The farmer may know practically nothing about the constituent elements so essential in the soil in order to yield the necessary crops. And this seems to be true in every branch of industry, and in almost every other department of life.

As a coal miner I have frequently chided myself that, although I had followed mining for many years, I knew little, practically nothing about the great principles underlying mining and the laws governing same. It mattered little to me how the coal rock and slate were formed. What did I care about coal deposits, the varying thicknesses of coals; why the faces of the coal always (or nearly always) run in the same direction; why the coal in one place is bituminous and in another anthracite; why one vein is perpendicular and the other pitched, et cetera, ad infinitum?

I have at times in the mine stopped long enough to think of these things and have been made to exclaim, "How wonderful it is! Man, with all his knowledge, seems but a babe as he stands gazing at the myriad wonders and phenomena seen on every hand! The words of the Hebrew poet would ring in my ears: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or even Thou hadst formed the earth, and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting. Thou art God! And then I would imagine that I could hear the master-mind, Isaac Newton, exclaim: "I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordin-

ary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me."

I am not a philosopher, nor a keen observer; but there have been moments in the mine when I have become intensely interested in the phenomena of the underworld; and, although I could not drink deep of the pierian spring, I got a great deal of pleasure in gathering a little knowledge here and there; and I am inclined to think that my experience in the mine has been similar to that of thousands of others. In the mine, as elsewhere there are the few who have the power to drink deep and revel in the wonderful things "down in a coal mine."

I take it that every boy is ambitious, and is, to some degree, at least, a dreamer. And it is a splendid thing for him and for the world that such is the case; for the world would be poor indeed without the boy dreamer. The great men of all time have been dreamers, and I presume that the "boy dreamers" of to-day will be the great men of to-morrow. Let us encourage these dreamers. And yet, even the dreams and ambitions of the boy are very materially affected and colored by his surroundings. The average boy, reared in a mining community, is satisfied in being what his father was; the height of his ambition is to be as good a workman as his father was, or possibly some other man whom he considers a master workman.

I remember very well when a boy in a mining village, where nearly all the men and boys were employed in or about the mine, that my first ambition was to be a trapper, and later to be a driver; and when I cared no more for that occupation, the height of my ambition was to be such an entry driver as Tom Williams, Bill Smith, Sandy Ray or Mike Grogan.

As a little fellow I would look forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when the drivers would bring the mules out, and to hear a driver say, "Jack, would you like to ride Topsy to the barn? Take her through the pond, and then to the trough, then to the barn." Oh, but that was great! I also derived great pleasure in watching the drivers taking a strange mule down the slope the first time. They would wrap an old coat over the eyes of the animal and then a number of men would take it down the slope by sheer force.

Generally, that one experience would accustom the mule to its new environment so that ever afterwards it could be led down the slope with eyes open.

When I began to trap it was a source of wonder to me why a mule for a while after being taken into the mine, would be almost totally blind, and that soon after it had gotten its sight it would see much better than the driver or trapper. Mules seem to have cat's eyes. I have heard it said that where mules have been kept in a mine for months, which is the custom in some parts of

the country, they become totally blind when taken out to the sunlight.

Both as a boy and man I have been filled with righteous indignation at the cruelty meted out, by some men (?) to the mule in their care. Such a sight has often made me sick! And often there was no reason for such cruelty, unless it were to satisfy the driver's savage instincts. Mules are bad enough, I admit, but a great deal of it is the result of ill treatment. There will come a day of reckoning!

One time I was sent by a driver on an errand into an abandoned place in the mine. Miners know what a gruesome sight is an abandoned part of a mine, especially so if it has been abandoned for years, as was this place of which I speak. Not only does it look bad, but there are sounds that are peculiar and awe-inspiring, which make the cold chills go up one's back. Such were my feelings at this time as I walked along the old entry with lamp in hand and eyes alert ready to see and hear anything!

But all was tame as compared with what followed. I entered through a door to an old room. My light went out; I had no matches, and there I was in the old workings without light and alone! I turned around to feel for the door, when, lo and behold I saw in the gob of that old room what seemed to me to be hundreds of bright little stars shining like specters. It seemed as if I had suddenly been thrust into spook land. Imagine my feelings! I knew that these ghastly specters were growths on the decayed props; yet I did not feel at all comfortable until I had groped my way back in the darkness to the driver on the main entry, where he was awaiting me. It was nothing to fear; and still, it was not very pleasant to a twelve year-old.

Rats in the mine? Yes, plenty of them; and they get fat and sleek on the crumbs from the miners' dinner, and on the corn wasted by the mules at their mid-day meal. I have been told that rats instinctively abandon a place in the mine immediately before it is inundated (drowned out) by water, and immediately before a cave-in. I remember once having seen a group of them near the mouth of a slope on the outside, going at high speed as if they were seeking other fields of conquest. The supposition was that they had just come from a part of the mine that had been abandoned, or that was about to fall in.

Night in the mine! Yes, and I hear somebody say,"Why it is always night in the mine!" So far as darkness is concerned, yes, but there is really a very marked difference. Go to the mine some night, all alone, and I predict that you will change your mind radically about it. It is totally dark there by night and by day; but there is an indescribable something in the mine at night, which, if a person listens to very long, will cause the cold chills to run up his back; and if he is at all

superstitious, and most men are more or less, he will see ghosts, hear footsteps, hear the old earth groaning, as it were, under its great burden, and he will imagine vain things. About the only way to get these doleful sounds out of your ears and get these weird images out of your mind is to keep busy.

Drawing pillars. Pillars are left between entries and rooms in order to keep the roof from falling. After the entries and rooms are worked out, the pillars are taken out. It is, generally very hazardous work, and has cost many a man his life. But, to him who loves excitement and danger, pillar work will appeal very strongly. As a rule the pillars of a large number of rooms are worked simultaneously, and this takes the support from under acres and acres of slate and rock. Sooner or later the roof begins to squirm under the great weight, and small bits of slate begin to fall from the roof where the break is. This is kept up for some time, for hours, and sometimes for days. The squeeze becomes more intense, until after a while you feel as though you were in the midst of a terrific battle. Yonder you hear the top break, sounding like a thousand rifles. In another direction you hear the crack of the posts, reminding you of the noise made on the outside by a tree when struck by lightning. Then you hear the posts snap and report like a cannon ball, boom! boom! boom! The men, with their hearts in their mouths, so to speak, work at double speed, probably to load or finish loading a car by the pillar side. The noise by this time is deafening. The car has been loaded; the driver is notified to come at once to take it out, which he does in double quick time. Near the men the props put up fresh that day snap in the middle as though they were pipe-stems, and not oak posts from four to ten inches or more in diameter. Now there is a sound as of a great flood, which is followed by a hurricane.

Then one imagines he hears a great storm sweeping everything before it. It would seem that all the elements had confederated for the purpose of lashing the old earth. The tools are taken out hurriedly; then men and boys run with all their might to the face of the entry, whose pillars are yet intact. Then the old earth, as if to revenge the wrong done her, falls crash! crash! crash! Thousands upon thousands of tons of rock and slate! The concussion of the air is so great that the doors are blown open by it and some of the men, those caught standing, are actually lifted off their feet. Then the air returns with great velocity and power; and doors are slammed shut, and all is as quiet as a graveyard. Some one strikes a match, for all the lights are out, and for a moment each looks at the other's pale face. After assuring themselves that all is well, they take a smoke and have their accustomed chat, probably telling what they know about the

hazard of coal mining. Shortly however, some of the most adventurous ones wend their way to the outskirts of the cave-in in order to get a glimpse at the outer edge of those massive boulders, and some, perchance, to put their heads up the crevice in order to see the great boulders as they lay one above the other in bell-shaped strata, each strata being smaller than the one immediately below, until the top one is like the apex of a cone, reaching sometimes, to the earth and affecting the surface. If you have not seen the great boulders, pyramid like, the result of a cave-in, would advise you to go and see one sometime.

There seems to be an impression among people on the outside that miners are a wicked lot, and that even the air in the mine is blue with profanity. There is a great deal of profanity in the mine, entirely too much, but all miners are not profane. Some of the best men I have ever known were coal miners; men whose influence upon all they came in contact with was helpful and salutary, and whose very presence was a benediction. Many years ago, in the mine in which I labored, it was customary to fire, or blast, twice a day, at noon and at quitting time. Ventilation then was not as good as it is to-day; and it required an hour and a half or more for the smoke to clear so the men could resume work. There were few mining laws then, and but one mine inspector in the entire state, our own Andrew Roy. He was a good one, however, but his was not an easy job. A pretty big job for one man to properly inspect the mines of the state, and at the same time tussle with an unsympathetic legislature to pass necessary laws for the benefit and safety of the miners! It was a herculean task; but Andrew Roy was equal to it. His incumbency was the beginning of a better day. I am getting away from the subject. Well, while the smoke was clearing away, a large number of men and boys went to an abandoned room to eat their dinners and to talk about this, that and everything. I imagine I can see them now. In one corner are seated quite a number of the older ones, among whom were some very well-read men. Sometimes they would discuss religion, which they did very creditably. Most of them were Christian men, who believed in the gospel with all their minds, with all their hearts and with all their souls. Sometimes they would discuss politics; and they were by no means amateurs on that subject. Other times they would discuss history, biography and the living questions of the day, whatever they might be. Yonder is another group. They are younger men; and what they did not know about hunting, fishing, base ball and horse racing was not worth knowing.

In another corner was a group of young fellows in their teens. They were singers, and on his knees writ-

ing musical characters on the door of the room was a middle-aged man of considerable musical ability. He was teaching them the rudiments of music, in the coal mine. To hear them singing some of the dear old songs would thrill one's whole being. Music has a peculiar fascination in the mine; especially is this true of singing in an entry in the swale where the bottom is covered with water. It then surely "hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

In another place, not far distant, are the little chaps playing marbles and enjoying themselves hugely in the under world when they ought to be in the little red school house on the hill.

The influence of such a place was inspiring. It was good to be there and who knows but many a young man may have received an impetus there to better and nobler things!

The Castle of Hope.

Chas. J. Fuess.

I used often to come across the wonderful structure while on my long tramps through the forest depths, and was exceedingly amazed at its oddity, but never summoned courage to investigate its mysteries. The pile surmounted a very high eminence in the midst of a far-stretching, tangled woods far from any habitation; and though there appeared to be no approach to the place except by a stiff climb up the sheer sides of what might almost be termed cliffs, it was surrounded completely by a mighty wall of solid rock. It seemed to me that sunshine constantly played about the high point; and, whether it was fancy or not I could not tell, I thought I heard sweet, entrancing music from its direction. I know that I used the spot as a guide mark to my lonely wanderings through the deep, pathless woodlands, and that whenever I came within sighting distance of it I became at once cheered by its radiance and subtle warmth and my footsteps set in the right direction. Several times I had completely encircled the mount upon which the strange structure perched and found that there was no change in its appearance from any side. The same halo played about the summit and the same breath of sweet sounds wafted towards me.

Strangely, I was not strongly curious to penetrate the mystery thus come to me, and became appreciative of the fact that no one might enter the walls except that he was heavily laden with sorrow and depressed and by some inward, involuntary response to the denial I was never able

to muster up enough determination to make my way to the gates of this castle. I might survey the place from a distance and feel the exultation of being near, but the impulse to press further was slight, and I seemed extrordinarily content with that condition.

One day the brightness of my life because blighted, and I was engulfed in a valley of despair and deep grief. There no relief for me, except a slight repose in solitude. All that had previously been sweet was now bitter. Life was a dread. I plunged into the deeps of the forest in search of the faint rest its cool, gloomy shade afforded, and wandered heedlessly.

I know not how long I may have stumbled along; nor how devious was my pathway. I know only that, like a flash, came the thought of the strange castle that had been the wonderment of my ramblings, and it was with a thrill that I looked up to behold the very structure standing out boldly before me in all its brightness. Forthwith, by a feeling much akin to recklessness, I became bound to enter its domain and discover what strangeness might be there. By much struggling and persistency, therefore, I came, after several hours, to stand before the gates of the strange place. The walls were much too high to be scaled by any device within my reach, and they and the gates too massive to be pierced, so there was nothing for me to do but to summon whoever might be within and demand admittance. My imperious pounding brought footsteps. In a moment a big gate swung slowly ajar and a cloaked figure demanded, with decisive voice and searching eye, my mission.

"I wish to enter herein," replied I, unabashed.

"And why dost thou come unsought?" came the question, in severe tone.

"I am weary and deep in grief?" I breathed, in tones of anguish.

"Then welcome thou art, doubly," came the cheering reply, as the figure strode out and with strong arm led me within.

The scenes that came before me I may never describe. Words totally fail me. My memory is faint in its ecstacy. I know that my weariness, my sorrow, my grief left me. I know that all about was sunshine, warmth, laughter and music. All about in groups and in rambling twos and threes were smiling beings, happy and joyous. From a hidden source, but irresistible because of its perfect calm, rhythm and harmony, ascended the music that had so affected me. Also, although I could see no lamps nor sun anywhere about, the atmosphere was radiant with a delicate light.

Forthwith the heaviness receded from my heart, and I brightened into a smile. With the happiness and joy around me my despair was shattered. Life had a new aspect, and was worth the living. I thrust aside the veil that had closed my life from

happiness, and became clothed in a new raiment of possibility.

When I had feasted upon the lightness around me for a period sufficient to transform my spirits my guide again accosted me.

"Hast become rejuvenated?" he asked.

"Indeed, yes," I replied heartily. "I feel entirely like a new person, and am ready to take my departure if you will but lead me to the gates. Will you disclose to me the identity of this remarkable place?

"That I may not do," replied my guide, "but after you have gone some distance into the woods if you will gaze back here you will read the answer to your request."

My journey back was easy. My feet were light buoyed by the myriad pleasant thoughts and impressions that fluttered through my brain. When I had come safely along my homeward way I turned to gaze upon the point as my guide had directed and beheld a perfect floodlight of brightness emblazoning the words "Hope" and "Faith."

It was the last I saw of the wonderful spot, for search as I might after that whenever sorrow or curiosity came upon me, I could never discover the chateau again. Neither did any one else know of the spot, nor had seen it, all of which I took as a miraculous sign from benign Providence of the necessity and efficacy of Hope and Faith in the hours of trial.

The Meals of Old England Described.

By Muriel.

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gamble oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through all the year

We are most of us sufficiently old-fashioned to think that Christmas without turkey would be equivalent to Hamlet without the ghost. The "Bubbly Jock" of the poultry yard has long been an institution, and an almost indispensable addition to Christmas fare in households where substantial dishes of a national character have not been banished in favor of French cookery, meaning what conservative middle-class English folks describe as "French kickshaws," with little understood French titles. High-class cookery is the English term in use on this side of the Channel.

The theories of French and English cooks differ widely. The latter believe no flavors invented can approach that of the meat, and, therefore, it is not to be meddled with. The French cook pins his faith on introduced flavors, and can make an endless variety of these from the same kind of meat, in neither of which the original one belonging to the meat itself can be recognised.

With reference to the bird of the season, there is this quaint old adage:

Turkey roast is turkey lost,
Turkey broiled is turkey spoiled,
But turkey braised is turkey praised.

However, that didactic opinion is by no means universally shared. Many persons would say the bird was "lost" if not spitted or roasted; and there are others, among whom Miss Ellen Terry may be mentioned, who declare their preference for turkey boiled.

I digress a moment to say that to get the best result from this mode of dressing a turkey is to stuff it with oysters, and then serve it with well-made oyster sauce; or, omitting the oysters, the bird may be stuffed with breadcrumbs, thyme, lemon, &c., and served with celery sauce made strictly after the directions given in any reliable cookery book.

Anecdotes concerning famous cooks and equally famous gourmets are not inappropriate at this season, when feasting is fashion, and larders are replete with good things, under the weight of which the tables of hospitable persons will shortly groan. We know that real turtle soup is sold for a guinea a quart. I once visited the renowned kitchen where the best turtle soup in London is made. The trouble taken in its preparation appears to justify the cost, but if any men or women have a liking for this sort of pottage I strongly advise them not to be curious to see its manufacture during the varied processes, beginning with the slaughter of the chelonian reptile—which is the basis of the soup—until the last stage of boiling is in progress. The exhibition would, probably, destroy all relish for the succulent "green fat" which lurks within the bowl and is so much esteemed. Costly as real turtle soup is, it appears cheap by comparison with a kind of pottage once invented by a French actor—Camerani by name—who lived under the First Empire. For this soup—made, mind you, with the strictest regard to economy—cost 6p. for a small tureen. We do not hear what were the ingredients used; that they were rare and difficult to get seems probable.

Another story of culinary extravagance refers to a famous sauce, the name of which occurs in our own cookery books. A French noble, the Prince de Soubise, immortalised the sauce named after him. On one occasion he asked his cook for a menu for a supper. The first item was fifty hams. "What!" cried his astonished master; "you must be mad. Do you intend to feast a regiment?" "No, monseigneur. Only one ham will appear on the table, the rest are not the less necessary for my espagnoles, my blonds, my garnitures, my ——." "Man, you are robbing me; it shall not pass." "Oh, my lord," cried the indignant chef, "you do not understand our resources. Give the word, and these fifty hams which I ask of you I will put into a bottle no bigger than my thumb." What an-

swer could be made? Prince de Soubise passed the menu.

Careme—the immortal Careme, as he has been called—was reckoned the greatest of all cooks. He was the chef of Talleyrand, the prince bishop. Having quarrelled with him, Careme came to England, but did not find that King George IV. appreciated his delicate skill. He then tried the Emperor of Russia, Alexander I., but found the climate too cold. Then he entered the service of M. de Rothschild, the princely banker; there he was in his element, this Macœna, he said, being capable of understanding the superhuman efforts required to produce a good dinner. Appreciation of a really good dinner is rarely lacking among men, yet some of the greatest men have been singularly indifferent as to the food laid before them. The great Iron Duke was an example of this gastronomic unconcern. His chef Felix—whom the then Lord Seaford could not longer afford to employ—very shortly after entering the service of the duke, returned to his former master, and, with tears in his eyes, begged to be taken back at a reduced salary. "Has the duke been finding fault?" asked Lord Seaford. "'Oh, no! He is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I served him with a dinner that would have made M. Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he said nothing. I go out, and leave him to dine on a dinner vilely dressed by the cookmaid, and he say nothing. Dat hurt my feelings, my lord."

Another example of the importance caterers for the human interior attach to their art may be learned from an anecdote of a former Duke of Beaufort's Neapolitan confectioner, who was most thoroughly impressed with the dignity and imbued with the spirit of his art. His grace was one night fast asleep in bed, when he was roused by a vigorous knocking at the chamber door, which was impatiently repeated. "Who is there?" "It's only me, Signor Duc," said the artist. "I was at the opera, and have been dreaming of the music—Donizetti's—and I have got an idea. I have this moment invented a sorbet, and I have named it after that divine composer, and hastened to inform your grace." History does not relate how the Signor Duc received the news, neither do we hear if the excellence of the inspired sorbet justified the inventor in distributing his master's slumber.

The old English had three meals a day only—the first at nine a. m., dinner at three p. m., and supper just before bedtime. The Normans dined at the old English breakfast hour and supped at seven p. m. In the time of the Tudors the higher classes dined at eleven and supped at five. But merchants rarely took their chief meal before twelve noon, and had their suppers at six p. m.

Before the reign of Queen Elizabeth all meals were served in a common hall, the parlor dining room not coming into use before her Majesty came to the throne. It is only in

comparatively recent times that breakfast became a recognised meal; not, indeed, until the seventeenth century, dinner being the great meal of the day. Dating from the reign of King Henry IV. to the death of Queen Elizabeth, the dinners and suppers were as extravagant as any now served in this or any other country. As to table appointments or implements, they were of a very primitive kind. It is recorded by that arch-gossip, Samuel Pepys, that he took his fork and spoon when he went to a Lord Mayor's feast in the year 1663. "The absence of cutlery led to much stress being laid upon the act of washing the hands before and after meals. (They must have needed it). The rule was that only the left hand should be dipped in the common dish, the right being occupied by the knife. This practice was usual up to the time of the Commonwealth.

The very first mention of pudding occurs in the menu of the "Buck-feast" at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the year 1710.

No matter what importance may attach to other dishes, the sirloin, or baron of beef, ranks highest in the estimation of all true Britons. It is "O! for the roast beef of Old England! The good, English roast beef!" The valor of our soldiers has by some foreigners, rightly or wrongly, been set down to our national diet of beef. Prior, in his metaphysical poem, concludes thus:—"If I take Dan Congreve right, Pudding and beef make Britons fight." A State paper, dated 1515, challenged all the world to produce "commonfolk that should match the beef-eating commons of England." As regards the name of our national joint, it is asserted that properly it should be spelled "Surloin" from the French "sur"—upon, or above, and longe"—loin. Dr. Johnson was the first lexicographer to spell this prime joint with the letter "i." According to "Ruby's Tradition," it was at Lancaster that King James I., being entertained at Houghton Towers, casting an eye on a huge surloin, cried to a servitor, "Bring me that surloin, knave, for it is worthy a more honorable post, being, as I may say, not surloin, but Sir Loin." Fuller, however, in 1655, has another version of the story. He says that Henry VIII. was the appreciative sovereign who knighted the joint. The story as told by Fuller is that the King was once dining with the Abbot of Redding, and, feeding heartily on a loyne of beef—as it was then called—the abbot told his royal guest he would willingly give a thousand marks for such a stomach, which, says the historian, the King promptly procured for him by shutting the luckless ecclesiastic in the Tower. So his majesty got his thousand marks, and knighted the beef for its good behavior. Previous to this mention is made of a "sorloyne" of beef:—

Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day.
And Vitellus' meals cost a million;
But I like what is good,
When and where be my food,
In chophouse or Royal Pavilion.

A list of our national Christmas dishes would be incomplete without mention of the boar's head. We do not often hear of its being brought in with any great ceremony save at certain universities; but a boar's head always appears on Christmas Day at the Royal banquet; indeed, is a standard dish on the buffet.

The boar's head is, I understand,
The rarest dish in all the land;
The steward hath provided this
In honor of the kind of bliss.

WEATHER AND OTHER LORE.

According to a curious poem found among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. Tuesday is a most unlucky day for Christmas to fall on. "A dry summer that year shall be" is one of the prognostications. Others of a more sinister character follow:—

December's frost and January's flood
Never boded the husbandman good.

"When Christmas Day cometh while the moon waxeth, it shall be a very good year, -and the nearer it cometh to the new moon the better it shall be. If it cometh when the moon decreaseth, it shall be a hard year, and the nearer the latter end thereof, the worse and harder the year shall be."

"In whatever quarter the wind be on St. Thomas's Day, there will it remain for the next lunar quarter."

A Few Landmarks of English History.

By Benjamin B. Esau.

V.

MISTRUST OF THE PEOPLE.

From the accession of Bolingbroke to the death of Queen Elizabeth there was a steady growth of the representative power, the different monarchs seeming to realize that their greatest strength lay with the people, and all used whatever means they had to curb the power of the barons, till at last the supreme power was felt to be invested in the crown, the courts and Parliament, the nobles having no more power than they possessed as members of the House of Lords, which, however, was very considerable. Now, however, a new phase was introduced. The history of the Stuarts shows that they profoundly mistrusted the people, and from James I. to the last of the Stuarts, James III., they bent all their energies to curbing the power of the people in every way.

James I. was married to a Catholic, so there was not so much persecution on that score except for a time after Guy Fawkes's diabolical attempt, but this was made up for by hounding those Protestants whose consciences prevented their attaching themselves to the Church of England. As all readers of American history know, this persecution resulted in many leaving England for Holland, and later for America.

For what is considered a fair sketch of James I., though decidedly a favorable one, read Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel."

CHARLES I.

James was succeeded by his son Charles I., the events of whose reign are too well known to need much recounting. He first tried to dictate to Parliament, then essayed to get along without any, and so exasperated the people that Parliament, in self-defence, was compelled to raise its standard, and a fight to the death was begun. As this sketch has endeavored to make clear, the Stuarts succeeded to the English throne by virtue of their descent from the daughter of Henry VII., who, as it has also been shown, had not a drop of royal blood in his veins, except illegitimately and in a roundabout way, from Catherine Swineford. Yet these self-same Stuarts were never tired of prating of their divine right, and a horde of sycophants took up the cry. One Fillmer, in particular, in his adulation of kingly power in general and the Stuarts in particular, verges strongly on blasphemy. The king could do not wrong. If he made a promise to an unruly subject he was no more bounden by it than would be one who should be stopped by a highwayman and compelled to make some promise. This may sound monstrous to-day, but we are occasionally treated to much the same rant from the spread-eagle German Emperor.

Charles was married to Henrietta of France, of course a Catholic, and all the Stuarts certainly leaned that way, so there was not much persecution on that score. Indeed, one of the conditions imposed by France when the hand of Henrietta was sought by Charles was a more liberal policy toward Catholics, though the ultra Protestants were still potent enough to render their lot anything but a happy one. But what might be lacking in this respect was more than made up for by the fierce persecution of the Puritans. James had made Laud Bishop of St. David's; Charles made him Bishop of London, and later Archbishop of Canterbury. So "high" was Laud in his church views that he was openly accused of being a Catholic in disguise; it was perhaps to combat this idea that he published several works on the difference between the two churches. He was probably in accord with the greater part of the views of the older church, but was unable to overcome what seems to have been a stumbling block to so many Englishmen—a recognition of the temporal supremacy of the Pope. Laud wasted no compassion on what he termed contumacious heretics, and his course doubtless largely tended to his master's downfall. Not content with hounding the English dissenters, he secured permission to introduce Episcopalianism into Scotland, and carried the Prayer Book and sword into that afflicted country. This cost him his head, for on the overthrow of

Charles the Scots demanded of the Parliament that Laud be tried for his deeds. This was done, he was condemned, and at 70 years of age he went to the block. In a vain attempt to stem the tide, Charles had sacrificed his minister, Strafford, in a most cowardly way, but it did not save him, and Fillmerism and royalty, with its alleged divine rights, went down together.

When the final rupture between Charles and Parliament occurred the High Churchmen and Catholics rallied to the king's support. The latter had always been monarchists, and well understood that much of their persecution had been at the instigation of the fanatical Puritans. With these latter in power, there would be little to hope for, so they were practically compelled to take the other side.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

It is an axiom that great crisis in the history of nations produce the men for the emergency. The man for the need of the country in this crucial struggle was a plain country gentleman, but hereafter to be known as long as English history is read—Oliver Cromwell. It is perhaps not easy to get a clear conception of the character of this extraordinary man. There used to be shown in all English histories a most vindictive hatred of his name and all pertaining to him, notably by Hume. Later there came a class of writers, led by Carlyle, who lauded him to the skies, and, in their exuberant admiration of strength of will and force of character, seem to keep discreetly in the background his military usurpation of all constitutional government. As usual, the true mean will probably be found between these two extremes. There is no doubt that Parliament, intoxicated with its own success, became arrogant and impractical to a degree. They regarded Cromwell as their servant, but soon found he was their master. They had no vacillating Charles to deal with now, as they realized to their cost. Without discussing the merits of these disputes, it must be confessed that under this soldier of the people representative government sank to a lower ebb than for generations. Perhaps a fair statement would be that the people were as yet unfit for the great powers so suddenly thrust upon them.

CROMWELL'S MILITARY GENIUS.

One thing is now universally conceded Cromwell—he was a military genius of the first rank. A mere gentleman-farmer, with but an ordinary education, his only share in public affairs seems to have been as a country member of Parliament, where, though he did not hesitate to speak his mind, he does not seem to have made any particular mark. He was a cousin of the famous John Hampden, and, when the crisis arrived, Cromwell prepared to do his part in the struggle. He was 43 years of age, with absolutely no military training. This should be borne in mind. He first organized of his young neighbors a troop of cavalry,

which soon became noted for their superior equipment and splendid discipline. This was the nucleus of the terrible Ironsides, a regiment which only tried and proved men could enter. At first the Parliament forces fared poorly, and it was soon discovered that it was only when Cromwell and his men were present, that the royalists could be safely met, and so by the force of circumstances Cromwell was pushed to the front. Having utterly routed the royalists in England, he went to Scotland, where a stand was being made, and completely crushed his opponents. He then visited Wales, which still held out for the king, annihilated the royalist forces in several sharp encounters, and also razed several castles to the ground. Feeling safe at home he now crossed to Ireland, the people of that country naturally being more in sympathy with the Stuarts than with the Parliament. Here Cromwell had the same success. The Irish held out sturdily, but in vain, and thousands of brave men gave up their lives in the struggle. Cromwell's critics charge him with great harshness in this last campaign; his admirers call attention to the excellent order he established. The "order" was probably something like the peace between the lion and the lamb—with the lamb inside. But in all fairness Cromwell was not naturally cruel, though he was not afflicted with undue tenderness when an enemy was to be crushed. There was, however, a marked difference between his methods and those which prevailed in Europe for more than 150 years later. No charges of violation of women by his men are preferred by the bitterest contemporary writers, no wholesale robbery, or destruction of property—except, perhaps, where the religious fanaticism of his followers was aroused. This is in sharp contrast to the prevalent rule on the Continent, as a perusal of the campaign of Tully and other worthies will show. A relative of the great Richelieu, and bearing his name, so distinguished (or disgraced) himself by an opposite course to that of Cromwell, that he was known as "Le petit pere de maraude."

After "pacifying" Ireland Cromwell crushed an uprising in London, ever a turbulent place. The Scotch having made another stand, Cromwell posted for the north. At first he fared poorly, his men being greatly afflicted with influenza, but being foolishly pushed by the Scotch general. Cromwell turned and swept his opponents off the earth. In the meantime a large force had taken advantage of his engagement to get by Cromwell and to hurriedly make for London, which was now practically undefended. Cromwell hastened after the royalists, caught up with them at Worcester, where a bloody battle was fought, and the struggle was ended.

CROMWELL AS A RULER.

Having subjugated his foes in arms, Cromwell began to have trouble with Parliament. He soon

settled matters, though perhaps his fame does not stand any the higher for the methods he adopted. Eventually Cromwell was declared Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. It was pretended, and is still by some, that this honor was thrust upon him. Of course it was his own act—who could force such a man? If this was Cromwell's goal, he had now attained it; but it is more than likely that he had at first no set plan, but like many another man that the throes of nations has brought to the surface, simply seized every opportunity that presented itself.

CROMWELL'S HAND ABROAD.

The foreign powers were quick to see that a man of might had arisen, and sought his friendship. And here comes another strange phase of Cromwell's career. He is said never to have been out of England, and yet he would seem to have thoroughly understood the complex questions that always arise between nations, and never more than at that time. He certainly knew his power, had every confidence in himself, and treated them all rather cavalierly. The wily Mazarin sought to curry favor, but could only do so on terms dictated by Cromwell, though France was then as now one of the foremost powers of the world. Spain had never recovered her prestige since the loss of the Armada, but was still a power of the first rank. There was complaint of Englishmen being punished by the Inquisition, and Cromwell issued his edict. This being resented, a fleet was despatched under the terrible Blake, when Spanish fleets were destroyed even under the guns of their own forts, the forts themselves demolished, and large numbers of valuable merchantmen, with riches from Mexico and South America, were captured and their escorts destroyed. Portugal had a difficulty over protecting an English royalist fleet under Prince Rupert, so the Portuguese fleet was annihilated. The Dutch were running a race for the supremacy of the sea, and presumed to dictate terms, with the result that fleet after fleet was destroyed, the brave Van Tromp killed, and the Dutch pride humbled. All nations had suffered greatly from the Barbary pirates. So Blake was sent to clean them out, and did so very thoroughly; also bringing the Knights of Malta to terms, some difficulty having arisen with them. Cromwell had instituted himself the protector of Protestantism. News of the persecutions of the Vaudois reaching him, he at once announced that this must cease, and backed up his threats by ordering Blake to settle matters, which he effectually did. And all this is a record of some dozen years, with lumbering old warships. Truly those were lively times.

It is not too much to say that never, before or since, has England stood in such a pre-eminent position as she did under Cromwell—not even under Pitt; nor to-day, with all her wealth and vast possessions.

RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS.

One might think that now, with everything their own way, the Protestants would have been satisfied; but not so. After passing endless legislation against, and persecuting both Catholic and Episcopalian, the two great factions, Presbyterians and Independents, quarreled among themselves. Parliament was largely composed of the former, the army, including Cromwell and most of his officers, of the latter, and they seem to have hated one another nearly as bitterly as they had their late foes, the royalists.

WEAKNESS OF PERSONAL RULE.

It was remarked earlier in this sketch that in the feudal days the government invariably fell to pieces when the strong hand that held it together was removed. So it proved in the case of Cromwell. Whatever his merits or demerits, he was a military dictator, pure and simple, and at his death the edifice his iron will had held together fell apart. He had upset constitutional government by the people, and had put nothing in its place but his own domineering will. He may have tried to do what he thought was for the best, but beyond crushing the overweening pride and ambition of the Stuarts he did nothing in the way of training the people to govern themselves, and so he left no lasting impression on the nation when he was gone. Far different was he in this respect from Henry IV., the first of the Lancastrians, and from Henry VII., the first of the Tudors, because, though both in a sense usurpers, they ruled through established methods and made no attempt to ignore the people. They were only usurpers as far as succession was concerned; for, as already shown, they ruled as the free choice of the nation. Altogether, this period is worth studying, but it is not safe to depend on one writer. Unfortunately, there is perhaps no phase of English history into which personal or inherited prejudice seems to enter so largely. In closing, Cromwell's one redeeming feature was his intense patriotism—that cannot be assailed, and stands out in marked contrast to his successor, the prodigal Charles II.

On the return of Charles to power, or the "Restoration," as it was called, the royalists went to great excesses. Such of the "regicides"—as the men who took any part in the trial and death of Charles I. were called—as were still living were arrested and speedily tried and put to death, with the exception of a very few who managed to escape the country. Many, however, were dead, and the graves of these men, including it is said that of Cromwell, were dug up and the remains scattered and other indignities practised—rather suggestive of a live ass kicking the carcass of a dead lion.

Of course the High Church party in England still detest the name of Cromwell, and will not allow that he possessed a single good quality except military ability, which it is somewhat difficult for them to deny

him. In view of the power which this party still possessed in England it is not surprising that monuments to Cromwell are conspicuous by their absence. Such being the case, it may seem somewhat strange that under the Salisbury ministry, ultra tory, ultra ritualistic and ultra royalist, a monument should be erected to Cromwell in front of the Houses of Parliament in London. It was said that some unknown donors had offered to defray the cost of the statue, and that Salisbury's predecessor (Rosebery) gave his consent. Doubtless the Salisbury government was greatly disgusted, but did not feel at liberty to cancel the permit—they are great sticklers for their rights in England, and such a course would have given an undesirable publicity to the affair, and might have made trouble.

It is certain that when the statue was dedicated none of the Salisbury cabinet put in an appearance. The dedicatory address was courageously made by Lord Rosebery, and was one of the ablest oratorical efforts of that talented man, and also one of the fairest reviews of Cromwell, and is well worth reading by students of those times.

A notable incident of the exercises was the presence of prominent Jews from all parts of the world. It is supposed that it was some Jews—possibly the Rothschilds—that provided the statue. Lord Rosebery explained that these men were there to testify to their appreciation of Cromwell's humane and statesmanlike treatment of their race; he being the first ruler or prominent man to concede that the Jews had any rights that others should regard, and also conferred upon them both national and civic privileges.

This may not seem so wonderful to the ordinary reader, but when one reflects on the conduct of the Roumanian government, and indeed of all the Danubian principalities, of Russia, with its Kishineff and kindred horrors; of France, with its Dreyfus and Jew-baiting hysterics; and even of Prussia, which affects to be so far ahead of the world in every respect, it can be seen that this hard-headed English farmer was indeed far ahead of his time.

GEN. MONK.

Cromwell had intended that his son should succeed him; but he had no ambition that way. There was much speculation, and the whole country was in a ferment. The man on whom all eyes were turned was Monk, a military adventurer, but a soldier of singular ability and marvelous astuteness. He played a very shrewd game, pondering every move well, and making no error. He saw the utter impracticability of the warring Presbyterians and Independents and realized that the country was sick and tired of them both, with their ultra austerity and repression; so, when he thought the time ripe, declared for Charles, and as Monk was the idol of the army he had influence enough with that body to secure its acquiescence in what was to them doubtless a bitter pill. He had been shrewd enough to previously scatter the irreconcilables here and there, where co-operation was

impossible. It has been claimed that Monk was bribed, and we know that a title (Duke of Albemarle) and a large sum of money was bestowed on him, but it must be remembered that Monk was no Puritan, nor even in sympathy with them. He had been a royalist, was captured, imprisoned three years, and was only released after the defeat of Charles because the Parliament was anxious to secure his services. He probably believed it was best that the Stuarts should be restored, and, like the soldier of fortune that he was, made the most that he could out of the position in which fortune had placed him. (For a sketch of Charles II. and his restoration see Scott's "Woodstock.")

There was one lesson, however, taught England by Cromwell and Monk that she has never forgotten —the danger of a large standing army to the liberties of the people, and from that day to this there is nothing that the English Parliament more strenuously insists upon than the control of the country's forces. Nominally these serve the crown, but in reality are controlled by cabinet officers, who are in turn directly responsible to Parliament, without whose sanction nothing can be done. The use of the military in times of disturbance are hedged in with the most minute precautions, especially at election time. Foreigners have often been surprised at the great violence allowed on these occasions before military aid is called for, but so ingrained is the distrust of the use of soldiers in domestic affairs that the average Englishman would rather a few score of hotheads had their heads cracked than see this principle of non-military intervention violated.

THE KINGDOM.

By Byron Williams.

In the dreamy autumn time,
When the air is crisp and gold,
And the brooks are chanting rhyme
To the sprites their banks enfold,
There is happiness and joy
In the Kingdom of a Boy!

Through the tangled wood his shout
Startles squirrels from their play,
See the rabbit circle out—
Bounding ball of white and gray!
Ah, the world is but a toy
In the Kingdom of a Boy!

Where the grapes are hanging low
And the plums are ripe and red,
Rustlingly his footsteps go
To the woodland's leafy bed.
Wond'rous holes his peepers spy—
Where the chipmunk makes his nest,
Where the red-head dwells on high,
Where the partridge snuggles best.
Ah, the wonderland of joy
In the Kingdom of a Boy.

Where the brook sends murmurs up
He is bending oe'r the rill,
From his hand, a dripping cup,
He is drinking to his fill,
Now his bobbing ships deploy
In the Kingdom of a Boy.

Ah, he sails them with the tide
With a confidence supreme,
With assurance they will ride
Safely down the throbbing stream,
All the Fates their grace employ
In the Kingdom of a Boy!

And the ships glide onward still,
Past the river and the bay
Where the winds are rough and chill
And the hidden dangers prey.
See! The ships lie, wrecked at last,
By the ocean's sullen roar,
For the boyhood days are past
And the Kingdom is no more!

* * * * *

Naught but Mem'ry holds the key
To the old time ecstasy !

At Cefn Cemetery, Merthyr Tydfil, S. W., a woman laborer is engaged in the erection of tombstones.

A Welshman in the person of Richard Bell was at the beginning of the railwaymen's agitation. Another Welshman in the person of D. Lloyd-George is at the end of it.

A well-known Cardiff professional man has no less than a thousand clients on his books bearing the surname of Jones. And he identifies each without the aid of finger-prints, too!

Mr. J. R. Davies, Cwrtmawr, has copies of about thirty thousand different Welsh works, which he has gathered together during many years. The collection includes all kinds and conditions of works, from penny ballads to rare and valuable volumes.

Richard Lloyd-George, the eldest son of the President of the Board of Trade, who recently left Portmadoc Intermediate School for Christ College, Cambridge, has passed the Cambridge previous examination, Part II., and the additionals, obtaining a first class in each.

"Gwlad y Bryniau," the solo sung at Windsor Castle recently by Madame John Thomas, is a beautiful setting by Mr. M. W. Griffith, Dolgelly, of the late Glanffrwd's patriotic stanzas. Its inclusion in the Windsor programme is due to the intervention of Sir James Drummond, who heard Madame Thomas sing the solo at a village concert, in a Carmarthenshire school—Llansawel—where Mr. John Thomas's brother is headmaster.

There is a distinctly Welsh flavor about Johannesburg musicians. Amongst the performers of the Apollo Male Voice Choir's concert appear such names as H. Evans, W. C. Jones, L Williams, and J. Lodwick. The conductor was Mr. Evan P. Evans, and the chairman Mr. H. L. Davies.

The Llandinam family have done yeoman service for Calvinistic Methodism. They have now promised £3,000, in addition to the £1,000 they have already given, towards the £20,000 for clearing off the remaining debt in connection with the forward movement.

A correspondent who was passing Shiloh Calvinistic Chapel, Aberystwyth, inquired of a man outside as to who was preaching, and was informed that it was somebody from the "Theatrical College"—which may account for his having a fairly good delivery.

Six months ago Bala Urban Council decided to record their minutes in English. They have now returned to Welsh—by six votes to four. One member complained that the Welsh formerly used was not grammatical, but a mere mixture of Welsh and English, which another member designated "Irish stew."

One of the first to hold a Transatlantic D. D. in Wales was the Rev. Thomas Phillips, of Neuaddlwyd, Cardiganshire. He was ordained at that place in 1796, and there established a famous school of the prophets. He was also author of several pamphlets and manuals on theology which served a good purpose in their day and generation.

One of the most striking incidents of the National Eisteddfod week at Swansea was the impromptu rendering of "Cartref" given by Mr. David Evans, the Morriston baritone. Favorable comments were made in the press next day, and these attracted the notice of Madame Patti, who asked Mr. Evans to come and sing at Craig-y-Nos. He went and sang, and Madame Patti summed up her opinion in the one sentence, "His voice is a gift of God."

All the Welshmen who had a hand in settling the railway dispute have not been mentioned. Mr. Lloyd-George says that he received very valuable advice and assistance from Sir William Thomas Lewis, and one of the earliest callers at the Board of Trade at an early day was Sir William himself. Like a father blessing his son the elderly warrior of a thousand industrial struggles warmly congratulated the young President on saving the country from a dreaded calamity.

Naturally the Joneses have taken a large part in the history of Wales. Parts 5 and 6 of the "Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen" have just been issued by the Educational Publishing Company. These two parts and almost exclusively devoted to Jones. For instance, there are 34 eminent John Joneses, and the total number of Joneses who have gained a place in this work is 490. Eminence seems to have been very easily won in many of the cases, but when there are scores of thousands of Joneses in the race it is not astonishing to find that a few scores of them have touched the tape.

"As we advance towards the South," says a contemporary, "we invariably find an increase of exaggeration in the figurative language of ordinary conversation. An Englishman to signify that he is extremely wet says that he is "wet to the skin." A Frenchman goes further, and asserts that he is 'wet to the bones,' but a Spaniard beats them both, and announces that he finds himself 'wet to the very marrow.'" The writer has overlooked the Welshman, who says that he is "wet through and through."

Rowland Hill is usually credited with the glory of originating penny postage; but it seems from the following from a local paper of October, 1837, that the honor to some extent rests with a Welshman! "We are given to understand that a penny post is about being established at Sennybridge, near Devynnock, Breconshire. This is a desirable and convenient arrangement, and the public are much indebted for it to Mr. Morgan, of the Brecon Post Office." This was some years before penny postage was introduced in England.

Cardiff will have a youthful Lady Mayoress for the next twelve months. Owing to the death of her mother eighteen months ago, Miss Deanie Thomas will have to assist her father, Alderman Iiltyd Thomas, during his year of office. Miss Thomas is a tall, graceful, and remarkably pretty girl of nineteen; she has charming manners, and can be depended upon to carry out the onerous duties of Lady Mayoress with grace and tact. The new Lady Mayoress has no brothers, and only one sister—Miss Nesta Thomas—who, naturally, takes the keenest interest in the honorable position which has fallen to the lot of her sister.

There seems to be an epidemic of bad spelling among certain tradesmen in Cardiff just now. In one window we have seen the scroll "re-pears neatly dun," and in another "Fride fish after six p. m." But this mis-spelling has more wit in it than appears to the naked eye. One of those tradesmen on being taxed about his bad orthography naively replied that more people stopped at his window in a day to read his bad spelling than would have stopped in a week if the notice had been spelled correctly.

The seven volumes of Welsh texts embodying the most noteworthy legacies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuies in the field of Welsh literature, which Dr. Gwenogfryn Evans is bringing out, involve an expenditure of close upon £3,000. Much more work has been done in connection with the forthcoming texts than in the case of the earlier issues of Welsh texts, more for the patriotic non-specialist in the way of translated passages in the introduction, which deals with the subject matter; and more also for the specialist by way of cross references, textual notes, and collected data.

Funerals are great institutions in Wales. A West Wales servant girl came back late fom a funeral, and gave as her excuse the fact that she had become engaged. "Engaged, Mary," said her mistress; "but you have been to a funeral, have you not?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then where have you become engaged!" "At the tea to the corpse's husband; he said I was the soul of the party!" This is nearly as good as the story of one of the Gwyns of Gwydir who was proposed to when she was leaving the churchyard after her husband's funeral, and replied that she was sorry, for she had accepted an offer on the way to church.

Mr. David Rees, Llantwit Fardre, South Wales, the newly-appointed coroner for the Eastern district of Glamorganshire, is a member of the firm of W. R. Davies and Co., solicitors, Pontypridd. Many years ago he entered the office of Mr. (now Alderman) W. R. Davies as a clerk, and was afterwards articled to that gentleman. In due course he qualified as a solicitor. He has had considerable experience in his professional capacity of colliery work, having visited a large number of collieries in the district, and has made himself well acquainted with the Coal Mines Regulation Act and colliery working rules. As, in addition, he is a fluent Welsh speaker, he is singularly well adapted for the post of coroner for the district for which he has been appointed. Mr. Rees, who is about 36 years of age, married a daughter of Mr. Lewis Williams, Llantwit Fardre Schools, and has two children.

A Welsh railway man, one of Mr. Lloyd-George's constituents, informed the local registrar of births recently that the name of his first-born son was to be "John Conciliation Jones" in recognition of Mr. Lloyd-George's success in settling the railway dispute. The name, apart from the middle word, is not exactly a rare one in Wales, and in familiar names of this sort it is a common practice among Welsh parent to insert the name of the farmhouse where the child was born, or of the town, or of a neighboring famous mountain or valley, for purposes of distinction. Of such are the names "Dovey Jones," "Snowdon Jones" and "Towyn Jones." Where this precaution is omitted there is much danger of confusion, and a tail has to be added to the name, as in "Jones Talsarn," or "Williams Pantycelyn," or "Roberts Ceredigion."

In the lobby of Bethsaida Baptist Chapel, St. Dogmael's (Pembrokeshire), which is an offshoot of Blaenywaen Baptist Church, situate a few miles

away up the valley, there is a curious Welsh notice, which is rather remarkable in these days of broad views. It is dated 1898, and, in Welsh, is to the effect that no gravestone in the form of a cross, or having the form of a cross upon it, is to be set up in the burial-place adjacent to Blaenywaun Chapel. A correspondent who sent us this fact adds: "Turning to a member of Bethesda, who happened to observe my wonder, I asked whether many such gravestones had been set up at Blaenywaun prior to the notice, and the answer was, 'No, only one; but no more Popery shall show its face there.' And yet, only a couple of miles away, at Noyadd Wilym, there is a Roman Catholic monastery."

Sir Lewis Morris's schoolmaster survives his brilliant pupil. Prebendary D. E. Williams, the gentleman in question, writes to us from Llanstephan:—"I was much surprised that in the notices of the lamented Sir Lewis Morris no mention was made until to-day of his brother, the Rev. John Morris, rector of Narberth, who was at the Carmarthen Grammar School at the same time as his brother Lewis, in the years 1846-7. Some years ago I sent Sir Lewis a copy of a sermon, entitled 'The Testimony of St. Peter,' preached at the consecration of the church at New Tredegar, and by return of post he wrote to me as follows: 'When you were master of the Carmarthen Grammar School we all thought your days on earth would be few—you appeared in such a delicate state of health. I am glad you have survived that indisposition, and that you remember your old pupil.' He used to bring me about 60 lines of Latin, &c., every morning, and scarcely ever had to be corrected. He was then about twelve or thirteen years of age."

As a rule the best things said at election meetings are the good stories. Mr. E. Crawshay Williams was in happy mood at Miss Dillwyn's meeting at Swansea. He said that two men set out with a number of horses and hens, the horses for those men who ruled in their own homes, the hens for those who were ruled by their wives. All the hens were soon disposed of; none of the horses. But one day they met a man who said he did rule in his own house. So he was given his choice of horses. He chose a cream one. Just then his wife came out, and asked what was being done. "Oh," said the husband, "these horses are to be given to those men who rule in their own house." "And which are you having?" "That cream." "What's the use your choosing a cream when you know we have two creams in the stable now?" 'Don't think I'll have the cream after all; I'll have a bay," said the husband. "Excuse me, sir, you'll have a hen," said the donor.

So many sorrows had beset my way
I thanked God for the dying of the day.

The shadows loomed above my hopeless path,
And even life's roses veiled red thorns of wrath.

So that I railed at Fortune or at Fate,
When little feet came pattering at the gate,

And lips that seemed to kiss me sweetly smiled,
And life seemed lovelier for the little child!

Oh, truest love, that comforts in our need!
Is it not writ, "A little child shall lead!"

—Frank L. Stanton.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

JOHN E. WILLIAMS, UTICA, N. Y.

Mr. Williams was recently stricken with a severe case of appendicitis and this eventually resulted in peritonitis. As he was too weak to be taken to a hospital an operation was performed at his home, 137 Howard Avenue, and it was there that death came to him.

Mr. Williams was born in Remsen about 54 years ago, the son of Evan and Elizabeth Williams. His father was a cabinetmaker by trade and the son learned the trade of carpenter when a boy, following that vocation through life. At the age of 18 years he went to Rome and for about four years was employed at his trade in that city.

From Rome Mr. Williams came to Utica and for two years was employed with the firm of Williams & Roberts, contractors and builders. When Mr. Williams of that firm died, about 20 years ago, John E. went into business with Mr. Roberts, and the firm has since been known as Roberts & Williams, contractors and builders. They first started on Seneca Street, but for a number of years past have had their offices on Charlotte Street. At the present time the firm is engaged in erecting the new Church of the Reconciliation at the corner of Genesee and Tracy Streets. Among other buildings constructed by them are the Munson-Williams Memorial, St. Luke's Hospital, additions to the Masonic Home, and a large number of big contracts at Richfield Springs and other places in this section.

In Moriah Church, of which he was a member, Mr. Williams was an active worker and valued counselor, serving at one time as trustee. He was a member of the Cymreigyddion Society and always took an active interest in the affairs of that oganization, and especially in the Eisteddfods. He was also affiliated with the Utica Male Chorus and could always be found with them on their trips.

Mr. Williams bore an enviable reputation in Utica and elsewhere for his industry, honesty and upright living, and his death will be sincerely mourned. His influence was good and his acts of kindness and charity endeared him to many of his acquaintances who were in need of such aid.

He was married about 27 years ago to Miss Harriet Ellis of Waterville, who survives. Besides his wife he is survived by one daughter, Mrs. W. S. Risinger of Utica; one brother, Joseph Williams of Utica, and four sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Pritchard and Mrs. W. H. Evans of Rome, Mrs. W. H. Roberts and Mrs. Margaret Pugh of Utica.

RICHARD JOHN HUGHES.

Richard John Hughes was born at Llidiart y Gwenyn, Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, N. W., the son of the late John Hughes and Ann his wife; the latter still living at the old home. When still young, Mr. Hughes was awarded several prizes at religious gatherings for reciting portions of Holy Writ, and he is possessed of nine certificates won at the annual examinations held by the Calvinistic Methodists in the county. He was also quite prominent in literary and Eisteddfod

gatherings in North Wales, especially as an elocutionist of ability.

In 1886 he came to the States, settling for a time in Chicago, whence he moved to Big Bend, Wash, where he became widely known as an elocutionist and an entertainer at literary meetings, &c.

When leaving Big Bend, for his present home at Spokane Bridge, the Hartline "Standard" said: "Mr. Hughes's host of friends regret his removal from Big Bend, and he will be followed by the hearty good will of the whole community. He is a good citizen and a worthy man. The presence of the Welsh elocutionist will also be much missed here at our social entertainments."

About seven years ago Mr. Hughes visited his old home in Wales, where he received a royal welcome from his numerous friends and neighbors. He delivered lectures on America at different places around his old home, and was cordially invited to visit more distant localities, but failed through lack of time.

Mr. Hughes, besides being a good American, is also a thorough Welshman.

O hil Gomer, dyma Gymro
Fedd y doniau oll i gyd.

—Hiraddug.

JAMES LLOYD JONES, HILLSDALE, WISCONSIN.

James Lloyd Jones was a brother of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Lincoln Center, Chicago, and Editor of the "Unity." He had been the living and beloved "Uncle James" to the successive generations of school children at the Hillsdale Home School, of which he was the farm superintendent, the outside providence and the inside counselor.

He was the strong, hard-working farmer who always had time to serve the public, to do the chores of the community, in such a way as to be beyond suspicion of selfish aims or low motives. For eight successive years he served his town as chairman of its board of supervisors and a member of the county board, during which time he had much to do in building and shaping the policy of the county asylum for the poor, the insane and feeble-minded, of which he was a long-time trustee, helping to make it one of the model institutions of the state. Latterly he was made a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin, and here as everywhere he threw the full weight of his character on the side not only of high culture but of high ethics. The rowdyism that expresses itself in the lawlessness and violence of hazing and "rushes," the brutality of the football field where lurked dangers to students, and the insidious vices of the pipe and the cup—all these found in James Jones a vigorous opponent, and he was aggressive in his opposition to the same.

When the Tri-County Fair came into being the neighbors found in James Jones the efficient president to lift it into a success without the humiliating concessions to the games of chance and the exhibits of vulgarity and coarseness that so mar and stain the county fair.

The manner of his going hence was characteristic of the life. When a heavy traction threshing machine engine went through a bridge adjoining his farm, pinning to their death two neighbors, mid escaping steam and burning cab, James Jones rushed into the center of danger. Climbing to the top of the burning engine for the purpose of extinguishing the fire, he lost his balance and fell, his foot cruelly entangled in the spokes of the wheel, causing a serious fracture of his leg. At the time it seemed but a fracture, though a serious one, a misfortune which he faced most cheerfully; but ten hours hence as the result of the shock or some inward lesion, he sank into a coma from which he never ral-

lied, and sixty hours later the stalwart man of the neighborhood, the prop, conscious or unconscious, of so many souls and soulful things, passed behind the veil.

It was a tragic though not unfitting death, a worthy climax to fifty-seven years of helpfulness. A wife and seven children remain in the brereaved home, and perhaps the largest concourse ever gathered to do honor to the departed in that countryside assembled on the beautiful afternoon of October 23rd last to pay their tribute of respect and to take tearful leave of the perishable form. His fellow citizens and companions in public service and private struggles came from forty miles around. The president of the University of Wisconsin, president of the Board of Regents and Deans Henry and Russell of the Agricultural Department of the University, to which Mr. Jones had given enthusiastic service, with others, came from Madison. Rev. Mr. Hogan, pastor of the Congregational Church at Spring Green, joined with the Editor of Unity in the simple service.

JOHN MORGAN HARRIS.

John M. Harris, whose name is a household one among the Welsh people in this section of the country, was born in Glamorganshire, South Wales, about forty years ago. His parents, Morgan J. and Ann Price Harris, late of Taylor, Pa., settled in Minersville, Pa., on their arrival in the States. In the year 1869 the family moved to Taylor, Pa., where its several members have since made their abode. The father was a mine foreman for the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western for many years, and he lived in the esteem and confidence of his fellowmen. His son Harry followed his father's footsteps in the mines, and is at present superintendent of mines under the same company.

John M., too, started his journey in the forbidding gloom of the mines, but he was quickened by ambition's magic voice, and took advantage of every means of improving himself. The made good use of the night school, an institution that has guided many a poor boy towards the dawn of learning's nightless day. Later he attended Wyoming Seminary, where he studied for two years; then he spent two years in the Scranton High School, where he graduated with honors, being orator of his class in 1881.

In the fall of that year he entered Princeton University, and graduated with distinction with his class in 1885. He was admitted to the bar of Lackawanna County in 1887, from the office of Hon. W. H. Jessup. He enjoys a large law practice. Mr. Harris has been a conspicuous figure in politics, state and national, for many years, and has delivered campaign speeches all over the State in the interest of the Republican party. He is, by common consent, considered a brilliant and persuasive speaker. For a long period he was chairman of the Board of Law Examiners of Lackawanna County, and upon the creation of a State Board of Law Examiners in Pennsylvania, he was appointed a member, and still retains this position. John M., as he is familiarly called by his friends, is an omnivorous reader, and keeps well abreast with the best thought of the day. He is the antithesis of Dickens' "Uriah Heep," for he is pronounced in his opinions, has the courage of his convictions, and to use the common parlance, he "strikes from the shoulder." He is a Kelt out and out, and a gallant descendant of the people whom Milton described as "an old and haughty nation proud in arms."—Cadle.

Miss Mair Eluned Lloyd George, daughter of the Right Hon. D. Lloyd-George, President of the Board of Trade, died November 29 at her home, Routh Road, Wandsworth, London.

England, following an operation for appendicitis, in her 18th year. Miss Lloyd-George was a paticular favorite, not only with members of her own family, but also with all who were brought into contac t with her, and much sympathy is felt for her parents and family in their grief. Warm-hearted to a degree, she made friends wherever she went, and was of incalculable assistance to her mother in entertaining visitors. A Carnarvon correspondent says that she was simply adored by her father. The young lady was taken ill in the collegiate school in London, which she attended. Her elementary education was mainly received at Criccieth Board School. In London a brilliant scholastic future was forecasted for her, and she was about to enter Cambridge.

Miss Lloyd George was a very bright and clever girl who was intensely interested in her father's political career. Of all the children, she was the most frequent visitor to the House of Commons, and seldom was absent from the Ladies' Gallery on those days when her father was expected to take part in the debates. Often, too, she would accompany Mr. Lloyd George on his provincial engagements, and many of our readers will remember her at Cardiff when her father was earlier in the year th guest of the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce at the annual dinner. On that occasion Miss George occupied a seat in the balcony of the Assembly room of the City Hall, but at the close of the proceedings she became personally known to many of the guests. It was remarked then what a bright and happy face she had. She looked in perfect health; her manner was charmingly frank and winsome, and the pride she felt in her father's eminence and popularity was no more concealed than the father's pride in the beautiful girl at his side. Indeed, the deeply affectionate attachment between father and daughter was one of the abiding impressions of that memorable gathering. She was interred in the little churchyard at Criccieth, N. W.

JOHN HERBERT WILLIAMS.

The subject of this sketch was born November 23, 1879, at Madalin, N. Y. He was the son of Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Williams, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Nanticoke, Pa. The deceased received his elementary education at the public schools of Cold Springs, N. Y., and Forest City and Wellesboro, Pa., and he graduated with honors from the Wellesboro High School at the age of fifteen.

In the fall of the year 1896 he entered the Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa., where he pursued his studies for four years. Possessing an untiring perseverance he proved to be a very assiduous and successful student, which always kept him on the lead of his class although the youngest of them all. While his schoolmates were amusing and enjoying themselves on the campus, he was closeted in his room cultivating his mind in the various branches of technical knowledge. At the end of his college course he graduated with high honors.

Soon after he returned home from Lewisburg, he went to work at the Erie Railroad shops at the above place with the intention of qualifying himself as a mechanic.

While at the shop he accepted a position at Forest City under the Hillside Coal and Iron Co. as assistant mining engineer, and very soon he was promoted to be mining engineer, and from mining engineer to be division engineer of the Forest City and the lower Pittston districts. In June, 1906, again he was promoted to fill the responsible position of general foreman over the Fernwood and Clarence collieries and two washeries, called the Yatesville dis-

trict. He possessed a great power of will and integrity which are essential qualities in the foundation of a good and noble character. But for our grief and sorrow, while his career was so promising—full of ambition and actively planning out work for the future, without a moment's warning death claimed him. On Saturday morning, November 2 at an early hour he was called out from his home and beloved family unexpectedly, because the Fernwood breaker had caught fire, and he immediately drove up to the mines. While he was instructing the men what to do, and walking around the property watching the fire, in some manner unknown he came in contact with a live wire and was electrocuted, and an Italian workman also lost his life by trying to save Mr. Williams.

He was united in marriage October, 1904, to Miss Abbie Armstrong, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Armstrong, one of the prominent merchants of Pittston, Pa., and his home was always to him full of affection and love. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, also his father and mother, and two brothers, Rev. R. H. Williams, Williamsport, Pa., and Howard J. Williams, Pittston, Pa., and two sisters, Mrs. F. D. Axtell of Susquehanna, Pa., and Miss Sarah E. Williams of Bloomsburg State Normal School.

The funeral took place November 5, which was largely attended by the employees of the Fernwood and Clarence collieries, as well as large delegation of officials of the company who came from a distance to pay their tribute of respect to the deceased. The services were held at the Welsh Baptist Church, which was in charge of Rev. Jonathan O'Neil, the pastor of the Water Street Baptist Church, of which Mr. J. H. Williams and family were members, assisted by Rev. W. Thomas, Pittston, Rev. Mr. Cook, Wyoming, and Rev. Mr. Whalen of Carbondale. Each and every one of the ministers delivered a touching eulogy of his career as a citizen and Christian.

The pall bearers were general foremen of the company, and the flower carriers were selected from the engineering department of the company. The flowers were numerous and of the most artistic designs from the following: Mrs. J. H. Williams, two brothers of the deceased, inside and outside employees of the Fernwood, inside and outside employees of the Clarence, the Welsh Baptist Church, Mr. M. S. Golden, private clerk of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Caryl, and Superintendent and Mrs. V. L. Petersen.

Death cannot end but mortal life,
The grove though dark its aspects be,
Cannot detain the soul that Christ
Has ransomed to eternity.

H. G. Williams (Gleddwyson).
Wilkesbarre, Pa.

A NOTABLE MEETING.

A delightful surprise was tendered Col. R. A. Phillips, president of the D., L. & W. Co., and of the Lackawanna Druid Society, at his home on North Main Avenue, Scranton, Wednesday evening, December 11, by a number of friends upon the occasion of his birthday anniversary.

About thirty were present and the affair was so well planned that the Colonel was literally speechless when his house was invaded. Early in the evening he had accepted an invitation from his neighbor, Griffith T. Davies, to spend an hour with him and was called home by an urgent telephone call to find the house in possession of the Druids.

A souvenir programme had been printed, every word in the Welsh language. Judge Edwards was chairman of the evening, and addresses were delivered by Hon. George Howell, County Commissioner Morgan Thomas, Howell Harris, Griffith T. Davies, John T. Davies and John H. Phillips. A pretty

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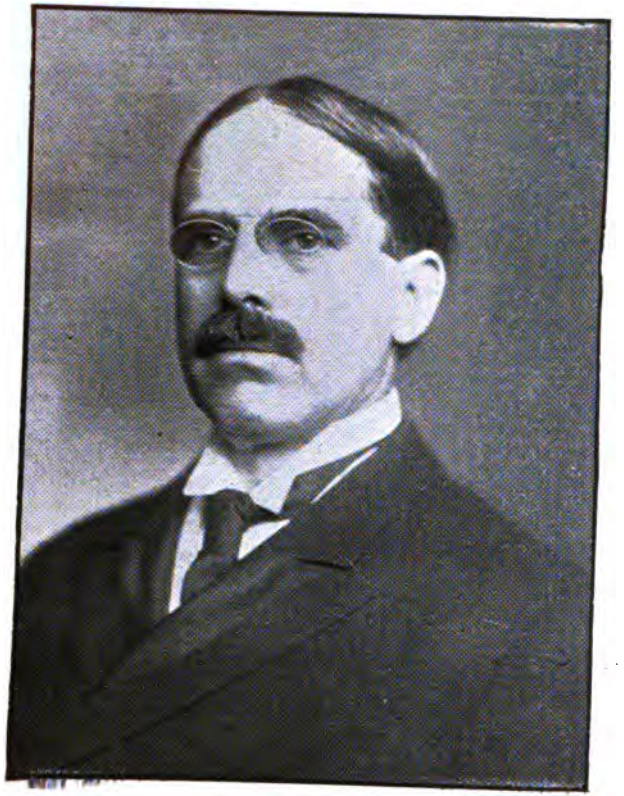
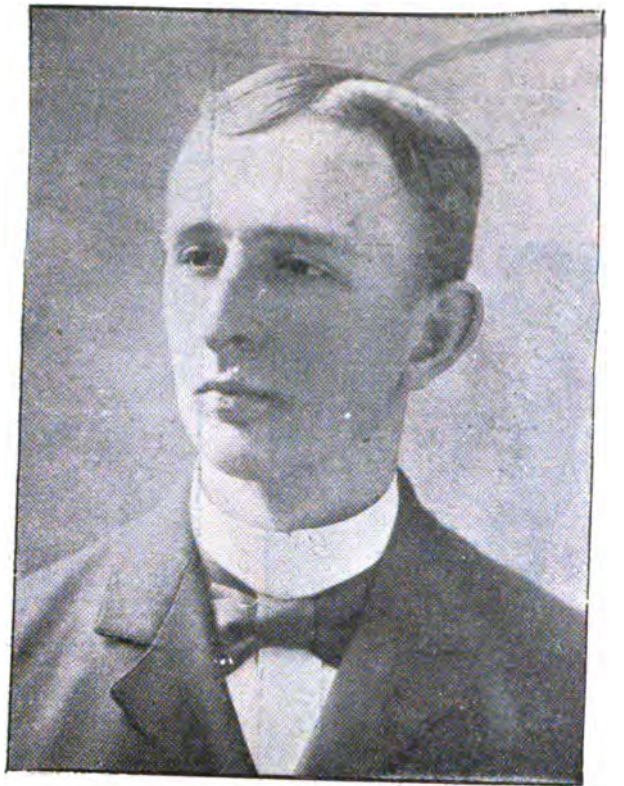
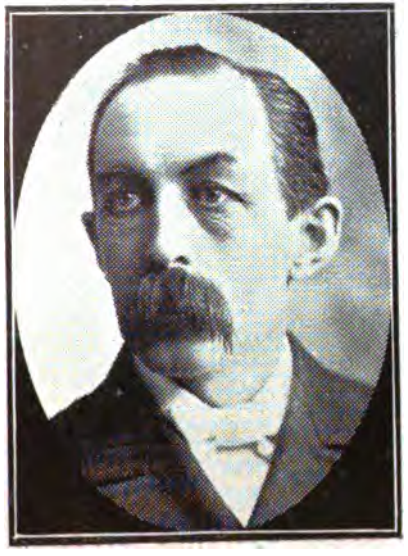


John Morgan Harris.



John Herbert Williams.



John E. Williams.

Miss Mair Eluned Lloyd George.

Richard John Hughes.

englyn was read by W. Cadle Jones and the following lines written for the occasion by John Courier Morris, were read by T. Owen Charles:

With song and speech and verses bright,
Yea celebrate with all your might,
And glorify his deeds of grace—
The noblest son of Tudor's race.

Rejoice and make the welkin ring,
For he is great—our Druid King;
He's great in soul and great in heart—
The first to play the brother's part!

His cheerful words, like happy strain
Of good old song, bring home again
Those feelings sweet of days gone by
Ere ill appear'd and cross'd our sky.

Come, celebrate with all your might,
In song and speech and verses bright;
Yea, let your voice of praise be strong,
And give to him the best in song!

When you, good friend, were but a youth,
A seed was sown in name of Truth;
We now behold a glorious tree—
A tree of love and charity!

'Twas in the garden of her heart
Thy mother played her noble part;
She's lived to see those little seeds
Bloom rich with flow'rs of radiant deeds!

Come, come, ye Kelts, come join with me
To cheer his wife three times and three;;
She's been the sunshine of his life—
His champion brave in every strife!

Rejoice, and make the welkin ring,
For he is great—our Druid king;
He's great in soul and great in heart,
And first to play the brother's part!

—J. Courier Morris.

Y gwr drwg "ar y drain"—hyn yw ambell
Hymbyg tair a deugain;
A mae'n nychu mewn ochain
Am heulwen oes—mal ei nain.

Aniddan yw heneiddio—cyweirnod
Y Kyrnel yw peidio;
Drwy ystryw byd, Rees tra bo,
Wna fel arwr, filwrio.

Mae'n ei barch yn mwynhau byw—a gwrol
Caria'i oedran heddyw;
Cymroawl Yank ieuanc yw—
A'n seledig Saul ydyw.

Gar hoffusaf gorphwyswn—ar ei air
A'i wiredd a brofwn;
Byth i'r Cymrawd diwawd hwn,
Hiraf einioes erfynwn.

—Cadle.

Splendid musical selections were given by David Jenkins, Thomas Beynon, Harri E. Jones, Julius Judd and John Evans. Thomas Thorburn was the efficient accompanist of the evening.

One of the pleasant features of the evening was the presence of the venerable mother of the host of the evening and widow of Cyw Ionawr, of revered memory. Mrs. Phillips' age and infirmities preclude her frequent attendance at Welsh services of late and it afforded the gathering the most sincere pleasure to sing a number of Welsh hymns for her special entertainment and needless to state they were very thoroughly enjoyed.

After the formal programme the visitors were entertained to a delightful luncheon served by the hospitable hostess, Mrs. R. A. Phillips, assisted by Mrs. Griffith T. Davies, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Jones.

I won't have much fer Chris'mus,
An' dat what make me sigh;
De 'possum sorter know me,
An' de turkey roos' too high.

Oh, my chillun,
Dis is what I know:
De righteous git but little
In dis rick worl' below!

I prayin in de night time,
I prayin' in de day,
But somehow, 'way up yander,
Dey dunno what I say.

Oh, my chillun,
Summer time or snow
De righteous git but little
In dis rick worl' below!

CURRENT EVENTS.

November 2—A plot to kill Prince George of Servia is frustrated.—Shipments of gold from Europe to America to date each almost to the $30,000,000 mark.

November 4—Four thousand miners go on strike at Danville, Ill., objecting to being paid by check.Meat dealers announce a general advance in prices.

November 7—The Presidents of Nicaragua, Honduras, and Salvador meet at Amapalo and declare for peace in Central America.—Federal troops are sent to Goldfield, Nev., to control mining disturbances.

November 9—A $2,268,500 fire occurs in the Great Northern elevator at Superior, Wis.

November 10—A complete victory for the anti-clerical party is achieved in the general election at Rome.

November 11—The Japanese Government appropriates $5,000,000 for a national exposition at Tokyo in 1912.

November 12—King Edward gives a banquet for the Kaiser in the historic St. George's Hall at Windsor Castle, Ambassador Reid being included among the diplomatic guests.

November 14—Porto Rican delegates ask the American Federation of Labor to aid in relieving conditions in the island.

November 15—Oxford University confers the degree of Doctor of Laws on Emperor William.

November 16—The American Federation of Labor votes against national ownership of railroads and mines.—The new Cunard line steamship Mauretania leaves Liverpool on her maiden trip. She caries nearly $14,000,000 in gold and 2,000 passengers.

November 18—The United States Supreme Court decides that the consolidation of the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny is not in violation of the Federal Constitution..

November 19—Responses to the Government's plans to relieve the financial stringency by issuing $100,000,000 Treasury certificates and $50,000,000 Panama Canal bonds indicate that both will be oversubscribed.

November 20—Secretary Taft arrives at Harbin; the American squadron sails from Vladivostok.

November 21—Governor Cummins is forced to call out the Iowa militia to prevent a prize fight at Davenport, Ia.

Novembe 22—Three grams of radium are extracted at Vienna from 10,000 kilograms of pitchblende at one-third the cost of previous production.

November 24—It is announced in Stockholm that the next Nobel prize for chemistry will be awarded to Sir William Crookes, of London.

November 26—The Douma decrees that the title "autocrat" borne by the Emperors of Russia for centuries, is no longer tenable.

November 28—President and Mrs. Roosevelt visit the old home of President Madison, near Montpelier, Vt.

November 29—Senator Foraker announces his purpose to contest with Secretary Taft for the Ohio delegates to the Republican National Convention, and says that he will give up the Senatorship to make the contest for the Presidency.

November 30—"The Stolypin necktie," a phrase used by an orator of the Constitutional Democrats, precipitates a riot in the Douma and blots out the effect of the ministerial declaration.—The $50,000,000 issue of Panama in canal bonds is found to be largely oversubscribed when the bids are opened at the Treasury Department.

December 3—Secretary Taft makes a plea for world peace at the American banquet in St. Petersburg.

December 8—King Oscar of Sweden dies and the new king, Gustave V., takes the oath of office.

December 10—Andrew Carnegie adds $2,000,000 to his endowment of $10,000,000 for the Carnegie Institution at Washington for Scientific Research.

December 15—A Persian mob in Teheran fires upon the Parliament building andforces the Cabinet to resign.—The report of the Commissioner of Immigration shows that in the year ending June 30, 1907, 1,285,349 aliens entered the United States.

December 16—Rear-Admiral Evans and the Atlantic fleet, after review by President Roosevelt begin the voyage to the Pacific coast from Hampton Roads.—Senator Tillman in a speech in the Senate, attacks the Administration's efforts to aid the financial stringency.

December 17—The report of the banking commission appointed by Governor Hughes, of New York, recommends that national banks and trust companies maintain a reserve of 25 per cent. of their capital, and deprecates the control of a chain of banks to further financial schemes.—Lord Kelvin, the noted English scientist, dies in Glasgow.

December 19—John Sharp Williams and Representative De Armand, of Missouri, resort to fisticuffs on the floor of the House, after a quarrel over the committee assignment of Representative Booker of Missouri.—Italy calls upon the United States to protect its tobacco from "night riders" in Kentucky.

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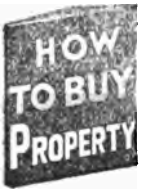

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